THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 198, Number 2

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JULY 11, 1925

Norman Rockwell

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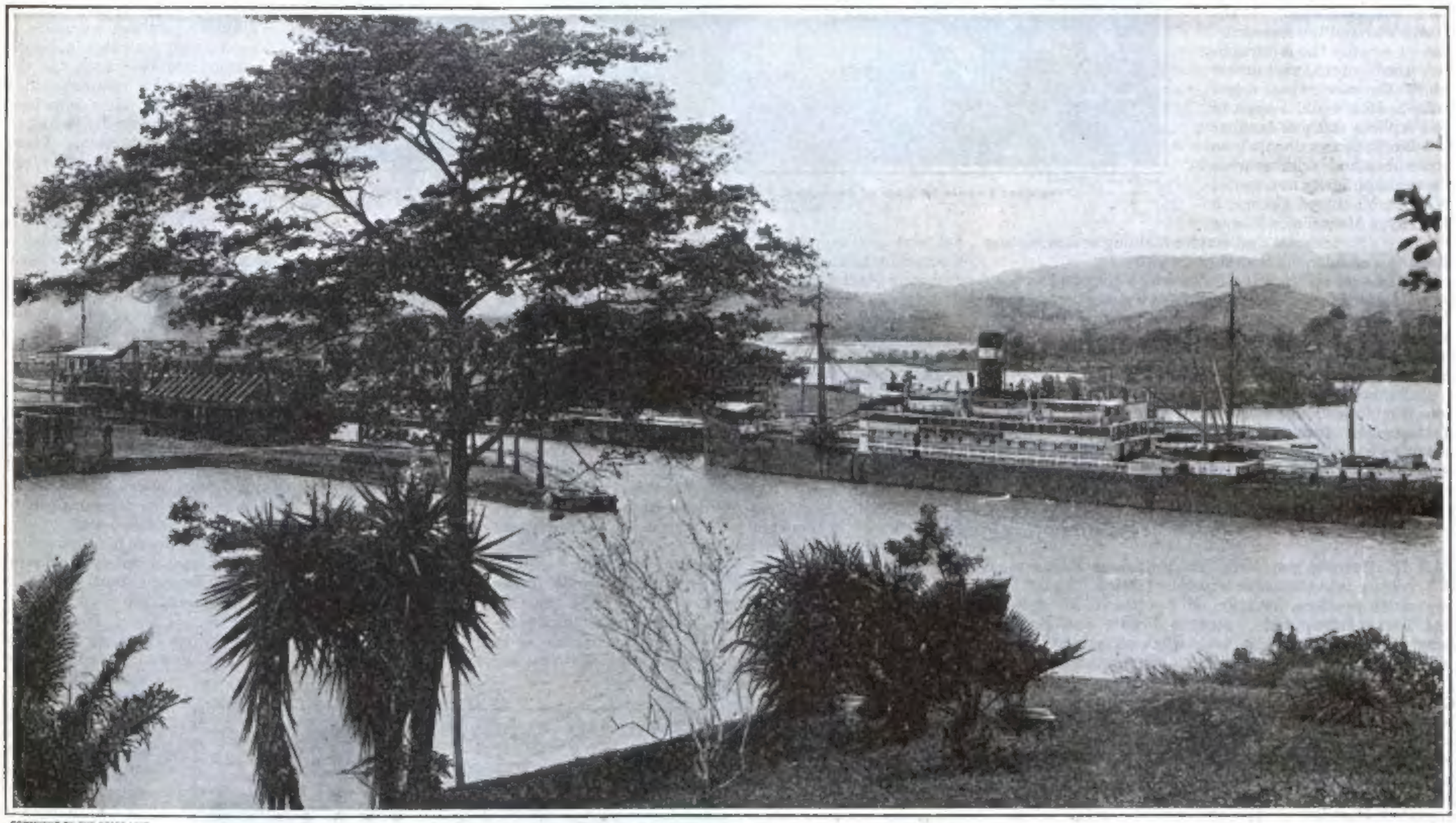
BEYOND PANAMA



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An American Ship Entering a Lock in the Panama Canal

By Isaac F. Marcosson

TWO men—a New Yorker and an Argentine—sat over their after-dinner coffee at a table in front of a café on the Avenida de Mayo, one of the leading thoroughfares of Buenos Aires. The street was alive with motor traffic. Tall buildings loomed in every direction. Electric signs blazed familiar names from the portals of adjacent movie theaters. Color and chatter animated the throng that passed back and forth.

After watching the varied sidewalk panorama, the New Yorker remarked, "This place is more like America than any other I have seen down here, and I have already done the West Coast."

"If you will permit me to say so," replied his companion, "I object to the use of the word 'America' in connection with your country. Argentina is as much a part of the American continent as is the United States. We have the same claim to the word 'American' as you."

The traveler from the north looked a little dazed for a moment. Then he retorted, "I guess you are right, but it had never occurred to me before."

In this episode you have one of the many surprises that South America unfolds when you go there for the first time. Accustomed as we are to refer glibly to America as our habitat when we sojourn in Europe or any other alien area, it is something of a jolt to realize that we have no monopoly on the title. Hence you must watch your conversational step, so to speak, if you don't want to get in bad with our antipodean friends, who seem to have an acute sense of Americanism. Tell them that you are from the States and they set you down as a discreet and discriminating person.

It is only when you land south of Panama that you realize how much misinformation about South America is lying around loose in our particular section of North America. Incredible as it may seem, there are many people who think that Lima beans originated in the capital of Peru—in reality the Peruvians have never heard of them—that chili sauce owes its name and origin to Chile, and that the llama, humble beast of burden of the Andes, is somehow related to the Tibetan potentate of similar name. Others still suspect that diamonds and emeralds clutter Brazilian roads and that the tango is the national pastime of Argentina. Millions likewise believe that to refer to any Latin-American republic means to talk or write about a country that specializes in bananas, revolutions and fugitive presidents.

Accurate knowledge of that vast domain—or rather intelligent assimilation of it—is almost as remote with a considerable body of us as were our products down there three decades ago. Today, with every accessible South American highway lined with billboards proclaiming the superiority of our automobiles and tires—we now sell 95 per cent of all the motor vehicles used—there persists a lamentable ignorance about the dominion which constitutes the most bristling business battleground in all the world. So important is it to the reconstruction of Europe that kings and princes—Albert of Belgium has been a visitor—have not hesitated to invade it in what is nothing more or less than the guise of glorified commercial travelers. Royal bagmen, the British would call them; but so far they have not bagged all the trade. Nor will they.

This matter of ignorance is a fifty-fifty proposition. The South Americans, as a rule, know as much—I should say as little—about us as we know about them. The Brazilian, Chilean or Argentine flapper, and likewise the average citizen, are more familiar with the names of our cinema stars than with the deeds of Washington or Lincoln. It is an even break, because you would have to scratch hard almost anywhere in the U. S. A. to get a definite line on Bolivar, San Martin, Sucre, or any of the other liberators who combined to put Spain out of commission in the biggest patch of the western world. Perhaps, to paraphrase an old adage, proximity has bred lack of interest; but it works in both geographical directions.

Incidentally, it is worth remarking at the start that Yankee motors and movies have done more to put us on the South American map than years of academic propaganda, congressional trips, sentimental talk about Pan-Americanism and sporadic worship

of the Monroe Doctrine. To illustrate: At a dinner at the famous Jockey Club at Buenos Aires I sat alongside an Argentine cabinet minister who knows his United States better than most of his countrymen. When I asked him what he thought about the Monroe Doctrine, he shrugged his shoulders and looked bored; but he added, "I own two North American automobiles and they are superior to the foreign makes I once used."

Why did I go to South America when for years I had been geared to the swift march of European events, with an occasional excursion to other and more ancient civilizations? What was there beyond the equator that could compete in human and economic interest with the backwash of the World War and the eccentricities—I employ the most amiable word—of that vast unrest which the world has called peace? How could I hope to find replicas of those familiar Old World figures upon whose utterances and achievements the sun of publicity never sets? Was there a Lloyd George, a Trotzky, a Mussolini, a Kemal Pasha or a Stinnes plotting, empire building or dominating down there under the Southern Cross?

Yet I found all the vagaries to which Europe has been heir illumined by personalities almost equally picturesque. Just as human needs are universal and commercial necessities speak a common language, so do those South American neighbors of ours fit into the troubled scheme of modern national things.

But there is this difference perhaps: Latinized dictators sometimes assume the rôles played by Continental demagogues. Presidential successions in South America too often become close corporations. Personalities and not issues are the determining factors in the hectic drama of changing administrations.

PHOTO, BY C. L. CHESTER

President Leguia (Right) of Peru and Mr. Marcosson Photographed in the Garden of the Presidential Palace at Lima

Progressive Economic Penetration

AS IN Europe, you have the pernicious intrusion of politics into the larger economic fabric. The German reparation problem, for example, has had its full mate in the Tacna-Arica tangle. Just as France and England played politics for years with what should have been a matter for dispassionate business interpretation and adjudication, so have Chile and Peru let national pride and vanity, to say nothing of a few presidential ambitions on the side, impede the settlement of a question which has immense significance for the whole American continent.

But the real reason why I left the beaten paths of European travel to make this journey to the south of us was far more permanent and important than search for vivid personality or moving achievement, although I found both in abundance. It was primarily because, as never before, South America is one of the main props of our prosperity. In all the talk about Pan-Americanism, the main fact has been overlooked. It is not territorial aggression by an alien power which provides the menace to continental solidarity, but progressive alien economic penetration in a quarter that geographically—and therefore logically—should be our own. It is necessary to regild the hands-off sign for the benefit of European nations with political aspirations on these western shores. Save for Germany, they own all the real estate they want. With England in particular, and to a less degree with France and Belgium, it is a case of having more than they can comfortably assimilate.

But we can—and happily we are doing it—write a more practical warning. I mean the mandate embodied in a growing grip upon the commerce of the South American countries. It is with this new Monroe Doctrine, as it were, once the plaything of doubt and disillusion, not unmixed with incompetency, then recast under the stress and need of war, and now the inspiration of a far-flung development, that these articles are concerned.

To make a beginning, we must go back briefly to the World War, that grim milepost which sets the bearings no matter which economic or political way we wander. Contrary to general belief, it had significant repercussion in South America. It was not the fact that Brazil cast her lot with the Allies and that little Peru broke off relations with Germany. These events were as tiny drips in the raging torrent of the stupendous conflict.

What really mattered was the intimate relationship that South America immediately established with the bloodless but none the less vital aspect of the struggle. It grew largely out of two things. One was her immense stores of raw materials—mainly nitrates and copper—which were essential to the conduct of hostilities. The other was her trade, which, because of the danger-infested and battle-tossed northern seas and our temporary neutrality, literally fell into our laps. During those years of slaughter and agony, we quadrupled our exports to the leading southern republics.

To deal with this increased trade, together with the demands of a tempest-ridden Europe, and later our own immense war needs, we had to increase production. Peace found us with an enhanced workshop that had to be stoked. Those bare postwar shelves kept them going for a time, but when Europe turned from sword to plowshare; when the hang-over of hate yielded to the eternal struggle for self-preservation; and finally when the bubble of inflation inevitably burst, we were up against it strong. This is familiar history, but it is an essential part of the approach to the South American scene.

Mistakes of the Past

WE MADE every possible mistake in trying to bolster up that original self-selling southern business, and for a time the North American exporter looked through the glass darkly. There was ample provocation for his blurred vision. For one thing, the mushroom export house operating on a shoestring played havoc with the legitimate commercial institution and got us in bad wherever it flourished. Then, too, the unfailing precedence of home orders made the filling of a foreign contract a purely incidental performance. We still looked upon the export trade as a sort of luxurious dissipation—a creation of whim and caprice.

Moreover, Europe, and especially a Germany operating with a constantly depreciating currency and a labor that worked for a song but not with it, was coming back strong in the foreign-trade field. The Teuton had a double stimulus. He had to find the funds for financial and physical war ravage both at home and abroad. To no part of the world did his eye turn with such longing—it was sentimental as well as practical—as to South America, and for reasons not generally known or appreciated in the United States.

For many decades prior to the World War a steady stream of German immigration flowed Brazilward. Even before the German revolution of 1848, unrest and the universal urge for fresh economic adventure led the

(Continued on Page 79)

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An American Liner in the Gaillard Cut. Contractor's Hill in the Background

ESQUIRE

By BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

THERE was only one early riser at High Crewe, barring the domestic staff. Youth lay slugabed, but age, with its pitiful inability to reinvigorate itself in sleep, was up and abroad betimes.

Grandsir Crewe, in a dilapidated straw hat whose huge brim cast a shade over the remainder of his impeccable garb, wandered about his extensive garden, conscious of only an occasional faint yearning for breakfast underneath his spotless white waistcoat. He moved about, a tall thin gray figure, looking, among his brilliant roses, like some family ghost with horticultural interests. Across the pleasance, where a great rectangular pool lay like a mirror full of still reflections, beyond the beds where an old-fashioned jumble of phlox, larkspur and mignonette gave place to the ancient herbs and simples, he could see Barlow and an undergardener tying up tomato vines. The vegetable garden ran down on that faraway side to the orchard; from where he stood, the more formal grounds stretched away to the thick plantation of beech and maple that overtopped the great brick wall surrounding his demesne. It was a tremendous garden—Grandsir was a man of large ideas—and exquisitely tended, for he oversaw each trifling detail of care.

Eccentric he might seem to a houseman, but to his gardener he was sound, and had Barlow not been of an equal precision he might have been a nuisance. He wandered down the marshaled ranks of his million roses, and never a hapless slug escaped his ruthless passing.

Down by a side walk he came upon a quaint, perfectly circular opening in the high wall, like a huge hoop resting on the turf. Through this great annular frame he looked down through pine woods to a stream, falling far below with a murmurous crashing over the rocks into an old mill pond.

It was very warm in the garden, despite the early hour, and Grandsir Crewe stepped through into the dim coolness of the grove. Underfoot the fallen browned needles made a smooth springy carpet, and the air was spicy with the aroma of balsam. It was a veritable forest of enchantment, hidden and secret, utterly unsuspected by the motorists who flew past it on the highway that skirted High Crewe.

Grandsir frequently went thither of a morning, breakfastless and solitary, but on this occasion he found he was not alone. On the bank, above the glib stream, was presented to him the broad back of a young thinker, who, legs dangling downward, elbows on his knees and chin resting on his clenched fists, was staring motionless into the farther distance. His clothes were not at all like Grandsir's, being shabby and ill-cut, and his whole head of bronze hair was sopping wet.

Mr. Crewe took in these details with some interest. Then he put out his hand and broke a small branch from a near-by tree with a sharp snap that cracked the air like a shot. The young man did not start at the sound. Very slowly his head began to turn, on the socket of his palm, until from the tail of one eye he glimpsed the tall gray figure. This one eye continued the look upward till it met the sharp blue eyes of Grandsir Crewe, gleaming beneath heavy and snow-white brows.

Immediately the stranger began some laborious preparations for rising. His movements were all exceedingly slow and careful, as if he were carrying a brimming cup upon his head, but he moved lithely, too—a supple-jointed chap. When he stood erect he turned about and exhibited to Mr. Crewe a very regrettable black eye on the hitherto unexposed side of his head, and a nose unduly swollen. These features were sufficiently exaggerated to detract approbation from an otherwise blameless face.

"You must excuse me," he said politely. "I have a very bad headache."

"That," said Grandsir, "I can readily believe."

"Yes?" The man put a hand to his cheek. "I—I show it?"

Grandsir Found He Was Not Alone. On the Bank, Above the Glib Stream, Was Presented to Him the Broad Back of a Young Thinker

"Well, of course," said Mr. Crewe. "What on earth has happened to you?"

His vis-à-vis looked downward over his chin, without moving the aching head, and seemed rather curiously to inspect himself. His brown clothes were cheap, soiled and shabby, but not ragged, and the simple elements of his costume seemed all in place.

"Do I," said he slowly—"do I look as if something had happened to me?"

Mr. Crewe gave a little laugh. "You give every evidence of having been concerned in some unpleasantness," he answered. "You have what is called a black eye, you know, though yours is rather a greenish blue, and your nose has suffered."

The more normal cheek of the young man flushed. "Ah," said he, quietly. "I could feel it. I didn't know how it looked."

There was a little silence.

"You don't feel inclined to tell me," asked Grandsir Crewe, "how it happened?"

"Well, you see ——" began the other slowly. His voice died away meditatively, and he said no more. His look traveled over the place about him, magically beautiful in the sifting light, and back to the figure of his questioner. "I am trespassing, I presume?" he asked.

"More or less," assented Mr. Crewe, "but I don't mind that. Are you drunk?"

"No," said this odd interloper musingly. "I'm not drunk, certainly. I did think I might be dreaming." He put this forward in a tentative way with a certain hopeful inflection, and added, "But I suppose I am not," rather vaguely.

"There's that, of course," said Grandsir. "Only I couldn't tell you if you were, could I? If it's a dream, my opinion would be nothing to go by. To the best of my belief we are both awake."

"I see what you mean," murmured the other, accepting this extraordinary conversation as if it were all a part of the vast puzzle of the universe. He looked about him again. "Well," he said slowly, "I will not detain you, sir. Do I get to a road this way?" He pointed along the path that followed the line of the bank above the stream. "I'm rather lost, I am afraid. These birches and pines ——" He broke off, leaving a blank effect in his speech. "It's very lovely, this spot, isn't it? Mountains, I suppose."

"Mountains?" said Mr. Crewe. "You are within a mile of Narragansett Bay!" He frowned in his bewilderment. "Don't you know where you are?"

"Not," said the stranger—"not with any exactness."

Grandsir came forward after a pause and sat down on a gray rock near where the other stood. Slowly he produced a silver cigarette case and a box of matches. "Have a smoke?" said he.

"Thank you." The man put forth a finely shaped hand under the keen eyes that did not fail to see the well-kept nails, for all the scar and grime upon the knuckles. He accepted a cigarette and gently took the match box from Mr. Crewe. Grandsir waited serenely while the man lighted his own cigarette and held the flame to the other's.

"Suppose you tell me about it," said Mr. Crewe pleasantly. "Take a—take a rock."

The stranger smiled and sat down. It was not a long-lived smile. Through the tobacco smoke his lips showed, grave and somewhat drawn. "The difficulty is," he said presently, "that I have nothing to tell."

"Let's begin at the beginning," suggested Grandsir. "My name is Crewe. What's yours?"

"J. B. Cotter, Esquire," said the young man dreamily.

"Eh?" said Mr. Crewe.

The sharp monosyllable roused the other. "Cotter," he said, simply. "Er—John Cotter."

Grandsir regarded him silently for a space. The deplorable contusions of the man's face made it difficult to reconstruct his natural look. The odd announcement of his name was inexplicable; if it was a lie it was a peculiarly clumsy one. Mr. Crewe was inclined to think that without its disreputable disguise the face would appear an honest one, not ill-looking. This belief was strengthened at the moment by the man's putting a tender hand over the damaged part of his countenance, thus leaving exposed the half of a strikingly attractive face.

"My head aches so confoundedly," said J. B. Cotter, Esquire, "as to be practically valueless."

"That," said Grandsir Crewe with a touch of grimness, "sounds very much like drink."

"Ah," said Mr. Cotter, one gray eye gleaming. "Did I promise you I wouldn't?"

Grandsir laughed. "I admit it is none of my business," he said.

"My fault entirely," said the stranger, rising. "I am unwarrantably taking your time. If you would tell me how to reach a highway, and the shortest way thence to breakfast ——"

"That's a fact," said Grandsir. "I haven't had my breakfast either."

"No?" said Mr. Cotter politely.

"You might ——"

Grandsir Crewe's hospitable inclination warred a trifle with his appreciation of the young man's battered appearance, but before he had barely hesitated the other stepped backward with a gesture of refusal.

"Thank you very much," he said. "I couldn't possibly. I—I must earn my breakfast, this morning."

"Pockets empty?" suggested Grandsir after a brief pause.

"I seem to be quite penniless," replied Mr. Cotter.

"You'll forgive my mentioning it," said the older man kindly, "but I doubt if you find it very easy to—you see, walking along the road, like that—black eye, and so on ——"

"I shall undoubtedly awake an honest householder's suspicion," agreed Cotter.

"Whereas," went on Mr. Crewe, "I have, you might say, recovered from the first shock."

Cotter looked at him with a new interest. "Do I understand that you would be willing to allow me to earn my breakfast at your house?"

"My idea exactly," said Grandsir. "Breakfast and a little hamamelis for that eye. We'd better be going back." He glanced behind him. "They will be looking for me, I dare say."

"Well ——" Cotter moved forward and began to follow him along the woodsy track. Presently he paused. "The difficulty is," he said, "I don't know what service I can render you, Mr. Crewe."

"Never mind that now," said his guide over his shoulder. "I trust you to make good, one way or another. I'll turn you over to my chauffeur. He and his wife have rooms over the garage. Between themthey can take care of both your bruises and your breakfast. And then we can have a further talk. I doubt if you can think of a better plan."

"I don't," said Cotter gloomily, "seem to be able to think at all."

He stepped through the great circular opening in the wall in the wake of Grandsir Crewe, and followed him through the garden. Mr. Crewe turned off from the paths toward the house, and led the way toward the stable yard, which stood within its own wall. A very high white gate in the center of this wall gave access to a big paved square, on the three other sides of which rose a continuous brick building of varying heights with a clock tower in the center facing the gate. Half a dozen men moved busily about within sight. Open doors gave glimpses of an elaborate harness room, silver bits gleaming in glass cupboards and lacquered leather hanging about on enamel pegs; an immaculate row of straw-trimmed stalls where shone the glossy quarters of several horses; and the brilliant sheen of motor cars showed in the cavern of the garage. The second floors of these buildings were bright with window boxes and muslin curtains behind radiant panes of glass.

A man in the garage door, in a blue jean porter's blouse, caught sight of Mr. Crewe and came forward immediately, wiping his hands on a fistful of cotton waste and eying his employer's companion with considerable astonishment.

"Bill," said Mr. Crewe, taking off his disreputable straw hat to mop his forehead with a brilliant silk bandanna, "I wish you would take this—this is Mr. Cotter, Bill—take him up to your rooms and fix him up. He's got a black eye," said Mr. Crewe quite unnecessarily, "and I fancy a little hamamelis would do it good. Raw meat, possibly. See that he gets a good breakfast, will you? He—I—we both think he would not care to go up to the house, at present."

"Yes, sir," said Bill.

"I'll drop down again, Cotter, in about an hour," said Mr. Crewe.

"Miss Shirley's been inquiring for you, sir," said Bill. "Telephoned down to say she was waiting breakfast."

Grandsir hastily put on his hat and stuffed his handkerchief back into his pocket. "Dear me," he muttered, and incontinently fled away.

Bill regarded his charge curiously. The introduction had not served to enlighten him as to the other's social status. True, Mr. Cotter might be house folks and yet prefer to hide his shiner under a bushel away from his peers. He looked, apart from his disfigurement, like a gentleman, from his neck up. But his clothes were not of the shabbiness affected by the quality. They had begun life as a cheap, showy suit, with unforgivable deviations from simplicity, and utterly incomprehensible buttons. The obvious plea that they were too small for him and might not have been of his own selection was completely swamped by the fact that he had them on. The other men in the quad were bearing down on this mysterious stranger when he spoke crisply to his hesitating cicerone.

"Bill," he said pleasantly, "have a heart."

The chauffeur suddenly grinned. "Sharp does it," he said, quite amiably. "Come this way." He cast a derisive look at his approaching confreres and, turning about, led the other to a side door in the garage, which gave on a pretty curving stair. Up these steps he went, calling out cheerfully, "Eh, Peggy!"

Cotter followed at his heels.

A door opened above, and a pretty, neat woman came out upon the landing. "Here's a friend of the boss," said Bill. "Just out of the trenches. Wants a little patching up, you see, and a couple of fried eggs. You just wangle him a bit of brekker, and I'll take him into the operating room."

"My word!" said Mrs. Bill after one glance.

II

HIGH CREWE was a very large Colonial house, planned apparently by an architect who liked a lot of wide and rather wandering corridors. On the first and second floors the halls had a way of turning their corners into what a city dweller would be tempted to count as a large room, a spacious effect added to by the fact that the entire house was paneled in white to the very ceilings. The arched double doors of the living rooms stood wide open on every hand, and every window reached the floor. It was a house with a very distinctive atmosphere, as satisfactory as a clear sky.

"Hunting Me Like a Rabbit!" She Cried With Deplorable Indelegance. "Well, He May Have His Hunt for His Pains"

There was a notable lack of ornament about it—few pictures, and those old family portraits; tables whose burnished surfaces of maple and mahogany were unconcealed by any form of drapery; great high white mantels without a clutter of bric-a-brac. It would have been difficult for a stranger to say which was drawing-room, living room or library, for in all these rooms were great rectangles of shelved books built deep into the walls, old-fashioned desks and secretaries, and easy-chairs and couches with attendant reading lamps. Flowers were everywhere, and great Chinese jars in every available corner for the reception of dried rose leaves; High Crewe was famous for its potpourri.

It was just the sort of house Grandsir might have produced had it not reversed matters by producing him. It had stood, its sturdy brick mellowing to a rose pink, for a century and more, having been built by one Matthias Crewe, in the bottoms of whose clippers had been brought the furnishings of the celebrated Chinese Parlor, and the glowing Eastern rugs that lay upon the floors of the great rooms.

Grandsir entered it, this warm summer morning, coming into its cool shelter, informally, by a French window, as might be permitted the master of the house; yet no one knew better than he that only by courtesy could he be so called.

For High Crewe had a mistress. She was at that moment standing near a table by a window, idly reading a paper which lay there with the morning mail, not troubling to sit, but standing with every evidence of transient interest. She was twenty years old, with the habit of looking like a child—not very tall, not very terrifying, nevertheless a tyrant. Grandsir Crewe's single victory over this young person had resulted in her having a lovely mass of yellow hair coiled at the nape of her neck. She might wear breeches, she might smoke a cigarette, she might have a latchkey and run her own car, but a bobbed head she should not achieve. It must be said that she had given him an easy conquest, having more than half given in to the tearful protests of her nurse before broaching the matter to her grandfather. Be that as it may, her beautiful hair was unshorn, luxurious and rippling, and burnished by the devoted brushings of this nurse, now her maid and only critic. She had blue eyes—no Crewe had ever had other in the memory of man—and a very nice nose, straight and not in the least pointed. Her mouth, if not small, was defined by very red, very clear-cut firmly closing lips, with a trick of postponing a smile until her eyes were fairly brimming with laughter. When it came it was worth waiting for, producing a dimple in one corner for emphasis.

But the face, regarded merely as a face, was not that of a despot. What made it so for Grandsir Crewe was that it was, point by point, and lineament by lineament, her grandmother in her youth all over again. Shirley was not the first absolute monarch of High Crewe.

"I'm starving," she announced as her grandfather made his appearance. "You seem to have been getting into bad habits while I've been away."

"Yes; well, it's no fun breakfasting alone," said Grandsir, giving his hat a toss into a chair after vainly looking about the room for the houseman. "I took to waiting for Ogden, and he is always late. Where's William?"

"William," said the lady of the house, taking her place at table and putting a cup under the spout of the coffee urn, "is no longer one of us. I sent him away last evening after dinner."

"What's William been doing?"

"My complaint against him was that he did nothing," said Shirley. A maid stole into the room and carried the cup to Mr. Crewe. "I came back to find the silver dingy as an old door mat. And such things. He did well enough when old John was here to keep him up. I don't think he minded going. He's an excellent second man, but he doesn't like responsibility. I gave him a month's extra wages and a good recommendation."

Grandsir Crewe said nothing until the maid had timidly served him with toast and hominy, but when she went away to fetch other parts of his breakfast he said, "Can't bear to have a woman waiting on table, Shirley. They flit so. They slip me things. I hope you have sent for another butler."

"I'll attend to it today," she said. "William is easy to replace, but where will I find someone to fill old John's shoes?"

"My dear," said Mr. Crewe, "you can never fill old John's place. He didn't do so much, but he was the brains

of the thing. One never had to tell him anything. Old John, you see, was a gentleman. He worked as a butler, but inside he was a member of the family."

"I know," said Shirley.

Mr. Crewe put his ivory spoon into his egg cup, which the maid had cautiously insinuated into its place before him, and sighed.

"I should think Lucretia could manage to get my eggs right, even if old John is dead and gone," he said. "I've told her myself: 'You put one egg into a saucepan full of boiling water; in two minutes you put in another egg; three minutes later you take 'em both out. One hard and one soft.' It seems simple."

"I know," said Shirley again. "I'll get an electric boiler for the table."

"No," said Grandsir Crewe. "I utterly refuse to eat my breakfast on a cookstove." With a sigh he gave up the elusive yellow liquid in his egg cup, looked at her affectionately and smiled. "I've missed you, my dear. Did you have a good time while you were away?"

"I had a wonderful time," said his granddaughter simply.

"Suitors?"

Her eyes began to laugh, and then the dimple appeared. "Several. Two of them bran-new." She had no secrets from Grandsir. "One that I met last winter I—I liked very much. But we had a most fearful row just before I left."

They were alone again, so he ventured to ask for particulars.

"Well," said Miss Crewe thoughtfully, "he seemed to think we were engaged."

"Why?"

"I can't imagine," she answered, and faintly flushed. "You led him on, I fancy."

"Not a bit of it. If you knew him you would know he needs no leading on."

"I don't know him, then?"

"No," said Shirley. But there was a tone in her voice as she spoke the man's name that led the observing Mr. Crewe to surmise he would not in the long run remain without the gentleman's acquaintance. "Diggory Chase."

"Diggory Chase?" echoed Grandsir, and added in a maudlin fashion, "The mouse ran up the clock."

"I like the name," said Miss Crewe, somewhat stiffly.

"Eh, yes. Fashion's going in for old peaty names like"—he stirred his coffee, muttering to himself, "Dickon, Thamis, Gil, Margot, Gavin ——"

"It's not a matter of fad with the Chases. They have a Diggory every generation."

"Soothing," said Grandsir.

Shirley laughed, and dipped her fingers in her bowl. "There's nothing in the paper," she said, leaving the subject of her mistaken suitor, "but I'll read it to you."

"Ah," said Mr. Crewe with satisfaction. He settled to marmalade and the news of the day. "When we left off ——" he said contentedly.

She turned with the paper in her hand to look at him. "Do you mean to say you've not read it since I left?"

"No-o." He drew out the monosyllable. "Not to say read it. I kept up with the Giants and the White Sox, and things like that."

"That was Ogden, of course," said Ogden's sister.

"It certainly was not I," assented Mr. Crewe.

She read him the headlines from the front page.

"More life changes, more it is the same thing," he gloomily remarked. "I could write a paper, sitting in my own library, that wouldn't be six-ten-thousandths of an inch from the news of the day. Not that it matters."

"Not, as you say, that it ——"

Her voice died away. She had turned to an inner page, waiting, as usual, for him to express interest in some one of the display facts she had given him, and a familiar name had jumped to her eye, as familiar names will, from the wide sheet crowded with short items of the doings of the fashionable world. She sat staring, turned to stone.

"I wonder who invented marmalade. Marmaduke probably. What's the Secretary said to Japan's protest?"

No Secretary could have said less. Utter silence greeted him. He glanced up, fancied her interested in some other column, glanced again, and saw that she was pale with rage.

"My dear?"

The anxious question brought her suddenly to life. "Of all the outrageous ——" Her pallor changed to a flush of color. "I won't see him! I won't stand it!" She whirled in her chair toward him with the newspaper rattling like a stage storm in her hands. "'Mr. Diggory Chase left Stockbridge today. He is motoring to Narragansett.'" She read or recited the hateful words with all an angry girl's incomprehensible emphasis on the word "mister."

Grandsir's alarm died peacefully. "An idea that might occur to any man, my dear."

But Shirley was on her feet in a fine tempest. "Hunting me like a rabbit!" she cried with deplorable inelegance. "Well, he may have his hunt for his pains. The insolence! I can run like a rabbit! I'll go to Betsy's at Newport. I will not see him."

"Well, dash me, girl, you don't have to see him, do you?" said Grandsir as she fairly stamped her small white-shod feet upon the floor. "What's all the shootin' 'or? He'll get between the prongs of a fork easier than in y house if you so order."

"You don't know Diggory!" she flared at him. "Why, in ten minutes you'd adore him!"

"No!" marveled Mr. Crewe.

"You would. He'd get around you. I don't care. I just want him to come dashing up here and find that there's no such person. Would I have him think I was expecting him to run after me; hoping he'd come, perhaps? No, I tell you, I'm off."

"Well, but —— You go to Newport and that will be in the papers too. You poor notables can't creep up on your quarry for a cent." He gave an absent chuckle. "There's a joke in that somewhere, as the Bread-and-Butterfly says."

She paid no attention to his literary references. "It won't be in the papers. Betsy is in mourning. Providentially my trunks are not unpacked. You can send them on."

His vague amusement died as he heard this definite bit of planning. "But, my darling!" he mourned. She had but just come home!

Flame faded in her face as she swooped to lay her arms about his shoulders. "It's not far, Grandsir," she said softly. "We can telephone. When he has been here, and searched the house, and gone, I can come back."

"Lord bless me!" gasped Mr. Crewe. He was unaccustomed to suitors who wished to search the premises. "No, dash it, I'll not have you chivied about like this! A pretty thing! You'll stay right here. I will attend to Diggory Chase. His clock will strike one, I promise you."

"Oh, darling!" She gave him a strangling squeeze. "I'm off. Don't send Tarry; I don't want a maid."

She turned up his face and kissed it, whirled out the door, catching up a soft white coat from somewhere as she passed, was down the hall and out the door before he had

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"He's Got a Black Eye," Said Mr. Crewe Quite Unnecessarily, "and I Fancy a Little Hamamelis Would Do It Good"

COCKATOOS

By HORATIO WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

I Stood There—Just Stood There

THE other day a fellow said to me, "Hello, Leon," he said, "you look sick."

"No," I answered, the same as Nut McCube, the Eccentric Comic, "not sick; only married."

I often wonder what happened to Nut. His monologue about marriage was the only good thing that ever got into vaudeville. My idea is that a bunch of women must have got together some night and beat him to death for telling the truth about them.

Well, if I am cynical like this now, I was not always the same way; and I can recall six years ago walking along Elm Street and seeing Miss Escott in her runabout in front of Jay Leighton's office and saying to myself, "Well, Leon, there is the girl you ought to have gone after when it was time. Never in her whole life, or anyhow not since she was fifteen years old, has she set foot in a theater. There is the girl who could have saved you so that now you might be amounting to something. Oh, you big boob!"

Well, I came up and took off my hat.

"Good evening, Miss Escott."

"Why, Leon Kendall," she said very sociable, "I haven't seen you in a blue moon! How is the world using you?"

And we were in the middle of a very friendly chat, when Jay Leighton came out of his office, looking, as usual, as though he'd just finished giving a rube impersonation and hadn't changed back all his clothes. Naturally, I felt kind of put out; but I tried to talk nice, though Jay showed that he wouldn't curl up and die exactly if I should tear myself away from him and Miss Escott.

"How's the theater business?" he ast, trying to rub it in that I was ushering at the New Orpheus.

"Better every day," I said, lying. "The bills we get now are certainly wonderful."

"I should like to know," Miss Escott ast, "if a person ever gets tired of the theater—I mean somebody like you, living in the atmosphere."

"Not possible," I said, lying again. "How can you get tired of a thing when it's always new and always different?"

"Why, you can't," she said with a peculiar tone in her voice which I did not understand at the time, though I did later. "Of course you can't. Wasn't that what I was telling you, Jay?"

"Well, Leon," I remarked to myself, after Jay had said, "Olive oil," and after Miss Escott had shaken me by the hand and the two of them had driven away—"Well, Leon," I remarked, "not only is that girl the only person in the world who could have saved you but maybe she can save you yet. If folks say she's engaged to Jay Leighton, perhaps it's because he's shined around so much that he's driven everybody else off. Step in and assert yourself, Leon. Give Jay the hook."

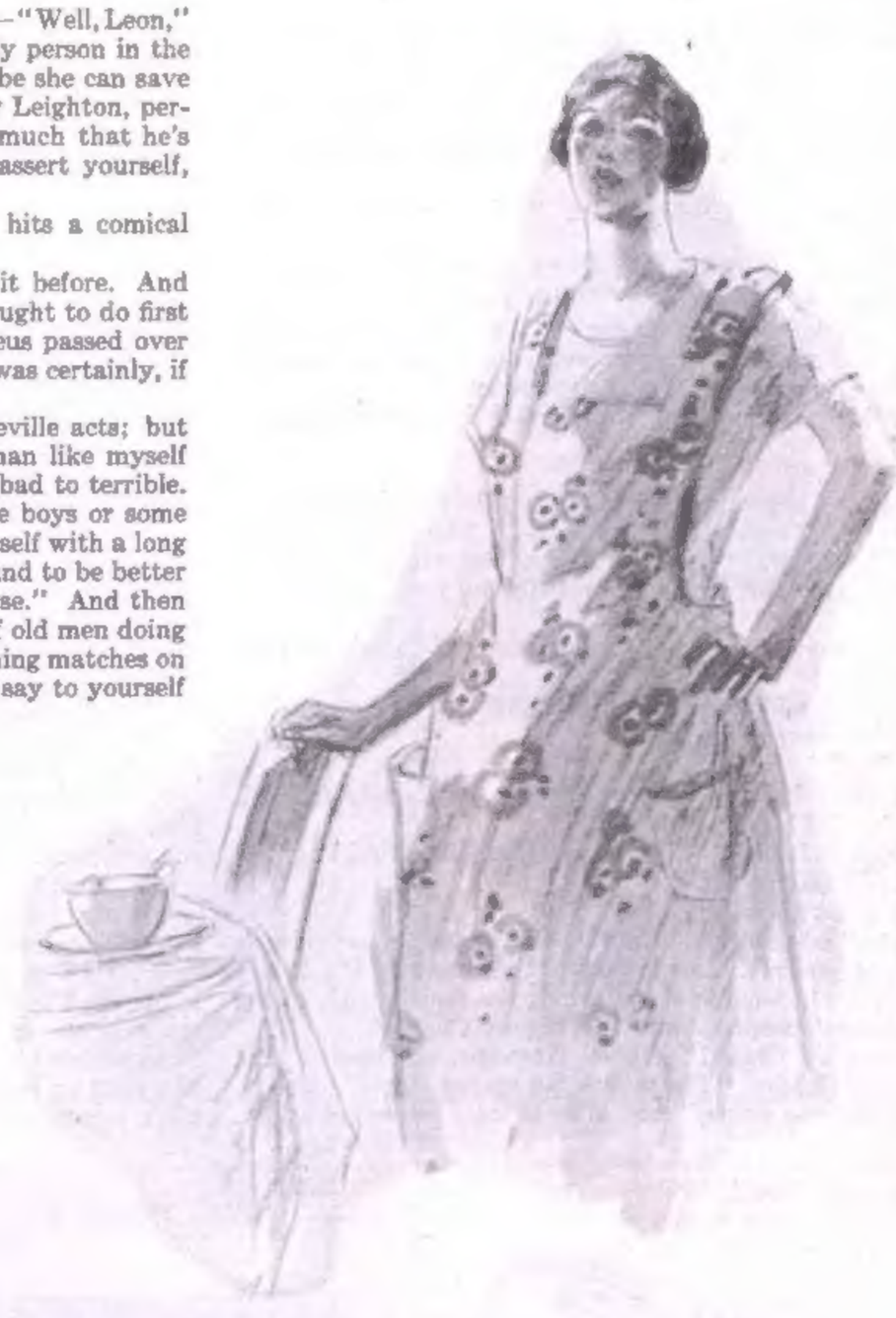
Boy, the idea hit me like a slapstick hits a comical acrobat.

I wondered why I'd never thought of it before. And I was so busy trying to figure out what I ought to do first that the bill that night at the New Orpheus passed over my head as though it was painless; and it was certainly, if possible, just a little bit worse than usual.

Boy, I don't know how you class vaudeville acts; but I will simply state that an experienced man like myself classes them one way only, which is from bad to terrible. After you have finished with some ukulele boys or some animated marionettes, you will say to yourself with a long breath, "Well, anyhow, the next act is bound to be better than this one, because it can't be any worse." And then you will find yourself looking at a couple of old men doing a song and dance or a tramp juggler scratching matches on his whiskers, and all you can do will be to say to yourself in a low voice, "I spoke too quick—I spoke too quick."

Well, as I was saying, the bill for Monday passed right over my head up to the very middle of the act that closed the second show. All I remembered about Zita, Melodious Singer of Refined Songs, was the mean expression she had around her mouth when she wasn't pulling her trick smile. Also I remembered saying to myself, "Leon, there's another reason for getting busy with Miss Escott. Suppose somebody like this Zita should ever take a fancy to you."

But I didn't really wake up to where I was till the end of the second show, when I got my idea in the middle of the Act Beauteous.



"Leon, I Have Bought the Act Beauteous"

Boy, there are two kinds of vaudeville acts—those that are bad before they finish and those that are bad before they start. And take it from me that most trained animals belong in the second class and will never get out of same. It would be hard work to say whether educated monkeys are better or worse than dog actors or calculating seals; but I will tell the world that there is nothing like a trained cockatoo act, and you can take that any way you like it. And of all the terrible trained-cockatoo acts I have seen in my whole life, the Act Beauteous was the worst.

There was just one redeeming feature, and that was the girl who ran it. She did not look like the usual cockatoo trainer; in fact she seemed bright and intelligent; and I said to myself in the middle of her act, "If she can get away with what she is doing now, she can get away with anything. Why isn't she the girl to bust up Jay and Miss Escott? I'll start things going tonight after the show."

Because it was raining and because the stage entrance opened on Mud Alley, all the actor folks came out through the house. When the Act Beauteous showed I took off my hat, and introducing myself as the second assistant manager of the New Orpheus, said, "I've got a friend," I said, "who wants me to give you a message."

I didn't hear any objections.

"He's a very serious young man," I went on, "and he wants to know if you would kindly be so kind and meet him Wednesday evening after the show, and we will all go together to the Daisy Inn, a refined restaurant and dancing place on the County Road about ten miles out from Paloram."

The date was cinched without much hemming and hawing, and it was while I was feeling elated and full of good will to all that I pulled a boner.

There was a handkerchief lying in the aisle and I called out to one of the actorines that had passed, asking if she'd dropped it. She turned and looked at me. It was Zita, Melodious Singer of Refined Songs.

"No," she said, "I didn't drop it. And let me go one step farther and tell the world that there are too many fresh ushers in this man's profession. A vaudeville house lost in the sticks wouldn't consider itself complete without an ivory-headed usher trying to pull a John Drew."

Well, boy, I just stood there till the storm was over, thinking inside myself what a horrible thing it would be to have a woman like that get interested in you. I dunno whether I have hitherto mentioned Nut McCube, the Eccentric Comic; but if I have or if I haven't, I will mention him right now.

"Every man," Nut said, "marries the girl he picks out. Ain't it funny that he always picks out the girl who has had him picked out before he started? I have seen a man," Nut said, "escape from the hypnotizing gaze of a boa constrictor, but I never saw one yet get away from a lady—not after she once got her eyes on him."

Boy, Nut was right—Nut was right.

II

WELL, boy, I don't know how I come to be sitting here in this place, nor where it is, nor why everything is so foggy around the edges, nor why I can hear you better than I can see you; but being as I have started to confide my life story, I am going to go on with same, because you are a young fellow yet and maybe it will do you some good. And I will put in here that when you say why didn't I quit my job if I didn't want to look at vaudeville shows, you give yourself away as not understanding either human nature or vaudeville; and when I started ushering at the New Orpheus I would have made the same remark myself.

I was just out of high school when Old Man Flannagan gave me the job, and Jay Leighton and the other boys used to say, "Well, Leon, you have certainly got it pretty soft, seeing all those good shows free." And for the first three years that is what I thought myself. Then one day I woke up realizing that I had seen enough vaudeville to last me all the rest of my life and I started to quit.

Boy, you have read in the papers about the prisoner who refuses a pardon because after staying in his dungeon cell for twenty years he can't break himself to live anywhere else. Well, that was how it was with me. I found I had the vaudeville habit the same as you might have the cocaine habit. I knew I didn't have any pleasure looking at the acts, but I couldn't help doing same. It was like a man can't help feeling of a sore tooth; he knows it will hurt, but he wants to see just how much. Day after day I done it; in the autumn and winter and spring it was the New Orpheus, and in the summer it was the N. O. Summer Garden. Time and again I tried to stay away long enough to get fired, but something always drove me back before the

curtain went up. And in the fifth year, when Old Man Flannagan said to me, "Well, Leon, how would you like to work here regular? I will make you assistant manager and put you behind the ticket window," I said no, on account of my auto insurance business; but the real reason I turned him down was because I knew that if I got landed behind the ticket window I'd have to stop watching the show.

Boy, it was terrible, and worst of all was the fact that it was ruining my career. Instead of being able to concentrate on the insurance profession, I'd find myself sitting by my desk and wondering which was the worst, a magician doing card tricks or a musical family, or what was eternal punishment—a vaudeville bill that kept changing or one that didn't change at all.

Well, boy, that was what had driven me desperate; and that was why I didn't spare any pains till I'd fixed the date for Jay Leighton.

At eleven o'clock Wednesday night Jay and I were sitting together in a little booth at Simmons' Restaurant, waiting for the Act Beauteous. I'd hung my raincoat by an outside corner of the booth, but beforehand I'd slipped a flask into one of the pockets. I wanted it convenient. My idea was that when the two of them started along to the Daisy Inn I'd have 'em feeling right.

Everything had gone like clockwork. Jay had fallen for the date the same as might have been expected from a home boy, and Miss Escott hadn't needed anything except an anonymous letter. I run this off on Jay's typewriter while I was up in his office waiting for him. I said in the letter that if Miss Escott cared to show at the Daisy Inn Wednesday at midnight she'd see a good friend of hers in the act of entertaining a theatrical lady. And when I heard from the garage that she was having a repair job done on her runabout, and that it had to be finished no later than ten Wednesday evening, I knew that the letter had registered a hit. And I knew I wouldn't have to bother by bringing along a photographer to take a flashlight of Jay and the Act Beauteous.

Well, Jay and I sat there, with every thirty seconds Jay twisting his head around to the door. At 11:15, just when I was beginning to think that Jay had a mechanical neck the same as a ventriloquial figure, the party arrived.

"Hello, Mr. Kendall and friend," she said from the doorway. "Look who's going to go along with us tonight."

Boy, a cold chill chased up and down my spine as I ast myself who it was that this fool Act Beauteous had brought along. Somepun told me that the worst was getting ready to happen, but I kept hoping that maybe it wasn't.

"Come on in, honey," she went on. "Everybody's waiting for you."

And in trotted Zita, Melodious Singer of Refined Songs. I tried to smile; I done it about as good as a champion lightweight recites Gunga Din. She handed me one long contemptuous look, and as soon as the introductions were finished, squeezed me over into the inside corner of our half of the booth and sat down with her back against my raincoat.

Well, boy, there ain't anything much pleasanter than a good conversation, and nothing much sadder than a bad one. The conversation following the introductions was the second kind; but even then, it mightn't have been so bad if the Melodious Singer of Refined Songs hadn't kept putting in with moral reflections

"Nothing like an occasional party to change your ideas," Jay said.

Zita slipped him a look the kind a leopard gives an animal trainer.

"This is the first time," she said, "I have ever stayed up after a performance, and I assure you I am doing so now only on my friend's account. I am accustomed to retire immediately after my work each evening, since I never accept an invitation from whomsoever, and I have thousands of them."

Well, there was no particular comeback to this, so everybody looked serious and waited for her to go on—which she done.

"Yes," she said, "I have always avoided centers of dissipation and therefore in my entire experience on the stage have never kept late hours. That is what makes them say in every beauty parlor I enter, 'What is your secret? How do you keep your skin so wonderful?' And I can only tell them it is by never under any pretext being a nighthawk. And in my entire career ——"

Here she stopped suddenly, as though a thought had hit her or as though she had been bit by a rattlesnake.

"What is the matter, Zita? What has happened?" ast the Act Beauteous

"Nothing," she said, after a minute; "nothing has happened."

Well, something had happened all right, though it was only later I found out what. The Melodious Singer of Refined Songs now checked out of the conversation altogether, closing her eyes and leaning up against my raincoat as if she was sick. When the Act Beauteous ast, "What is the matter, Zita?" the reply was, "Nothing—nothing. Do not mind me; in a minute it will pass."

Well, the Act Beauteous had begun to tell Jay about what rotten dressing rooms we had at the New Orpheus, when Zita stood up, saying, "Please excuse me, but I am going to the door for a breath of fresh air. I think it will make me feel better."

"Shall I go with you, honey?" ast the Act Beauteous.

"No, I will feel better in a jiffy."

With this, Zita walked to the door, opened it, and stepping outside, closed the door behind her.

"I hope, Mr. Kendall," said the Act Beauteous in a low voice and leaning across the table, "that you will not be angry because Zita came along. I did not exactly invite her, but you know how it is with some people. She has been on half a dozen bills with me and I can say truthfully she is a splendid girl in her way—and with a heart of gold. And if she has one little failing, and I am not denying same ——"

Right here the door opened and Zita came back.

But the whole appearance of the Melodious Singer of Refined Songs had changed. She might have been a different person.

"Well," she began with a laugh, "what are we all doing here? I thought this was a party. What kind of a dump is the Daisy Inn? Tell me the worst before we start so I will know what to do if the circumstances are not what the

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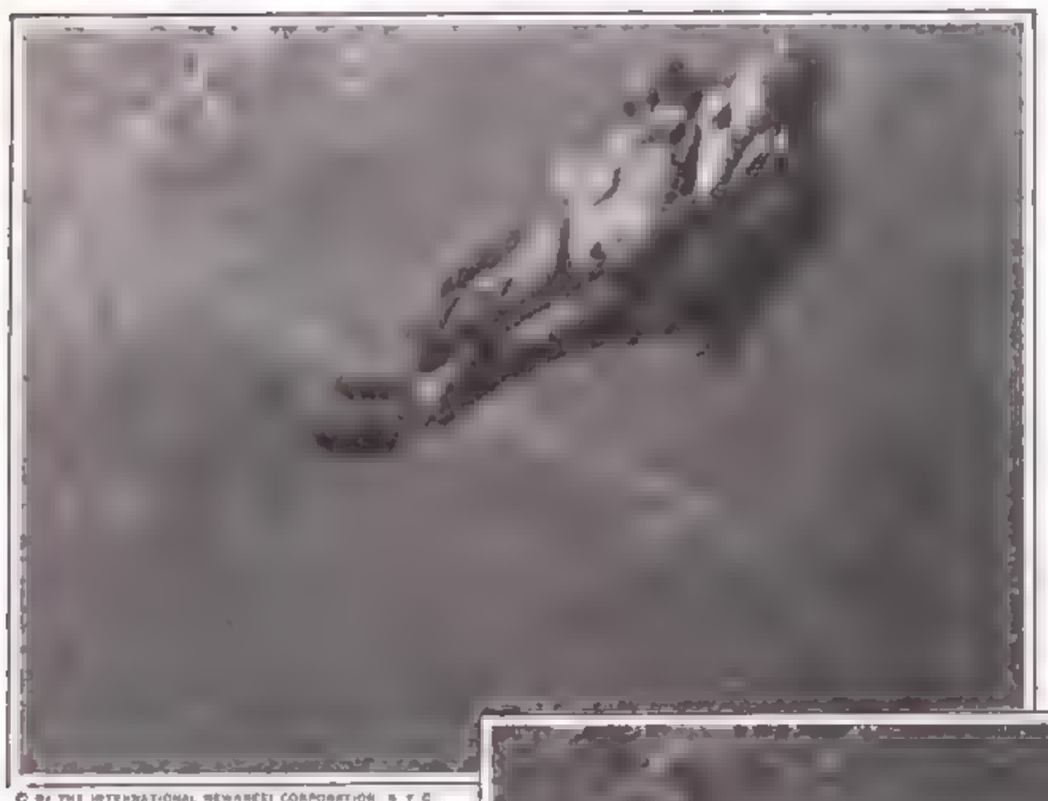
"A Vaudeville House Lost in the Sticks Wouldn't Consider Itself Complete Without an Ivory-Headed Usher Trying to Pull a John Drew"



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LEAP AND LIVE TO LEAP AGAIN

Parachute History Made in America

By CORLEY McDARMENT

The Longest Parachute Fall Ever Made. This Aviator Fell 1500 Feet Before Releasing His Parachute

SO REMARKABLE has been the success of American aviators with parachutes that a wave of parachutitis is sweeping the aeronautical world like the influenza in 1918. The press has been largely responsible for this.

Within the past few months newspapers in the United States have carried many stories of aviators who left their disabled airplanes high and dry in the skies and took to the silk. The stories have made interesting copy, and editors found their editions gobbled up wet when the details of a forced parachute jump by an unlucky aviator appeared on the front page; but from the testimony of the aviators, as contained in the official reports, a daring leap from the clouds is enjoyed nowhere except from cane-bottomed rockers or overstuffed club settees, in the quiet hours of evening. As one aviator significantly remarked when he picked up a fresh newspaper containing a vivid story of his jump, "It sure reads easy."

This business of leaping out of an airplane and trusting everything to the whims of a parachute is a new thrill that mankind has inherited along with aviation. It is a thrill that can never grow dull, for the possibility must always exist that the parachute will not open exactly as it should, and every flying man knows that just one lone failure is entirely sufficient to round out an individual's career. This is why the matter is so serious to aviators. But even with the dread of uncertainty, Richard III never needed a horse as bad as an aviator needs a parachute at certain times. Many an aviator has gone who would have given his kingdom of the sky for a few square yards of silk; but unfortunately, parachutes for airplane pilots are of very recent origin.

Life Rafts of the Air

THE universal need for aerial life preservers is easily seen from the stories of aviators who have been forced to jump for their lives. These stories are translated into French, German, Scandinavian, Arabic, Japanese and every other tongue spoken by flying men. The old-time hair raisers with titles something like Saved From the Lion's Mouth and Snatched From the Altar are monotonous tales fit only to lull children to sleep, compared with most of the true accounts of dramas enacted in mid-air between men and broken wings. The human interest of these American feats has helped advertise them in every civilized quarter of the globe.

A forced parachute jump has all the elements of a classic short story. But the heroes are real human beings, and they are building up the most amazing traditions ever known in civilization. Stories of the air will soon take place with the age-old stories of the sea, with parachutes as the life rafts.

Just a short time ago an army aviator left the earth at a Midwestern flying field and swung his airplane around until the little white lines and numbers on the compass disk showed the correct bearings for New York City. He was flying one of the latest type pursuit machines that mope along through the air anywhere between 150 and 200 miles an hour. Within three hours the green-tinted open fields were left behind and he was soaring high above the Alleghany Mountains, with his 370-horse-power motor running as strong as a campaign speech, and the smoke from vessels in the bay and the notched sky line of New York City itself should soon appear.

But presently the clouds began to thicken. The mountains of vapor that had been keeping their altitude of about 15,000 feet began to float slowly down. This did not give the aviator much worry—the weather report had been favorable—and he merely descended to where ground could be easily seen. He was continuing on the course and had no doubts as to getting through. But suddenly his goggles went foggy, something hot like water struck his cheek and a peculiar odor arose. A few seconds later some of the hot liquid trickled over his lips and touched his tongue.

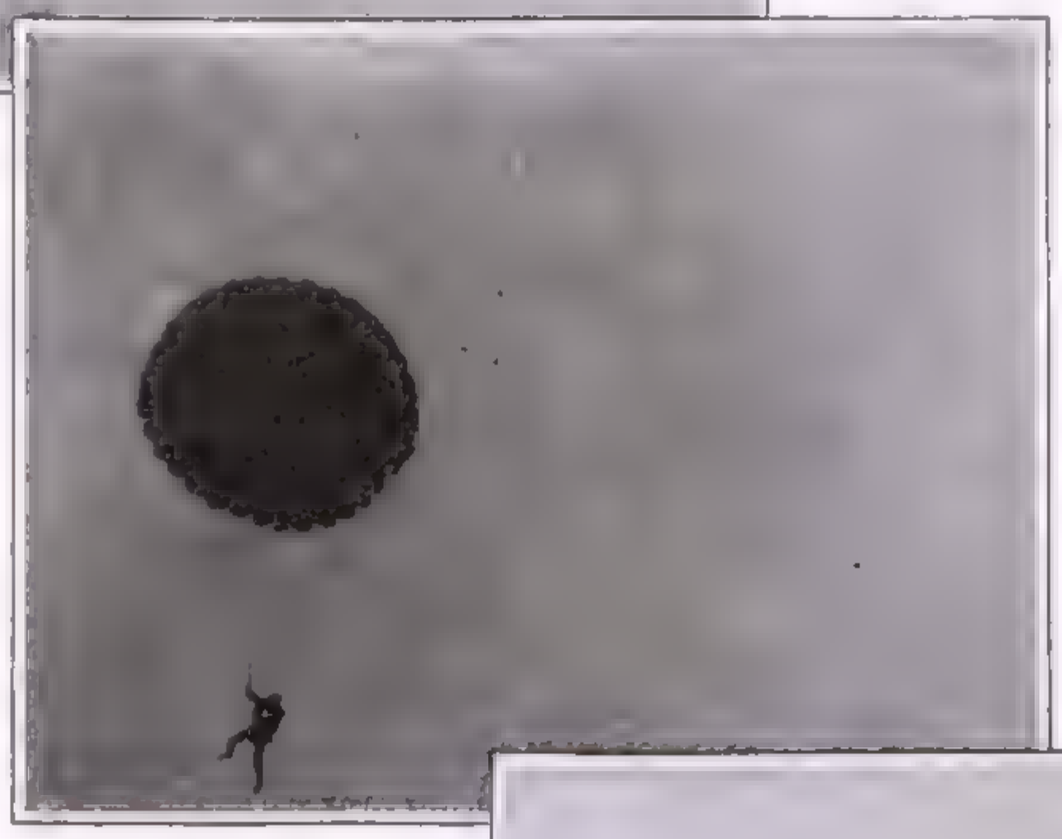
It was oil!

No aviator can forget the taste and odor of hot oil in mid-air. It means that a pipe has broken and the engine, born of man, is of few minutes and full of trouble. The bearings and all movable parts, lacking oil, will swell and cause the motor to "freeze" dead, while the pistons and certain other inside vitals may become red hot, set fire to the gasoline within the system and create a young explosion.

An Annoying Habit of Motors

AROUND any flying field, on any day, the statement can be heard that "Motors have a way of stopping in some of the damnedest places." This motor over the Alleghanies was no exception. Below, through the scattered patches of cloud, the aviator saw the mountain tops. They were not peaked, like the Rockies, nor set with large bowlders; but they were heavily wooded, which was just as bad, and the tiny rectangular clearings on the mountainsides were exactly the right size to tempt a less experienced pilot in a landing. But about a year ago this same aviator had made a forced landing in another pursuit machine upon land that looked far more inviting than this, and he came out alive only through some special act of Providence that was put through in a hurry. He had no assurance, however, that any celestial legislative body was in session now and ready to rush through another special saving act for him.

He was flying now just beneath the clouds. Toward the south, as far as eye could reach, the clouds had gathered in an unbroken ghostlike ocean without a shore. But to the north they were ruffled into huge billows like loaves of white bread that had been thrown carelessly together, and through them appeared specks of blue sky. This was an indication that the ceiling was better to the north. If he could only get more altitude up in this direction, perhaps a fair landing field could be spotted.



The motor was not entirely gone. The slim white hand beneath the splattered dial of the pressure gauge showed that the oil had dropped from 120 to 100 pounds. He remembered that engines did not always catch fire, and sometimes a pilot could pull through for a landing. There was the case on the Mexican border when a flyer brought a Liberty motor over the Devils River country with the bearings burned out, and landed.

He again looked toward the north and decided to make a try for altitude before the motor froze, burned out or did its worst. Removing a glove, he let his hand go carefully over his parachute harness and the three metal clasps. He had throttled the motor down slightly, but now he threw it on again, and nosed the plane upward. Within a few seconds he was plowing through the cool, vaporous clouds and out of sight of both earth and sky. But by taking off his oil-stained goggles and keeping his head within the cockpit he could read the bank and pitch indicator and thus keep the machine in a steady climb.

The powerful but condemned motor jerked the little pursuit plane swiftly up through the mist, but the oil gauge showed rapidly falling pressure, while the thermometer line began racing toward the peg. A warmer and damper mist began to blow back into the cockpit and the pilot knew the water in the radiator was boiling through the overflow pipe and expansion tank. Just before the oil pressure dropped to twenty pounds, the motor stuck for an instant, but picked up again and ran with an ominous knock.

A Two-Mile Dive to Earth

THE little patches of blue sky he caught glimpses of, as the plane swept from one cloud bank to another, appeared as far away as at first; while below, the clouds had thickened to a solid mass. Perhaps now where he was the clouds were down on the mountain tops, and to attempt gliding through them would be fatal.

The pilot's own words, as contained in the official report submitted to the chief of air service on this accident, are as clear as they are vivid. At this point the aviator stated:

"In approximately twenty-five seconds the motor stuck again; but picked up, with the knocking greatly increased. I looked at my oil pressure and saw that it stood at ten pounds; then I looked at the thermometer and saw that it was right up against the peg.

"My altimeter now registered almost 10,000 feet. I immediately cut the switch, turned off the gasoline, pulled the nose of the plane up until the propeller stopped still. Next I unbuckled my belt, stood up in the seat, held the control stick in my left hand and faced toward the left side of the plane. I put my foot on the cowling from this position and dived into space, intending to miss the trailing edge of the wing by about three feet."

The account shows that when the aviator dived out into the cloud-laden Pennsylvania atmosphere, he shot downward like a sack of anvils; while the crippled airplane, without a guiding hand, shuddered above for a moment, then it also took a plunge toward the mountain tops and trees. But in the words of the pilot:

"As I was out of sight of both the ground and sky, and in very dense clouds, I saw the plane only for a brief instant, when I made my first turn in the air. I counted five and started to pull the release ring; but as I had never jumped before, I was slightly confused, and after searching vainly for the ring for what seemed to me like half a minute, I realized that I was searching on the right side instead of the left. I was perfectly comfortable, however, and did not feel any rush of air or any lack of control of any of my muscles or faculties.

"When I realized I was feeling on the wrong side, I immediately reached to the left side of the harness and pulled the rip cord. The parachute seemed to open almost the instant I touched the ring. As my harness was loose, due to my changing from a winter to a summer flying suit before leaving, the opening of the parachute gave me a bad jerk which wrenched my hips to some extent. The webbing struck me on the side of the face and dazed me for a moment.

"I estimate that it took me ten minutes to reach the ground. Nearly all the way down I was in dense clouds and part of the way in rain. I did not see the ground until I had fallen to about 300 feet. I landed in a wild apple tree in a forest which ran down a valley between the mountains, but I was uninjured. After climbing down from the tree, I walked to the nearest farmhouse, which was about a mile and a half away, but could get no transportation, so I walked to Sonestown, Pennsylvania, where I got a ride to Muncy Valley. From there I sent telegrams to my commanding officer at Selfridge Field, Michigan, and to the chief of air service, Washington, D. C.

"Later I learned that the plane had fallen near Eagles Mere. It was completely demolished, as it had struck the side of a very rocky mountain and among trees. There was no oil around the wreckage, which shows that I had used it all up before evacuating the plane."

Thus another perfectly good aviator still resides in the land of is, and he is a walking advertiser for parachutes.

The seat-pack type parachute now worn by airplane pilots is strictly an American product, and it is becoming as important in flying as airplanes. In fact aircraft and parachute manufacturers are beginning to work hand in glove. No military plane is considered properly constructed unless the cockpit is made deep and wide enough to accommodate a parachute as well as the flyer. This affects aeronautical engineering both at home and abroad.

The foreign countries have been a little slow to take on parachutes. Europeans have stood by with their eyes peeled during these eventful years of aeronautical progress; they have built mightily and have greatly improved upon the pioneer work of American designers; and now, after considerable sacrifice by Americans in perfecting the air rafts, they are coming in for the tried and tested product.

Swapping Military Secrets

THE big civilized warfaring countries have a peculiar way of learning things. They swap military secrets through their military attachés. These secrets in the aeronautical field are usually some little accessory or adaptation for an airplane that is supposed to give one aviator somewhat of an edge on his enemies in aerial combat. The first nibble at parachutes followed newspaper stories of an aviator who saved his life with a seat-pack 'chute. A foreign communication came in through a long process of diplomatic channeling which read something like this: "It is understood that the American Army Air Service has developed a secret parachute that opens in the air and saves an aviator from death. I have the honor to inform you that my government has directed me to say that if you will kindly furnish us with a set of the blue prints on this parachute, we, in exchange for the courtesy, and also because of the traditional friendship that has existed so long between us, will furnish you with the full plans, including blue prints and specifications, of a hole we intend to bore in the bottom of our airplanes through which a gun can be poked."

The fact is that the United States has never wrapped its parachute development in secrecy.

Nearly anybody who wanted to know the particulars got them. But with all the cards on the table and the information passed out as fast as possible, it took three

(Continued on Page 173)

THE OUTSIDE OF A HORSE

By Will Levington Comfort

The Great Board Walk in Front of the Grand Stand Was a Heaving Tumult of Umbrellas

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

JACKIE BEVIS grew up on Mr. Gould Rosswell's Tennessee estate, Mint Meadows, and with the central idea of riding running horses for a living, which he carried out.

"Anyone can see by this time, Jackie, how yo' belong on the outside of a hoss," Mr. Rosswell said, before the boy had his first silks on; and he finished the saying about the outside of a horse being good for the inside of a man.

Jackie pondered long over that. Something wrong about it, he felt; at least, in relation to himself. He didn't clearly know for years what was wrong; certainly it didn't occur to him to dispute the master of Mint Meadows, whose gentle flow of talk was keenly appreciated and smartly obeyed. Jackie had a secret ideal of "gentleman," which Mr. Rosswell personified, and in the small select string of runners bred at Mint Meadows was contained his entire dream of life's fulfillment through early years.

In his first trips out on the Cotton Circuit, he came to know that Mr. Rosswell was almost as highly held among owners remote from Mint Meadows as at home.

"Notoriously a gentleman, Mr. Rosswell is," he heard one Georgian owner say.

This was cause for secret rejoicing, especially since it concerned the only parent he had ever known—not counting little Millie, of course, Mr. Rosswell's granddaughter, who always tried to play mother to him. But she was a year younger, couldn't even talk plain and was of quarrelsome disposition.

Jackie was coming fifteen when the first hint reached him that he wouldn't be riding for Mr. Rosswell always. He didn't really grasp until later that the big estate was breaking up, though the mourning of the darkies and the tragedy of empty stables had long been creeping into his blood. It was a fact that he knew what it meant to be lonesome for Mint Meadows before he left for good, but there was another part of him that burned with exultation at the thought of a career on the fast Northern tracks.

His last race for the home stables meant a lot more than a fighting finish of two runners of a field. It was on the old half-mile track at Darbville, Kentucky. He was riding Southern Night, owned and valiantly backed by Mr. Rosswell. Leading in the stretch, his brain became caught in a shiny gloat on what a great thing this winning would mean to himself, just setting out—and right then he felt the hot breath of Swallowtail, a speedy Lexington mare, on his right knee.

The rest was pure panic, until they told him that Southern Night had been nosed out.

"Anyway, yo' paht was all right, Jackie," the owner said a few hours after the race.

"It wasn't, Mr. Rosswell," Jackie answered.

A warm low moon was in the sky above the stables. The master of Mint Meadows darted a queer glance down at the boy, caught him by the arm and led him away to a big tarp under which hay bales were piled; then remarked, as if communing with the stars:

"Old Southey has been wahmin' up so good of late, I was inclined to trust him a trifle for straight today; but yo' never can tell, which is racin'. Every hoss has off days. Anyway yo' paht was all right."

"It wasn't, Mr. Rosswell."

"Not so loud; I can hear all right. Thinks I, you said something like that, back yondah. What's got into yo', young man?"

"I wanted to win so bad I got the tight collar. Ol' Southey felt it. A horse always knows."

"Nothin' like that showed from the judges' stand. My glasses only picked up you were ridin' easy an' wise."

"I only went through the motions. Wispy Coogan had no right to pass me at the last bend. The second I saw Swallowtail's head at my stirrup I blew up. I can ride in overalls mornin's with the whole track to myself, but when I get silks on and start with a field ——"

"What I took to happen was that Wispy's mare had huh speed wohkin' and old Southey didn't," Mr. Rosswell said thoughtfully.

"Southey never was better, only he couldn't get loose of me! My guts crawled up and choked him too."

"But, Jackie, I saw you lay the lash at the right place."

"I got yellow scared on the stretch, Mr. Rosswell, and Southey knew it. Horse always knows ——"

Mr. Rosswell pulled out a clover stalk from the nearest bale. He held it up in his hand as if it had been a rose.

"Jackie, don't yo' evah breathe nothin' like this out loud again or yo're done for. Nobody talks thisaway round a race track. I'm goin' to keep it for yo' this once." Mr. Rosswell sniffed the dry clover bloom. "Speakin' of intestines—it's well to have 'em, even if they don't know their place at first. I look to yo' to be as good a rider as anybody in America in the next five years. Right now yo' feel a hoss and feel yo'self a little keener than other boys, which will work out all the bettah in the long run. Yo're just startin' and I'm climbin' to the shelf. I'd like it if ol' Southey'd come over today, but I guess when I get shet of the rest of my string, there'll be enough milk and honey left in Mint Meadows for me and little Millie to keep nourished on for a while. Forget what yo' told me. Forget it, my boy. I'm payin' you off tonight just as if you'd won."

"I won't take it, Mr. Rosswell! It wasn't for you I wanted to win—for myself!"

The old man seemed to hear only the first sentence.

"Oh, yes, yo' will," he answered quietly. "An' there's anothah thing, Jackie. Now that yo' stahtin' out in the world, yo've got a right to know how yo' came to live with me. Yo' weren't bohn in no manger, Jackie, nor at Mint Meadows, eithah; but yo' sho' came young. Nothin' much to tell—not more'n three particulars. Yo' fathah was a young friend of mine, always remembah that; an' not more'n fifteen miles from my windmill there lived the soul-smitenest young woman as evah looked cute in a bonnet. I saw huh, an' loved 'em both, bein' wintahed with age even then. Only, they went different ways, you repohtin' to me just a short while before Millie comes to stay in the purtiest stretch o' watered grass an' live oak in Tennessee, as yo' know. . . . It's all right this once, Jackie, yo' tellin' me 'bout the tight collah, 'cause I'll keep it safe; but don't yo' nevah spill yo'self like that to no one ailse."

And Jackie didn't. Out among the tracks, in the next three years, he grew up in the midst of influences properly regarded by the most tolerant parent or teacher as ruin for boys—gambling, tobacco, drink. He tried them all, as well as certain peculiarly loathsome medical affairs designed to keep down weight. His reactions were sound, if unusual. In his hard brown head grew and grew a longing for the ordered life in houses, cities, schools, even churches, such as other boys knew. He wanted Mint Meadows more than any place in the world; but perched on some paddock fence after a day's running, many a dusk of evening, he wistfully watched the crowds leaving the stands and wished he belonged to some handsome man or beautiful woman passing out; that he might be taken somewhere

home to stay, where he could have his place in a house, plenty of water and meals.

No one had ever told him to go to bed or to eat regularly, or what to eat. Often he was told, however, not to eat at all. Other boys were encouraged to grow, to put on natural bulk and height. The whole pressure which Jackie encountered, and which was the first law of his cult, was to stunt himself, to stay a runt. Scales, scales—his fate as a jockey ever in the balance.

He knew what it meant to go hungry, not because he was broke or food was scarce, but to keep off the ever encroaching pounds. He knew a worse thing than hunger—the continual hands off from cup and glass, pump and hose. He didn't want beer or wines; what he dreamed of as fulfillment in this particular was all the water he wanted. Countless times he had led horses to water or carried water to horses, heard them suck in great leisurely draughts, when it was all he could do not to push their heads away and put his own in, his whole body upstanding with revolt. Countless times, too, he had waked up in the middle of the night with thirst, and dropped asleep again to dream of the rain falling on Mint Meadows.

Denial—not a day without it—until he was hard and sullen with it, until it was worked into the unslaked lime of his bones. His hard, narrow jaw told the story.

And that wasn't all. What he knew about horses was all right. He wasn't against horses, but he wanted to know something else. Books, studies—his mind craved them constantly, as his body craved food and water. Why couldn't he know something else? It wouldn't make him know horses any less.

"J. Bevis" on the racing cards—frequently a dozen mounts from Sunday to Sunday these days, his earnings averaging between six and seven hundred dollars the week. There was a certain distinction about him in relation to money which, of course, he didn't know himself, because it was innate. He wasn't afraid of it—had no particular lust either to spend or save. It was quite as though he came from a family line that had known wealth for generations. Moreover, he was so accustomed to the feel of gambling in the air that life would have been queer without it. Racing dope was second nature; he kept up to the minute without conscious effort, so sure of himself that he rarely talked. Gambling was recreation, not dissipation, to him—a use of knowledge in which there was an occasional worthwhile thrill. He kept a gambling budget which waxed and waned; on the whole, so far, there had always been something to add to his savings from it at the end of each year.

Coming twenty, five feet seven inches tall, he weighed a hundred and ten pounds, but could make it a hundred and six at a week's notice. Some of the strain had gone out on this point. It was practically established that he could hold himself at a hundred and ten for the present. It meant denial, but he was inured to that. An entirely different struggle was eating at his heart.

An evening in early December, the twenty-seventh day of the Tijuana meeting, which was scheduled to run well into the following spring, he lay on his bunk in the end stall of Broderick's maize-and-blue stable section. Jackie always established himself at the track during a prolonged meeting. His little boarded quarters here were clean as a hospital room. His first move when taking possession of a stall for himself was to have fitted a tight screen door; his second to choose a laundry. In the present case, he had a small electric heater installed, because the nights were invariably cool.

There was his chest of sheets and clean blankets, his case of brushes, his tray of silks, boots and breeches that weighed by the ounce. The laws of cleanliness had been grounded in him from his care of the horses. It had occurred to him early in the game that he had a right to keep himself as clean as they kept the Thoroughbreds. Never allowed to drink all the water he wanted, he used it abundantly on the outside. His narrow tanned hand would go into a girl's glove and the nails were groomed like a card sharp's. He might have a room in town, but he lived at the track

His last talk with Mr. Gould Rosswell was never far from mind. Much as Jackie had revered his guardian before that night in Darbville, he found afterward that he had taken a good deal for granted. The outer world had to show him that men of like stuff didn't tumble in clusters from the tree of life. The ideal of "gentleman" lived enhanced rather than dimmed, and the fairest performance of quality that Jackie ever knew was Mr. Rosswell's not mentioning the fact that he had lost practically his last ten thousand dollars, having backed Southern Night straight to that extent in the afternoon. Such was the "trifle" mentioned.

"I lost it for him, after he had brought me up and set me on my feet. I was riding for myself—not for him. And he let me find it out—not a whimper about that when he led me out to that hay pile." No day passed without these reflections. It was part of Jackie's own stuff that he couldn't forget; that his griefs were well-nigh immovable. He learned the lesson of silence very well; but mulling over these matters, together with his own particular secret, day in and day out, put him in grave danger of becoming locked in permanent and sickly gloom. Only one thing saved him—his respect and attachment steadily deepened for Mr. Rosswell, somewhat softening the bitterness.

Quiet around the track tonight. Most of the boys had gone off to Old Town. Occasionally he could hear Broderick's mare, Soft Eyes, rustling around in the next stall, browsing for clover tops. She had won for him today, yet she was in no hurry to lie down. Particular old dame; probably be midnight before she tramped herself a nest in the straw. Twice besides, he had broken into show money this afternoon. Yesterday he had won and placed out of three mounts. He was riding twice tomorrow and once Sunday, but not in the Whitman Handicap, the big event of that day, designed to bring the full flock of sucker busses down from San Diego and beyond.

Jackie lay on his back, his arms folded, his lips tightly shut. A morning newspaper with yesterday's news had fallen to the floor, but the words of one certain paragraph were still alive in his mind. Even his favorite sporting writer was getting the poison:

"Jackie Bevis rode Pell-Mell to a hot finish yesterday and placed Del Monte against stiff odds. The occasional wise bird does well to follow the clockers who watch Jackie's sittings closer and closer from day to day. His best choice for this afternoon is Soft Eyes, a mare never to be lost track of in mediocre company. While astonishingly consistent throughout, in the bill-filling affairs and midweek schedules, there are those who declare Jackie Bevis an unknown quantity in a titled event where the stakes mount high."

"Consistent." . . . "Mediocre." . . . "Midweek performer."

Another newspaper paragraph had burned its way into him and still sparked red from Thanksgiving Day's reports. He had been given a big chance on Turkey Red on the recent holiday:

"Whether it was the sizable purse that got between Bevis and the tape; whether he lost his head, or knew better than anyone else what he was doing, will likely never be known. The fact remains that Malkie Harris, on Wild Olive, passed him in the last fifteen yards. Turkey Red, the Bevis mount, showed no flag of distress; the track was to his liking, but his notorious sprint failed to uncork."

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Jackie Looked Back as the Bugle Sounded. Millie Still Stood at the Paddock Rail

HOW MUCH FOR THAT?

THE AMERICAN BARGAIN HUNTER ABROAD

By Maude Parker Child

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

AN AMERICAN woman who prides herself upon her ability to find bargains in the most out-of-the-way places was triumphant when she purchased not long ago a large silver bowl in a tiny shop in Constantinople.

"I got it for almost nothing," she declared, "considering that the Russian who sold it to me gave me a written guaranty that it was authentic Georgian."

She disclosed later, in the course of the long sea voyage home, that when she had said that she bought it for almost nothing, she was not speaking literally.

She had, as a matter of fact, paid a good deal for the piece, but she insisted that she had paid much less for it than she would have paid for a Georgian bowl at an English antique shop in New York.

Someone asked her what she intended to do with it, and she looked greatly surprised.

"Well, I couldn't let such a bargain get away from me, no matter what I did with it later," she answered. "And then, of course, if I wanted to I could always sell it to a dealer at a big profit."

Apparently this is what she attempted to do, for I ran into her the other day in a shop near Fifth Avenue with a large package under her arm wrapped in tissue paper. She looked both irritated and crestfallen, and went out before I had a chance to speak to her.

The proprietor, who had escorted her to the door, talked to me about some silver I had come to see, and in the course of discussing its exact period, he said, "You wouldn't believe the sort of things people bring in for us to sell for them. Only today a woman came in with a bowl she had bought somewhere in Europe. She said it was too large for her apartment, and she showed me the guaranty stating that it was an authentic Georgian." He laughed. "Of course it was authentic Georgian—in one sense—that is, it was a perfectly modern piece, made a few years ago in the republic of Georgia. The poor woman who bought it had never heard of this little country on the Black Sea, and thought, of course, that the guaranty of its being Georgian silver meant that it was Georgian in the English sense!"

Occasionally They Buy Things They Really Want, But Often They Buy for the Love of Buying

White Elephants at Bargain Prices

HE WENT on to say that an astonishing proportion of the things which people brought into his shop hoping he might undertake to resell them, had been bought in Europe.

"Take this particular instance," he said. "In the first place, this woman probably would not have bought a piece too large for her small apartment if she had been shopping in New York. Secondly, she would not have expected to find a bargain, so she would have made entirely sure before she invested so much money. If she had thought seriously about the matter before she bought it in Constantinople, she would have realized that shopkeepers everywhere know the market value of their wares and do not undersell really good pieces.

"I do not pretend," he added quickly, "that, because of the higher rentals and the higher wages which we are compelled to pay in America, our prices are not sometimes a little higher, but I do maintain that really good pieces, especially of old silver, have a rather definite market value the world around."

Most of the white elephants which we all buy from time to time, and later wish desperately that we could get rid of, are purchased as this was—either because they seem such bargains that we cannot resist them or because the glamour of the surroundings under which we buy throws a rosy shadow over the intrinsic value of the purchase.

This element of a picturesque background is enhanced by the charm of bargaining about the price in most parts of Europe and the Orient; and to many Americans, men and women alike, buying under these novel conditions becomes a definite part of the holiday mood which makes them enjoy traveling abroad. Occasionally they buy things they really want, but often they buy for the love of buying rather than because they desire the objects with which they fill their trunks and bags on the way home.

White Elephants We All Buy From Time to Time

Two friends of mine bought handfuls of semiprecious stones on a recent trip to Europe. One of them got an assortment of pale blue and green aquamarines, and the other a boxful of topazes, shading from light yellow to smoky orange color. They were perfectly elated at their bargains until one of them went into a shop in the American city where she lives, and tried to get some larger aquamarines to fill in her set. To her dismay she discovered that the price of these larger stones here was no greater than she had paid in Europe for the smaller ones.

Home Prices

THE jeweler explained: "We sell these by the weight. The price is pretty well standardized. I'd sell these larger stones to you cheaply because, to be frank, we get very little call for semiprecious stones over here. I don't know why it is—people will go abroad and buy them, but we can't sell them here."

When she got an estimate for the cost of setting the stones she thought she understood one reason—the labor charge was stupendous.

"You see, it has to be done just as carefully as if they were working with much more valuable stones," he said. "And for work like this we have to pay expert men very large prices. I admit that they could set them for you cheaper over there. Their labor cost is so much lower. That's where they can really undersell us."

My friend with the boxful of lovely topazes had just engaged passage for Europe. She declared that in the course of her travels she would make a special trip to Vienna if necessary in order to have a satisfactory necklace made at a reasonable price.

In this she succeeded. She paid there only one-quarter of the American price for approximately the same work.

"But, of course, she didn't add the cost of her trip to Vienna," declares the owner of the aquamarines; "nor her expenses during those ten days they were doing the work."

No one ever does include hotel bills or taxi fares or days of one's time in determining the cost of things bought abroad. The reason for it is, of course, that shopping there becomes part of one's diversion instead of being the tiring and matter-of-fact process which it so often seems at home. Moreover, in ordinary routine life one has to buy necessities, and when buying becomes a game, as it does abroad, it is usually confined to luxuries.

An apparently unimaginative business man of my acquaintance almost lost the biggest contract of his career in a certain capital of Europe while he was bargaining with an *antiquaire*. His commissions from this one transaction alone, if it went through, were to amount to many thousands of dollars. But on the morning of the appointment with the official in whose hands the matter rested, the American went out of his hotel for a walk and glancing in a shop window saw a piece of antique wine-red velvet which he immediately coveted.

He knew little about old fabrics, but when he had built his new winter house at Palm Beach the interior decorator had made a great point of the velvet hanging on the white plaster of the great hall. The owner had protested at the price, but the decorator had been firm.

"It is an important—really a museum—piece of antique velvet," she had declared.

So when the business man found another wall hanging that looked almost like the duplicate of his own, he naturally went into the store to ask its price. In broken English the proprietor assured him that he would sell it at a great bargain. The first price he named was only two hundred dollars below that which the New York decorator had charged.

"In American money that is very low price," declared the *antiquaire*. "The exchange, it is so good for you."

The business man had had too much experience in Europe to be impressed by these familiar phrases, so he calmly named a figure a thousand dollars less than the proprietor's.

The dealer declared vehemently that it was ridiculous, that such an offer was insulting, that he had named a very low price, that he could take not a penny less, and that he would lose money anyway. In the midst of this harangue the American walked toward the door.

"Oh, very well!" he declared. "Good day."

Once he had put his hand firmly on the latch the proprietor came toward him.

"Now let us be sensible," he said. "I tell you the truth—I lose money on that piece. I pay myself just what I ask-ed of you. I buy it sometime ago. Now I take loss on it because I need the money. I see you are a gentleman who knows fine things. You are a real connoisseur, I can talk to you frankly."

The business man liked to be considered a connoisseur. He enjoyed being taken back into the inner room of the crowded little shop and seeing old carved chests and cupboards opened and fabrics of all sizes and colors drawn out with affectionate care by the proprietor.

Old brocades of silver and gold, tapestries of greens and yellows, velvets in blues and amethyst—all these emerged finally, until the high-backed chairs and the old walnut tables were covered with an array of lovely fabrics. Some of them the American would have liked; some of them cost little money; none of them cost so much as the velvet the color of Burgundy which he had seen in the window. But concerning these prices he was at sea, whereas he did know the market value of the other.

A Bargain That Came High

WHEN he had seen them all and had made the cautious noncommittal comments which he had picked up from experienced bargainers, such as "Um-m—yes—quite an interesting piece"; or "Nice color, that one"; "Pretty badly stained, isn't it?" he again renewed his original offer for the first piece.

They haggled back and forth, each ridiculing the other's offer, each declaring he would stick to his first offer, until finally after they had exhausted all arguments, they compromised, as they had each known they would finally do, on a price halfway between the two extremes.

When it was at last settled, and the American sat down to write out a check, he happened to remember his important business engagement, and drew out his watch.

It was then fifteen minutes after the hour he had agreed to call on the Minister of Public Works.

He dashed back to his hotel to change into prescribed morning coat and silk hat, and found his efficient young secretary in a state of panic.

"The minister's office has telephoned to ask if you were delayed," he cried, "or if we had mistaken the hour. I took a chance on saying we understood it was half-past twelve, but I don't think he believed me, as they wrote us quite plainly that it was to be at twelve noon. Anyway, he said that His Excellency couldn't see you then, as he had an early luncheon engagement."

"The Best Thing to Do Would be to Get Rid of That Mousey Old Table," He Declared

The business man was terribly distressed, particularly as they had planned to leave the capital the next day in order to catch the boat on which their return passage was engaged. He went immediately to his embassy and asked the ambassador to help him in getting a new appointment. This was eventually accomplished, but it meant a delay of several days, with the result that new passage had to be engaged at an increased cost and the business man got home just too late to see his daughter graduate from college as he had promised, and he had to work harder than ever to get the contract put through.

Nevertheless, he loves to take the velvet out of the camphor closet where it is kept, and relate the story of his shrewd bargaining with the European merchant.

"And I got it for seven hundred dollars less than I had to pay for the one hanging up there!" he adds triumphantly.

One of the most interesting results of the tremendous increase in the number of Americans traveling to Europe lies in their awakening appreciation of diverse forms of beautiful old things. To many people—particularly to the proverbial tired business man—it once seemed a waste of time to spend aimless hours in European museums and picture galleries. But after one important piece of antique furniture has been purchased this attitude may change entirely.

The husband of a friend of mine, who has given little thought to matters of this sort, was persuaded to buy at a very large price in America an Italian Renaissance table. His wife realized after it had been placed in the dining room of their new house that it made everything else in the room look hopelessly new and out of place. But she could not convince her husband of the necessity for changing the chairs and the sideboard.

"The best thing to do would be to get rid of that mousey old table," he declared.

It seemed providential that about this time a matter of business developed which necessitated a trip to Italy. They had gone several times before, but their shopping had been confined chiefly to gloves and coral beads and embroidered linens, and they did not have even one antique shop in their book of foreign addresses.

It's the First Piece That Counts

DURING almost the first interview which the American had with an official in Rome he happened to see a refectory table very much like the one he had bought in Chicago. Now when he had reluctantly paid the very large price asked by the shop for this table, he had studied its description. The words had meant little to him then, but they recurred to his mind now.

"That is a Florentine table of the sixteenth century, isn't it?" he said.

The Roman official looked somewhat surprised at the interest expressed by the American, but he answered politely. "It may be! I have thought it Bolognese of the fifteenth."

The challenge was just enough to incite in the business man a determination to learn who was right.

To his wife's amazement, when he returned to the hotel that afternoon, he brought with him a large two-volume illustrated work in German on Italian furniture of the Renaissance.

"I've gone to at least ten bookstores hunting for some authoritative work in English, and this was the best I could do," he declared. "Anyway, I can understand the pictures, and the names of the districts and centuries are easy to figure out."

During the months that he had to remain in Rome he developed keen interest in this new game. He went into a dozen shops and even discovered those exclusive ones conducted in the houses or apartments of connoisseurs where furniture and pictures are displayed to excellent advantage against appropriate backgrounds.

When he learned that the wonderful old medieval castle at Bracciano was furnished appropriately throughout, he motored the hour's ride from Rome, with his astonished wife, obtained a permit from the office of the amministratore at the entrance, and examined everything in the entire palace with critically interested eyes.

On another day they made an excursion to the Palazzo Farnese at Caprarola, which is almost two hours away. This magnificent palace, built around a circular courtyard, with beautiful woods and terraced gardens, has lately been leased by an Italian diplomat with great taste, who has furnished it with rare old pieces. Although it is his home when he is in his own country, it is open to the public on certain days, and the American found in it a further impetus to his new interest.

By chance he heard of the superb palace at Urbino, which is northeast of Perugia, so, determined to be thorough, they motored one week-end, with some Italian friends, up into this lovely hill country. Having by this time acquired some real discrimination, the Americans declared this stronghold of the powerful Duke of Urbino the finest place they had ever seen anywhere. The curator, who has had much to do with its recent masterly restoration, took them from one magnificent room to another,

(Continued on Page 66)

Nothing is More Susceptible to Fake and Imitation Than Antique Furniture, and Sometimes Even Experts are Unable to Detect the False From the Genuine

BOLSHEVIK

By W. TOWNEND

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

"I've Brought a Friend," He Said. "We're Going to Have a Feed. Jerry, Here's the Missus"

THE evening was cold and raw. A heavy mist, which was not yet a fog, but soon would be, had settled on the mean streets and alleys south of the Thames. The rain had ceased.

The stout man in the dark overcoat with the fur collar and cuffs approached leisurely. He halted and gazed into the window of a small shop, where newspapers were displayed, and cheap novelettes and racing tipsters' advertisements and sweets and tobacco.

The three men who stood in the archway leading from the narrow cobbled lane into the warehouse yard watched the stout man intently.

Sandy Lucas, a thin, undersized, hungry-looking London Scot, grinned.

"It's the likes of him that's bleeding the likes of us white," he said. "Here's where I get my first feed today! This bloke's got too much money."

Mucky Matthews, who was taller than Sandy, but not so thin, glanced uneasily over his shoulder. There was no one in sight but an old woman, and his fears left him.

"You won't 'urt 'im, Sandy, will you?"

"Come off it!" said Sandy. "Who's talking of hurting? If I give him a clip on the lug, that'll be all he'll need! You see."

Joe Dorman, the biggest of the three, said in a deep growl, "I've got so now I'd out anyone, almost, for sixpence, and sleep happy after it."

Mucky said, "Here, don't talk like that, Joe."

The stout man in the coat with the fur collar moved on once more. He seemed cheerful. His lips curled into a smile under his stubby brown mustache. His eyes twinkled. His large pink face shone with good health and contentment. He looked like a man who enjoyed three, if not four, excellent meals a day. The scent of his cigar preceded him.

Sandy Lucas stepped forward and laid a hand on the stout man's fur cuff and drew him gently into the archway.

"Hand over!" he said in a low voice. "All you got! No nonsense!"

"I do not understand," said the stout man.

"We want your money," said Joe Dorman. "Sharp! Your wallet, your diamond pin, your gold watch!"

Above the hum of the traffic and the rumble of trains leaving Waterloo there came the shuffle of slow footsteps.

"Make 'aste!" said Mucky Matthews. "There'll be someone coming if we don't look out! 'Ere, let's get at him."

"You want my money," said the stout man. There was something almost childish, Sandy thought, in the way he spoke and in the bewildered look in his blue eyes. "I am a stranger," he said in his funny guttural voice.

Joe Dorman ripped open the stout man's overcoat.

"That's enough of it!"

"Mein Gott!" said the stout man. "What you do with me?"

Sandy Lucas uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"You!" he said. "Schmidt!"

A gray sky. A fresh, clear day. A fine, cold rain falling. The smell of high explosive and death and wet earth. Green grass and mounds of chalk, great masses of twisted barbed wire, with men in gray and men in khaki, Highlanders and Lowlanders, lying dead. Great shells tearing down from the sky, screeching. Great black bursts of smoke. K-r-rump! K-r-rump!

A broken battered trench; a fire bay where dead men lay one on top of the other—men in gray.

Private Lucas of the Royal Scots stared down into the trench. One of the swine was alive! He raised his rifle to his shoulder.

"Come on out of it!"

A big white-faced German, a fat man with wild and staring blue eyes, scrambled to his feet and stood with his hands above his head, trembling. There was blood on his gray tunic. He was covered from head to foot with chalky white mud. On his head he wore a little round gray-and-scarlet cap that was too small for him.

"Mercy, kamerad! Mercy!"

Private Lucas lowered his rifle.

"All right," he said, "you're my prisoner!" He slid down the sloping side of the trench. "Nothing to be scared of; but no tricks, or this'll go off, quick—see? Got any money on you? If you have, I'd better keep it, or the redcaps will steal it off you."

The German shivered and closed his eyes.

A dud shell plowed into the ground some twenty or so yards distant with a k-rupp!

"Maker's name," said Private Lucas. "A damn bad ad too."

He put his prisoner's ivory-handled penknife and a soft tobacco pouch which had taken his fancy into the crown of his tam o' shanter bonnet. "Got any money?"

"No money," said the German.

Around the corner of the traverse there came three blood-stained scarecrows in khaki, with their blue-gray gas helmets rolled up under their bonnets like turbans.

When they saw Private Lucas and his German they yelled, "Hey, Sandy, what have ye found?"

"Hey, fellers, Sandy Lucas has taken a bloody prisoner!"

"Gi'e him five yards, Sandy, and throw a bloody bomb at him! The murdering German!"

"You mustn't do that!" said Private Lucas stubbornly. "He put his hands up and surrendered!"

The men laughed.

"Man, dinna ye ken that we canna be bothered with any prisoners?"

"You touch my prisoner, MacKenzie, or you, Allison, and I'll run you through with my bayonet—I will!" Private Lucas was suddenly furious. "What the deil do you think you're doing? Away wi' you and bile your heads!"

MacKenzie caught hold of the prisoner's arm.

"Mein Gott!" said the stout prisoner. "What you do with me?"

"Here, Joe," said Sandy Lucas, "you chuck it! Mucky, you take your hands out of my friend's pockets, else I'll give you a wipe over the jaw."

Herr Schmidt stared at Sandy Lucas and gasped

"It is you then? So! My friend, I am happy!"

The look of fear in the mild blue eyes vanished. The broad face crinkled into a beaming smile.

"How are you, Jerry?" said Sandy.

He and the German shook hands.

"Here, Sandy," said Joe Dorman, "what the hell are you playing at?"

Sandy Lucas turned fiercely on his two friends.

"Gimme back that wallet and that pin! Do you hear me, Joe, and you, Mucky! Fork out, sharp."

And such was Sandy Lucas' force of character that, though the two men with him growled, they handed back what they had stolen without further argument. Sandy explained.

"This here," he said, "is a pal of mine. Didn't recognize him till I heard him speak, see?"

"Why didn't you say so before?" said Joe.

Mucky spat into the gutter.

"Looks to me like a blooming frame-up. Sandy takes the kitty."

"Hop it!" said Sandy curtly. "Want me to use my boot on you?"

Mucky Matthews and Joe Dorman drifted away into the gray mist. Sandy Lucas surveyed Herr Schmidt thoughtfully.

"What brings you here, eh?"

"I am in London on business."

"I see," said Sandy.

Old Schmidt was rich; that was clear as daylight. His clothes were good. He had money in his wallet, bank notes, fivers! He smoked cigars with gold bands. He had a gold watch and chain, a big ring with a red stone, a diamond pin.

Old Schmidt was one of the oppressors of the poor! He must be! How else would he be rich? Almighty—but he was sure of himself! But he hadn't been sure of himself always!

Private Lucas, no longer in a trench, but on a muddy road, marched with his rifle at the slope, a fag between his lips. Ahead of him limped his prisoner, dragging his right leg. Wounded men outside a field-ambulance dressing station grinned.

"Hey, Jock, what are you going to do with your performing bear?"

"He's my prisoner; you let him alone!"

"It's old Von Kluck he's got! Or maybe the Kaiser! Make him dance, lad! Prod him with your bayonet. If he's real, likely he'll squeal."

Though the wounded men laughed uproariously, and joked, their faces were hard and their eyes cruel.

The prisoner halted and turned to Private Lucas.

"Get on, Jerry! I got to hand you over to someone who will look after you. Don't you pay no attention to them Glasgow keelies or you'll be hurt."

The prisoner plodded on, head down, shoulders bowed.

On their left were the twin towers of the pit head and the big Double Crassier over which Private Lucas had made his way earlier in the day with machine-gun bullets raising spurts of black dust between the rails. But that was long before Private Lucas' company had melted away into nothingness and he had found himself adrift, on his own.

They turned into the main street of Loos; dead Highlanders lay at the doors of houses where the fighting had been with the bayonet. A shell came screeching overhead. Private Lucas and his prisoner fell on their faces in the mud. There was a crash and the front of a house opposite collapsed in a shower of bricks and mortar and dust. The German jumped to his feet.

"Gott, I will be killed!"

He tried to bolt, clumsily, in a panic, but Private Lucas drove the butt of his rifle into the small of his broad back.

"If you don't come along with me, you fat hulk, I'll put a bullet through you! Do you understand?"

The German's face worked convulsively. He whimpered and talked to himself in German. Then he said thickly, making a sweeping gesture with his hands, palms downward, "Please excuse. I have had a bad time. In that trench, it was terrible! Gott! This war, it drive me mad!"

Sandy chuckled.

"Not much like the war now, is it, Jerry? Remember when you and me was in that street in Loos together and your guns were plastering the place with H. E., eh? All right, wasn't it?"

They had walked to the end of the narrow lane and stood at the corner under a lamp, outside a public house, open for the evening's trade. Great roaring motor busses, crammed with people; heavy lorries, vans, taxicabs; private motor cars—rich men's cars, damn them!—passed southward in an unending stream, splashing showers of liquid mud over the hurrying foot passengers on the sidewalk, homeward bound. An engine was screeching raucously in the gloom; trains rumbled over the bridge; the noise made conversation difficult.

An old woman with a jug in her hand and a shawl thrown over her head shuffled into a side door of the public house. A small child in a torn thin print frock and a pair of shoes much too large for her, and no stockings; a thin-faced, unhealthy little child with tangled hair, crept up the narrow side street, wailing pitifully. Herr Schmidt clucked his tongue.

"Mein Gott!" He looked at Sandy inquiringly. "You are not so well, hey? You are poor?"

Sandy nodded.

"And you're rich, eh, Jerry?"

"It all depend on the point of view, which is comparative, is it not?"

"You got money, anyway, and enough to eat."

Sandy reflected. He hadn't eaten since the day before. He was hungry. Old Jerry, now, wasn't. But he had been once—starving!

They sat on a pile of bricks outside a gutted house. Four dead men lay in the mud near them; three were Highlanders, with kilts and bare legs; the fourth was a corporal from an English regiment. There was no cover. The German shivered and looked apprehensively over his shoulder toward the twin towers and the firing line and Hill 70, where the roar of rifle fire seemed to grow louder and louder.

"Had we not better go away from here?"

"No," said Private Lucas. "I'm too tired to walk. I want a rest. I've a good mind to let you go."

"No," said the prisoner. "No, I beg of you! If I am found here, alone, they will shoot me against a wall. I know them! Gott im Himmel, they will have no mercy, no compassion, your Scotchmen!"

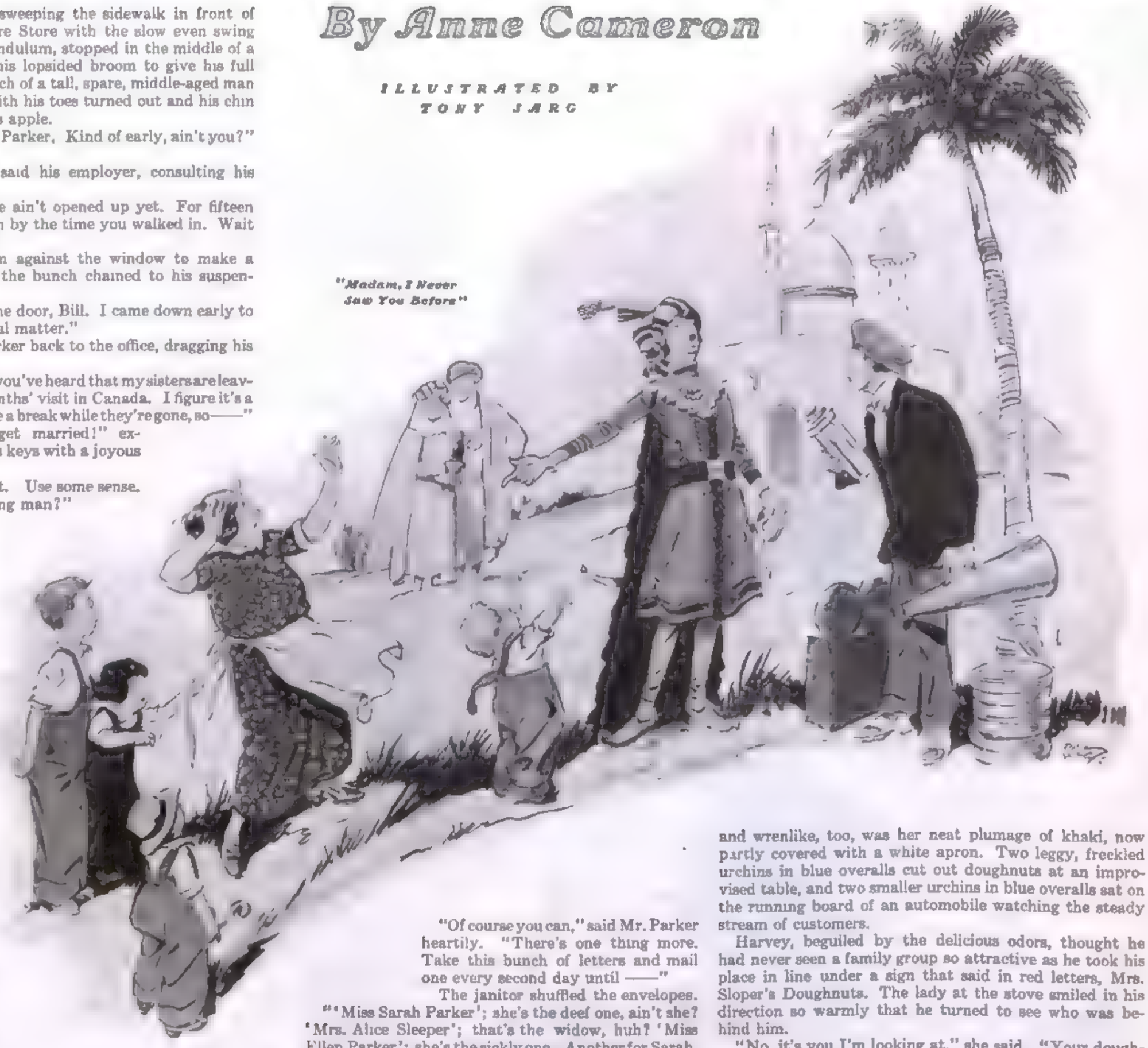
(Continued on Page 92)

Private Lucas of the Royal Scots Stared Down Into the Trench. One of the Swine Was Alive! He Raised His Rifle to His Shoulder

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

By Anne Cameron

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



"Madam, I Never Saw You Before"

BILL, the janitor, sweeping the sidewalk in front of Parker's Furniture Store with the slow even swing of a run-down pendulum, stopped in the middle of a stroke and leaned on his lopsided broom to give his full attention to the approach of a tall, spare, middle-aged man who walked quickly, with his toes turned out and his chin bridled into his Adam's apple.

"Good morning, Mr. Parker. Kind of early, ain't you?" he greeted.

"Twelve minutes," said his employer, consulting his watch.

"I thought so. Store ain't opened up yet. For fifteen years I've set my watch by the time you walked in. Wait till I get out my keys."

He leaned his broom against the window to make a readier selection from the bunch chained to his suspenders.

"Come in and lock the door, Bill. I came down early to see you on a confidential matter."

Bill followed Mr. Parker back to the office, dragging his broom.

"Now, Bill, no doubt you've heard that my sisters are leaving today for a two months' visit in Canada. I figure it's a good time for me to make a break while they're gone, so——"

"You're going to get married!" exclaimed Bill, waving his keys with a joyous clamor.

"Nothing of the sort. Use some sense. Do I look like a marrying man?"

Weighing the relative diplomatic value of an affirmative answer against a negative one, Bill compromised adroitly.

"You're right in the prime of life, Mr. Parker."

"I'll stay there a lot longer single than I would married."

"A body that's looked after as careful as you are by your sisters ain't got no call to get married. How are you ever going to manage while they're away this summer?" asked the janitor.

"I'm going away too—by myself; going on a camping trip."

"What does Miss Alice say about it?"

"None of them know. That's what I want to talk to you about, Bill."

"Why me?" asked Bill, beginning to sweep nervously. "I can't break the news to them, Mr. Parker."

"Quit raising that dust. All I want you to do is to keep your mouth shut and stay up at the house while I'm gone, to look after things." He took a neat memorandum from his pocket and passed it to Bill. It was headed, Don't Forget.

"That's the list they've left for me. You can tend to it."

"It's an awful long list," said Bill weakly.

"Well, read it and see if it's any wonder I want to go out West to a man's country."

"Try Arizona," suggested Bill. "A cattle ranch. Lots of women are afraid of cows."

"I'd try a snake ranch if I knew where to find one."

Bill laid down his broom and keys to put on his glasses.

"'Water the yard every night,'" he read doubtfully. "'Use ant paste inside and out twice a week. Change shirt every other day. Boil all drinking water. Don't sit up later than eleven over the radio. Keep the shades down on the sunny side of the house. Clean the canary cage every day. See that Elsie eats plenty, and let her sleep with you if she cries.'" Bill looked over his glasses. "Who's this Elsie?"

"The cat."

"Oh!" He returned to the list. "'Don't smoke in the house. Don't drive over twenty-five miles an hour.' It's an awful long list. Still, if you take out the orders that's personal for you there ain't such a lot left. I guess I can do it."

"Of course you can," said Mr. Parker heartily. "There's one thing more. Take this bunch of letters and mail one every second day until ——"

The janitor shuffled the envelopes. "'Miss Sarah Parker'; she's the deef one, ain't she? 'Mrs. Alice Sleeper'; that's the widow, huh? 'Miss Ellen Parker'; she's the sickly one. Another for Sarah, another for Alice, another for Ellen. Then anoth——"

"Hey, what are you getting them all mixed up for? I want them mailed in that order."

"I'll bet you something," said Bill keenly. "You don't want them to know you're away."

"How did you ever guess it?" said Mr. Parker dryly.

"How long are you going to be gone?"

"Bill," said Mr. Parker solemnly, "I'm never coming back."

Someone began to rattle the front door violently. The janitor picked up his broom and keys.

"Gosh, it's five minutes past! I forgot to open up. Does that bunch of camp stuff in the stock room belong to you?"

"Yes. Put it into my car tonight after I've taken my sisters down to their train."

Bill shook his head as he unlocked the door.

"Never coming back!" he muttered. "I'll bet a pint of gin against a collar button that he'll beat them home from Canady."

For nearly a week Harvey Parker drove westward with his spirit kicking his ribs to a mad, glad tune called Free, Free, Free. But by the time he had eaten twenty-one meals cooked with a can opener, freedom began to pall ever so slightly; and many a night, as he sat with a carefree group over a camp fire, he missed the point of a story because his petulant stomach had sent his thoughts home on errands about home-cooked food.

Then one afternoon he drove into an auto camp where a tantalizing, familiar odor greeted him. He traced it to the shade of a maple tree where a small black-haired young woman stood over a plumber's stove frying doughnuts. She worked with the quick darting movements of a wren, and wrenlike, too, was her neat plumage of khaki, now partly covered with a white apron. Two leggy, freckled urchins in blue overalls cut out doughnuts at an improvised table, and two smaller urchins in blue overalls sat on the running board of an automobile watching the steady stream of customers.

Harvey, beguiled by the delicious odors, thought he had never seen a family group so attractive as he took his place in line under a sign that said in red letters, Mrs. Sloper's Doughnuts. The lady at the stove smiled in his direction so warmly that he turned to see who was behind him.

"No, it's you I'm looking at," she said. "Your doughnuts will be ready in a minute. You're the very last customer in line. Eat this one while you're waiting."

"Madam," said Harvey thickly, "these are fine doughnuts—magnificent doughnuts."

"That's what everyone says. Well, I ought to know how to make them. I've made close to two thousand since I left Peoria a month ago."

"Two thousand and fourteen, mamma, counting tonight," said the tallest Blue Overall, consulting an account book.

"We're earning our way as we go along," said Mrs. Sloper as she dropped more dough into the sizzling fat. "I think it's a right nice way to take a vacation, don't you? Every camper that tastes my doughnuts spreads the news, and when we get to the next camp our customers are waiting. We don't need to advertise, do we, kids?"

Harvey, who stood eating his doughnuts at the counter, turned and smiled at the four Blue Overalls.

"That's a family to be proud of, Mrs. Sloper. Four fine boys. I don't know what this country's coming to, the way most families run to girls nowadays."

"We're not boys, we're girls," said the Blue Overalls.

"Oh!" said Harvey, looking aggrievedly at their freckles, shingled heads and overalls.

"You must be a woman hater," said Mrs. Sloper. "Edie, you're rolling that dough out too thin."

"No, I don't hate them. I'm just fed up on them," said Harvey.

The lady laughed pleasingly.

"Give me menfolks every time. I can always get along with them."

"It's because you don't try to boss them all the time."

"Not me!" She dropped the last doughnut into the kettle and looked around impatiently. "What do you suppose is keeping those young ones so long? I sent them over to the store to get some sugar, and I'm stuck till they get back. Just skip over there and tell them to hustle. And take this dime and buy a spool of sixty white thread for me."

He came back promptly, bringing the Blue Overalls, the sugar and the thread.

"I can't tell you what a help it is to have you around," said Mrs. Sloper. "Something dependable just shines out from your face. I felt it from the very first."

Harvey rubbed his chin.

"I need a shave," he murmured. "A man gets careless traveling alone."

"No more than a woman does. Just look at my hair! It's a sight. I haven't put it up on curlers since I left Peoria."

"It looks real neat to me. I like plain hair when it's shiny like yours."

"You probably talk like that to every girl you meet."

"No, I don't think I do," said Harvey judicially. "I'm this kind of a man, Mrs. Sloper"—and he put in a pleasurable five minutes talking about himself in a manner strongly reminiscent of the Weems' Washington. Mrs. Sloper nodded from time to time without interrupting until the Blue Overalls began to clamor for supper. Harvey rose.

"I've certainly enjoyed our conversation, Mrs. Sloper."

She smiled inscrutably.

"Us women just have to talk once in a while or bust. Come over again this evening after I get the children to bed."

As soon as he was out of sight she dropped wearily onto an empty box.

"You kids will just have to wait a minute for your supper," she said. "I'm all in. There are some things harder than frying doughnuts. Still, a woman with four youngsters ought to do the best she can for them."

But Harvey found her trig and smiling when he came back about eight o'clock. He noted approvingly that she had changed her khaki garb for a figured dress.

"The children are all sound asleep," she said, and turned her flashlight where they lay on two mattresses in the lee of her car. "Don't they look sweet?"

"My, there's a lot of them! All girls, too," said Harvey thoughtfully.

"I'm afraid we'll wake them up if we talk around here. Where was it I noticed such a comfortable hammock today? Oh, I know. It belonged to those folks in the New Hampshire car. Come on, they've gone to bed."

They stumbled across various unidentified objects that rolled or squashed or growled or crunched under their feet in the darkness. Mrs. Sloper took hold of Harvey's arm and guided him toward the hammock with furtive gleams from her flashlight. She dropped into it gratefully, making room for him beside her; but he sat at a discreet distance up near the ropes, with his long legs braced against gravity. He could not have told just when his muscles relaxed and he slid down beside her.

"Did your wife die, or what?" she asked presently.

"Never had one."

"What a pity it is to think of a man like you going through life without the influence of a woman!"

"I get plenty of their influence," he said tersely. "I live with my three sisters."

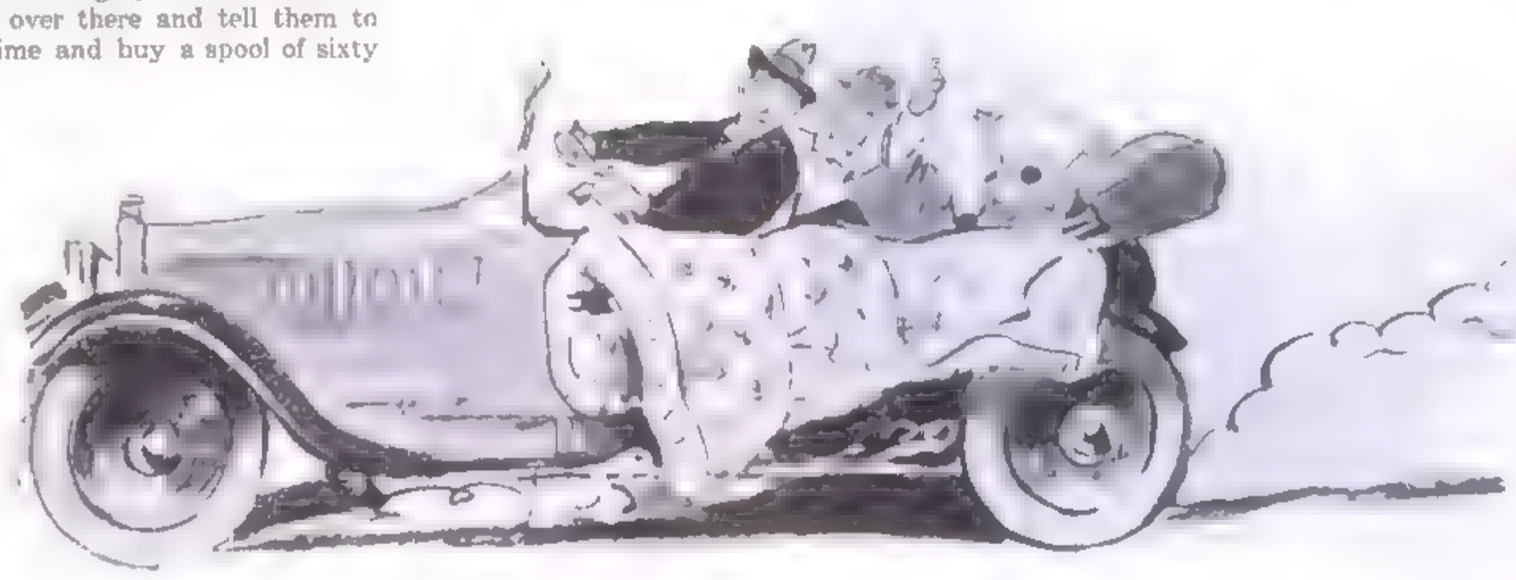
"Oh, well, you're still a young man."

"Oh, no," deprecated Harvey.

"Just at the age when a man is most interesting, anyway."

"Is – is your husband alive?"

"We-ell, I think I'm a widow, but I'm not real sure. They never really found Pete. He went overseas, and after some battle he was just missing, which wouldn't mean much to anyone that really knew Pete. Still, when the Government paid me his insurance I took it. I figured that if he really was dead it wouldn't make him any deader, and if he wasn't, it wouldn't kill him."



"Ellie's Got One of Her Fits," She Said Gently. "Look at Her"

"Oh, Dear, I Did Hope We Were Going to be Able to Travel Along Together"

"Do you mean to tell me," said Harvey as he squeezed her hand sympathetically, "that he would desert a little woman like you?"

"My, yes, he often did! Then after six months or so he'd open the door some evening about dinnertime, as happy as a lark to be home again. He was a dear boy, but irresponsible. Handsome? Say! Maybe you noticed that picture of him I wear for a pin."

"No."

"I'll show it to you tomorrow."

"I was thinking of getting a very early start."

"Oh, dear," said the lady, with a catch in her voice, "I did hope we were going to be able to travel along together. It would mean such a lot to me to have you to advise me."

"We-ell ——"

"I was foolish to count on it, of course. I'm nothing to you."

"Oh, yes, you are," said Harvey with a fervency that outran his judgment. "I—I like you very much. I—I more than like you."

"Then you're going to wait another day? Business is so good that I hate to leave this camp."

"All right."

"Thank goodness!" She yawned. "My, I'm tired!"

"You'd better go to bed."

"Oh, no, no! It rests me to sit out here and listen to you talk. I'll just lean my head against your shoulder."

When Harvey finally got to bed he tried to figure out some sort of chronological order for the events of the evening. He remembered that her hair net had someway caught on his shark's tooth pin, and that he had taken some time to free it. And he remembered that she had cried when he told her how his father had died when he was six months old, and that he had comforted her at the expense of his discretion. But when and how had the woman got his topaz ring?

"She said I was a fast worker," he murmured, not without pride. "I suppose I am. The thing that always held me back before was that I didn't realize how women would fall for me." He sighed and tossed restlessly. "A man would be an awful fool to marry a woman with four children—girls, at that. Still, a ready-made family is like a ready-made suit. You can see what it looks like before you take it, and the house is big enough for all of them."

He had a sudden chilling vision of Sarah leaning forward with her hand flanging her ear while Alice shrieked the news at her, and Ellen succumbed to the attack of hives which excitement or strawberries always brought on.

"Well, I didn't really commit myself," he thought. "I'll let her down easy tomorrow."

But when he woke late the next morning to find the tallest Blue Overall standing before him with a tray holding an orthodox breakfast, untainted by a can opener, he was not so sure about the letting down. Eggs, two of them, smiling up at him; bacon, biscuits. How could he hurt the little soul?

He sat smoking a good cigar after breakfast and watched her, brisk and efficient, rolling out a mountain of dough. What a neat, firm knot her hair was done in, so different from the frowzy heads and curl papers of the other campers! How bright her smile was as she waved to him!

He noticed the large oval photo pin at the neck of her flannel shirt.

"That's Pete," she said, following his eye.

"His face is very familiar. Seems as if I'd seen him somewhere."

"Lots of folks have said that to me, but none of them can remember where. Don't you fret about him being alive, though, Harvey. I'll just tell him I've found a better man if he ever turns up. He'll find he's deserted me just once too often."

"I wouldn't do anything hasty if I were you."

She shook a roguish finger at him.

"Follow what you preach. Any man that goes and gets engaged twenty-four hours after he meets a lady ——"

"Engaged?"

She pointed to his topaz ring, slightly doughy, on her finger. "Well, what do you call it?"

He wisely decided not to call it anything

At dawn the next day he was wakened by her cheerful voice outside his tent, calling his name; but being one of those persons to whom no voice is cheerful before eight o'clock in the morning, he merely pulled the blankets closer about his ears.

"Sunday morning, too," he muttered.

"It's an Awful Long List," Said Bill Weakly

Through the blankets he could hear her giving a really clever imitation of an alarm clock: "B-r-r-r! Half-past five."

He burrowed deeper.

"Ellie," he heard her say to one of the medium-sized Blue Overalls, "go in and wake him up for mamma. Keep on shaking his bed till he answers you."

"I'm awake!" he roared. "Keep her out of here."

He ate his breakfast silently, with his thoughts reverting to the peace of happier Sabbath mornings, when the kingly milkman had tiptoed in like a thief, and he had breakfasted in his bathrobe, with Ellen and Sarah and Alice querulously waiting for him to get through with the front section of the Sunday paper.

"Hey," he called, rousing sharply, "what's that thing you're fastening on my car?"

"Just one of our mattresses. I've got such a load that I'm sure you won't mind taking it."

"It'll scratch the paint."

"My land, a car's only something to ride in! Look at mine. Here, Nettie, wrap that red blanket around it." She opened the rear door of his car and shoved in the smallest Blue Overalls. "Now, Nettie and Ellie, sit still and don't bother Mr. Parker. There's plenty of lunch for you in this bundle."

"I'm not used to children," began Harvey, "and ——"

"They won't bother you much. If Ellie should get to crying and holding her breath till her face gets black don't get uneasy about her. Throw a little water on her and she'll come to."

He started out a full hour ahead of Mrs. Sloper, but in no time at all she charged past him in a cloud of dust.

(Continued on Page 46)

The Lackawanna Trail in Pennsylvania is as Safe as a Road Can Be

An Ohio Road Opened in 1919

A New Bridge 1300 Feet Long Over the Yadkin River, Near Spencer, North Carolina

DETOUR—

Who Pays the Billion-

By Forrest

THE attitude of the average community about to welcome the benefits of a new automobile highway bears a striking resemblance to that of a prospective bridegroom. The joys of imminent possession crowd out all other considerations. At that high moment, thoughts of the cost of maintenance seem sordid, unworthy, disloyal. Yet most bridegrooms and all communities about to be blessed with new pavements know that this attitude is fatuous.

Cost of upkeep soon becomes a substantial reality in the case of both wives and highways, and common human experience lays painful emphasis upon the fact that counting the cost in advance is highly justifiable, though seemingly sordid and unchivalrous. Anyhow, this holds as to highways—those groomed and gleaming ribbons of enticement which call with subtle authority to the gypsy blood in all human kind!

He Who Pays

THERE was a time, not long since, when improved highways had to be sold to the American people, particularly to the farmers. Now the shoe is on the other foot.

There are occasional exceptions, however, to the bridegroom attitude of American farmers toward the improved highway. Looking at a virgin stretch of cement from which the barricades were soon to be removed, a farmer friend remarked: "Neat as a new ribbon! Goes right past my place too. But, just because they tie the tag of Federal Aid onto it, I ain't fooled into thinking that we won't have to pay for it. Somebody's got to pay for everything. If I dodge paying my share on one thing, I figure I'll pay the share of another on something else. I'm strong for improved highways, but sometimes when I see 'em spreading out in every direction like growing spider webs I feel like asking somebody who knows: Where are we at in this improved highway business? and Where do we go from here?"

"The question," I answered, "isn't, How much do hard roads cost? but, How much net profit do they earn on the investment? Often they are far cheaper than soft roads. Mud tax is frequently higher than construction tax; besides, there's no hope, no future in it."

In Pre-Automobile Times

THIS thoughtful farmer is not the only man who would like to have the hard-road situation of this country thrown on the screen so that he could see the whole thing at a glance. There are probably several million taxpayers who share his need and desire for definite knowledge on this subject.

The taxpayers of this country are spending $1,000,000,000 a year on improved highways. To give this great sum a touch of definiteness and reality, spill ten dollars' worth of pennies in a heap in the center of a table and then arrange them, edge to edge, in flat formation. Every time you draw a penny from the pile, say to yourself, "This stands for $1,000,000." When every copper in the pile has been so placed the formation will symbolize $1,000,000,000. If this does not help to visualize our annual highway bill nothing else will. About $600,000,000 of this is for construction, and $400,000,000 for upkeep.

But we are spending about $5,000,000,000 a year on the rolling stock using these roads—$2,500,000,000 for new motor vehicles, $1,500,000,000 for gasoline fuel, and about $1,000,000,000 for tires, repairs, depreciation and other motor upkeep charges.

There are nearly 3,000,000 miles of public roads of all kinds in the United States; of which about 470,000 miles are classed by Uncle Sam as surfaced. We are now surfacing for automobile traffic about 35,000 miles of public highways a year; probably this pace will be maintained for several years to come. Some country to turn out each year a ribbon of improved highway more than long enough to girdle the earth at the equator!

When the automobile came in the highways of the country were a dilapidated inheritance from the days of the crawling covered wagon—neighborhood stuff! Save for those who lived on waterways, the only means of transportation beyond one's immediate locality were the railroad and the trolley line. The limitation upon the movement of persons and commodities which then existed now seems absurd—a fading memory even to those who hauled in a wagon, courted in a buggy, and measured trips in terms of horse-miles. Then the daily average horse haul was ten miles!

The Pan-American Highway Commission Inspecting the Construction of a Road

A Concrete Road Under Construction

Road Closed

Dollar Highway Bill?

Crissey

But they had touches of the good-roads fever even in those days. Then the special-benefit principle of "let users pay" was established by the building of private toll roads. The precedent has taken on huge importance with the coming of the automobile and its de luxe highways.

Mr. John E. Walker, formerly a taxation adviser to the Treasury Department, has lately turned his attention to improved highways, to the end of answering the questions: Who pays? How? and How much? His figures are all taken from official records. His picture of the financial side of the highway situation of this country is the clearest I have seen.

"Will you tell me," Mr. Walker was asked, "who paid that billion-dollar highway bill last year, and who, if any, were saddled with an unfair share of the burden?"

"Last year," he answered, "taxgatherers for Uncle Sam and the states collected about $450,000,000 in special taxes alone from motor-vehicle users, or 44.8 per cent of the whole rural highway burden of $990,000,000. This exclusive of automobile personal property and municipal taxes! State highway departments spent $403,000,000 for construction and $107,000,000 for maintenance. This makes it plain that motor-vehicle owners, by direct special-benefit taxation, are paying all upkeep charges and contributing generously to construction.

"Now consider the Federal-aid element. This amounts to $75,000,000 a year, or less than 8 per cent of our total highway expenditures. On the other hand, in special war excise taxes, motor-vehicle owners have contributed about $800,000,000 to Uncle Sam, or more than double the amount which he has thus far expended on public roads in the form of Federal aid!

"Answering the question of how the motorists paid last year: $225,000,000 was in registration fees; $80,000,000 in gasoline taxes, and about $140,000,000 in special Federal excise taxes."

Road Building on Deferred Payments

"SOME thoughtful motorists are worried because they cannot see their dollars passing directly into the road fund. Unnecessary! Merely a matter of government bookkeeping! If the motorist's dollar is used to meet some other government expense and a dollar of equal value is taken from some other fund and put into the highway cash drawer, the result is the same. The taxpayer who raises the question whether we are going too fast in highway building shows good hard business sense. Certainly our speed is sufficient, for we are now building a vast mileage on the deferred-payment instead of the pay-as-you-go plan.

"Back in 1921, the latest year for which trustworthy figures are available, 40 per cent of our total highway expenditures was being met by bonds. Our highway program has held about the same pace. Special motor-vehicle taxes, then $245,000,000, are now $450,000,000. All this means that there has been a decided reduction in highway revenue derived from current general taxation. It also affords ample ground for the conclusion that the total of highway bonds issued has also greatly decreased. My own conclusion is that current general-tax revenues contributed about 28 per cent of the highway income for 1924, including Federal-aid payments—just a little more than 4 per cent of the taxes collected in the United States, figured from 1922 totals."

Motor Taxes

"THE use of cars increases with improved highway mileage, and this means increased highway revenue from gasoline taxes. Again, states whose special motor taxes were below the national average of seventeen dollars a car have made increases in fees, and there are still several states to join the ranks. All this indicates that motor-car owners will pay an increasing portion of highway costs and that the share contributed through general taxation will become smaller and smaller. All, of course, provided special motor-car taxes do not become so heavy as to cause a users' strike, which seems unlikely. There are sound reasons for the belief that before long the motorists will be meeting the entire highway bill, and new construction will be on a pay-as-you-go basis. Motorists have already retired a large volume of road bonds."

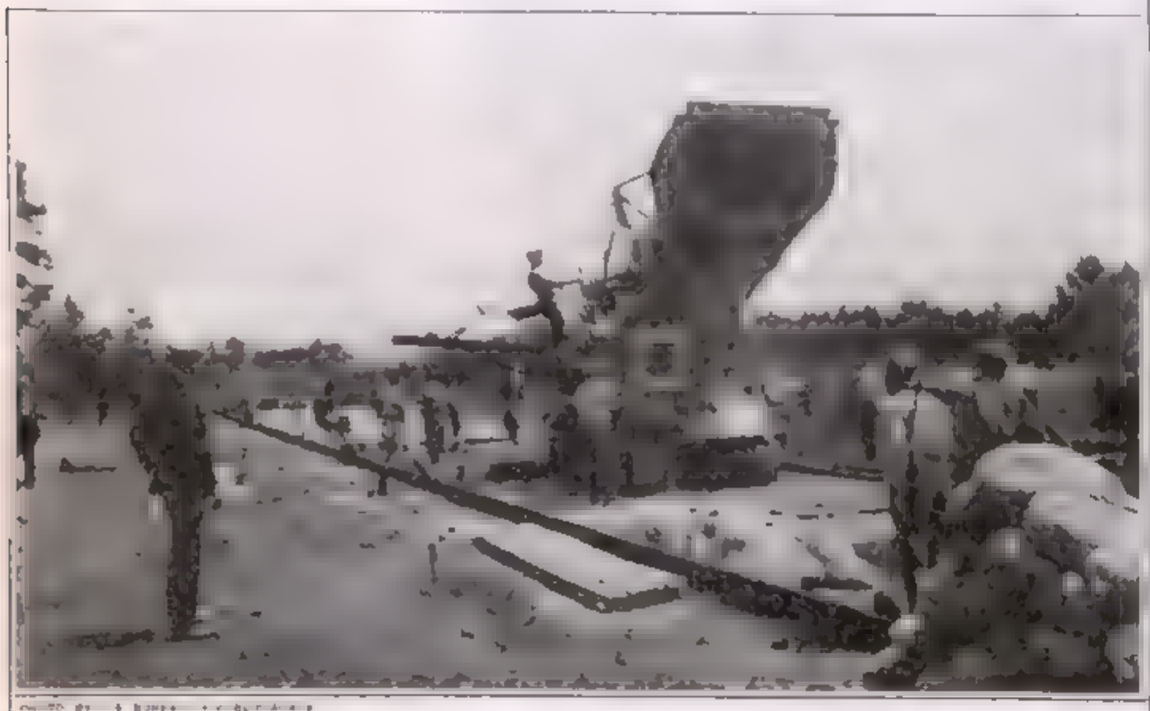
Fortunately for the country, the engineering

(Continued on Page 52)

A Road With the Sides Built Up of Concrete

A Track at Arlington, Surfaced With Various Kinds of Bitumineous Concrete Pavement

The White Line in the Center of the Road is More Effective Than Laws



A Close-Up of the Operations of Constructing a Concrete Road

THE SAFE OF THE SHALIMAR

By Beatrice Grimshaw

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

I ASKED him why he lived alone on an island in Torres Straits, and he answered me simply, "Why not?"

That was a nut to crack. I left the cracking for a more leisured moment, and asked another question. Would he let me stop the night? He would. He would also, it seemed, provide me with water, whether I asked or not, because there wasn't another island on which water could be obtained, for a day or so ahead; maybe a week or so—it all depended on the weather.

He did not ask me questions. I judged that to be etiquette in Torres Straits, which, as you do not remember, are at the top tip of Australia, between Queensland and New Guinea. The questions which he did not ask I will answer—to you.

I was stranded, and—more or less—I deserved to be. When a fellow gives up a decent job in a bank to take the post of secretary and tame cat to a sporting millionaire, he is looking for what he will shortly find trouble. My millionaire handed out that hot dish to me in a large help, just after we reached Thursday Island on our way home to England and a European tour. I left him, wrapping the rags of my self-respect about me and carrying my suitcase. The rest was in the baggage hold; good luck go with the man who got it.

I had forty pounds. I bought a rather crazy cutter with thirty-five of it, laid in four pounds' worth of stores, and used up the odd pound on one thing and another. Then I set sail. There were islands, I knew, where you could camp as long as you liked, provided you made no row about it, and I was hunting for one of these. I wanted time to look round. For a reason I will not mention now, I was feeling my fall doubly hard; only half of it being comprehended in the quarrel with the millionaire. Being Australian, camping came naturally to me; I was not afraid of wildernesses or bored with solitude, so I made for the islands.

I Was Beginning to Feel the Pressure and the Lack of Air; My Ears Seemed Bursting, and My Eyes, Behind the Tight-Strapped Glasses, Were Shedding Tears

There are hundreds of these, mostly desert, and there is a big stretch of sea. Torres Straits is not like the English Channel. Nothing crosses it save a rare sailing vessel from New Guinea, or a native cutter or so, harvesting pearl shell—the regular pearling luggers have gone farther afield nowadays. A good, peaceful, end-of-the-world sort of place—what I wanted in fact.

Peace and poverty sounded well to me just then. Anyone would have thought I might have been reasonably sure of both, up there, whereas —— But let me come to things by degrees.

I sailed a day and a night, and then I came to a small, bright, barren-looking island, with thin trees and some palms on the beach, and a sweep of shallows round it that were the color of young green peas. There was a tent under a big wonga plum tree; a white man sat outside it, cleaning fish. I ran in and anchored; he was down on the beach before the chain was taut, looking at me as if he wanted to know my business. But he said nothing till I spoke, as I have told.

He offered me dinner then, and I accepted. He says he liked the looks of me; I do not know why, as I was rather dirty and unshaved, and probably looked as I felt—sulky and out at elbows with the world. I remember he watched me as I ate, and seemed making up his mind about me; but I could not guess what was in his thoughts.

We finished the baked rock cod and the roast wonga pigeons, and there were some wild cherries, not half bad, and green coconuts to drink. A good spread, but he apologized for it. He had been out of tea and flour for some little time, he said. His boat was only a dinghy, and Thursday was far away.

Again I wanted to ask him why he lived there, but something kept me back. I told him that I had tea and flour to spare, and offered him what he wanted. He nodded.

"That's right," he said; and with no more preliminary we began to live together. It was the dry season; rain, under ordinary circumstances, might not touch Torres Straits for months to come. We used no tent, needed no beds. It was pleasant, you may believe me, to wake up on a pile of coconut leaves in the pink of dawn, feel the wind blowing up from the reef and see the pale green wonga pigeons flitting out of their nests; to shake oneself loose of clothing and run down the beach into the lagoon that, in those morning hours, was cool as dew. Ross did I tell you that his name was Ross? Mine is Burleigh—usually had a string of fish ready for breakfast and a tin of turtle fat to fry them in; sometimes he had golden balls of turtle-egg yolk, crisped in the pan. Whatever it was, we found it good; and we found life good too. There was fishing and bird snaring and hunting for turtle eggs with a pointed stick, and digging for wild yams and tending the fire and fetching water from a spring beneath a rock, to keep us going—all the work of a camp; you who have camped know. For five days I enjoyed myself so much that I never thought of past or future, never spoke of anything that had been or might be. I seldom remembered, even, that I was curious about Ross and wanted to know why he chose to live on that somewhat infertile solitary island. I melted simply into the big world about me and was lost. Remember, you who have lived outdoors!

On the sixth afternoon the lane came to the turning. They all do, in the end, when even you think you can see their parallel straight lines converging ahead of you clear to the sky.

We had been bathing. You must be careful of sharks in Torres Straits, more careful than you would be elsewhere. The reef of our island ran a good way out; there was sixteen feet of depth within it. We were floating and swimming about in no more than five feet of tea-warm water, not venturing into the deeper and cooler stratum beyond. I had just stood up and was walking in a leisurely way to shore, when I saw a thing like a yellow-green torpedo making for Ross.

One does not pause to think in such moments. I saw that I could cut the brute off by running diagonally through the shallows, and I did, shouting at the same time to Ross to get up. He didn't understand; he put down his feet with a slow flounder and began heaving himself upright. It was agonizing to watch him. I shouted again, and in the same moment the shark made its dash.

We reached Ross at the same moment. He wasn't yet upright; he had lost his footing and gone back with a splash. The shark heaved its barrowlike head half out of the water to seize, and I, crazy with fear of what was going to happen, punched it on the nose.

I may have punched pretty hard. Did I tell you that I had been in for the Australian swimming and diving championships, and as near as possible won two of them? I had some muscle ready to put behind my punch. Nevertheless, I do not recommend just that method of dealing with sharks in general.

The head felt hard as wood and rough as slag, and behind it was terrific force; it was as if one had hit a locomotive. In that whirling second I realized the frightful odds I was up against; felt it was over with me as well as with Ross.

But my blow confused the brute for an instant; diverted it just long enough to allow us, close inshore as we were, to tumble out of the shallows on the hot sand. We went reeling up the beach, clutching at each other. We got our footing in a minute and looked back. There was no sign of the

shark but a long trembling wake, ruled far out over the water.

"I thought he had me, when I began to get up and saw his head," said Ross. "That ends bathing in anything over two feet." And then—"You saved my life."

I said it didn't matter, or something to that effect.

He gripped my hand and squeezed it hard; he couldn't have known, of course, that the knuckles were all skinned by the iron hide of that shark. He spat the salt water out of his throat and said, "I—I ——," gave it up, and went off to find his clothes. By and by he came back again, with his trousers half on, and tried to take my hand again.

"No, you don't," I told him, shaking the blood from my finger tips all over the sand.

He got the left hand then, and pumped it up and down between his own two chill wet palms, while he told me that I was a white man—which I knew and that he trusted me, which I hadn't thought of doubting. And then we went to dinner.

After dark, when we were lying on the cool sand in the starlight, smoking, he got onto the question again, and told me more than once that he'd prove his trust in me.

"Yes," I said, "you can give me your note case to hold for you as a proof of confidence while you go down to T. I. for tucker with my boat—to prove my confidence in you."

He did not get the point; Ross never had been a city man, and I dare say the word "confidence" meant nothing to him. I liked him all the better. I was beginning to like him very much. I couldn't understand him; seemingly as open as a child and prone to talk about himself as all wilderness dwellers are, he really told one nothing at all.

That he had a purpose in living on this far-away dry island, I had guessed from the first; that he was a good fellow, I knew. But no more.

We smoked, and it grew lighter out there in the starlight, as it does when you sit long under a night sky; and the queer-scented catkins in the bush behind us smelled like cinnamon and *milleflcurs* mixed; and a wonga pigeon, too late awake, made a little mourning sound, not unpleasant, somewhere near. I knew by this time that Ross had something important to say to me; but neither of us was in a hurry. Hurry! What did the word mean, on an island of Torres Straits, where nothing has changed at all since the days when Torres sailed through; where nothing happens, and time, from the hour you leave T. I., ceases to exist!

"A good night for turtle, if it wasn't too early in the season, a king tide, and a nice beach with corners in it. I've seen them coming like black beetles." Then, with a sudden change of subject—"Burleigh, do you remember the wreck of the Shalimar?"

"Now we're on to it," I thought, and I turned my head to him.

"The Shalimar?" I said. "That was in 1893, wasn't it? Before I was born. Yes, I've heard a good deal about it. And I saw the Shalimar Memorial Church in T. I., of course.

"That's a melancholy place, isn't it?" asked Ross. "The worst of it is to me, not the red and blue angels and such that they've put up to the memory of this woman and that, not those things, nor the saints nor the brasses with names on them—not those. It's just the one brass port of the poor old Shalimar that's there in a glass case—you remember?—all grown over with flowers like of white coral, as if it was graves. That turns me up."

He sucked at his pipe for a minute in silence, and the king tide, down below, drew nearer, silently, lipped with green sea fire.

"I was a little kid," he said presently. "I was in The Island then"—for so the folk of Thursday name their home, the brusque T. I. being more or less foreign. "I remember all about it, and the bodies they were gathering like nuts when the wind blows them down. It was a pinnacle she went on, you know—Shalimar Rock it's called now, and it tore the insides out of her; there was only two or three minutes before she went down.

"I remember. They had the divers down for months, getting all that could be got. There's some things they never found though. Did you ever hear of old Bill Larkin in The Island?"

"I think so. He went south a good many years ago, with money he'd made."

"Did you hear how he'd made it?"

"No."

"They say he got the safe of the Shalimar."

"Why, everyone says it never was found! She was split all open, wasn't she, and everything spilled on the sea bottom?"

"Too right. But the safe was found."

"Did Larkin ——"

"They said so—on the quiet—because of the insurance. There's a dozen old hands in The Island will tell you he got it, and got away with it. He owns a house in Sydney. He's got finger glasses with stars in them set out every night for dinner, and his wife wears silk nighties, and they know all the sirs and the lord mayors and the other silvertails. What do you think about it?"

"Well, I suppose that he got something."

"Sydney hasn't addled your brains. You reckon it needn't be the safe. Too right, it wasn't. I knew the fellow who was purser's cub on the Shalimar, and he talked. She was carrying the biggest haul of opium ever smuggled into the commonwealth. That was what he got, and it started his fortune for him. I guessed that long ago, but it didn't seem to do me much good. It's queer how they all took it for granted he got the safe when they heard he seemed to have struck things rich, he being one of the divers."

"Was there much in the safe?"

"Much? More stuff than the Shalimar ever carried before, I reckon. There was a lot of silvertails coming back from England and one or two Indian princes on their travels. There'd be whips of jewelry, and likely gold too; not the same as nowadays, when all you'd get of the ship's

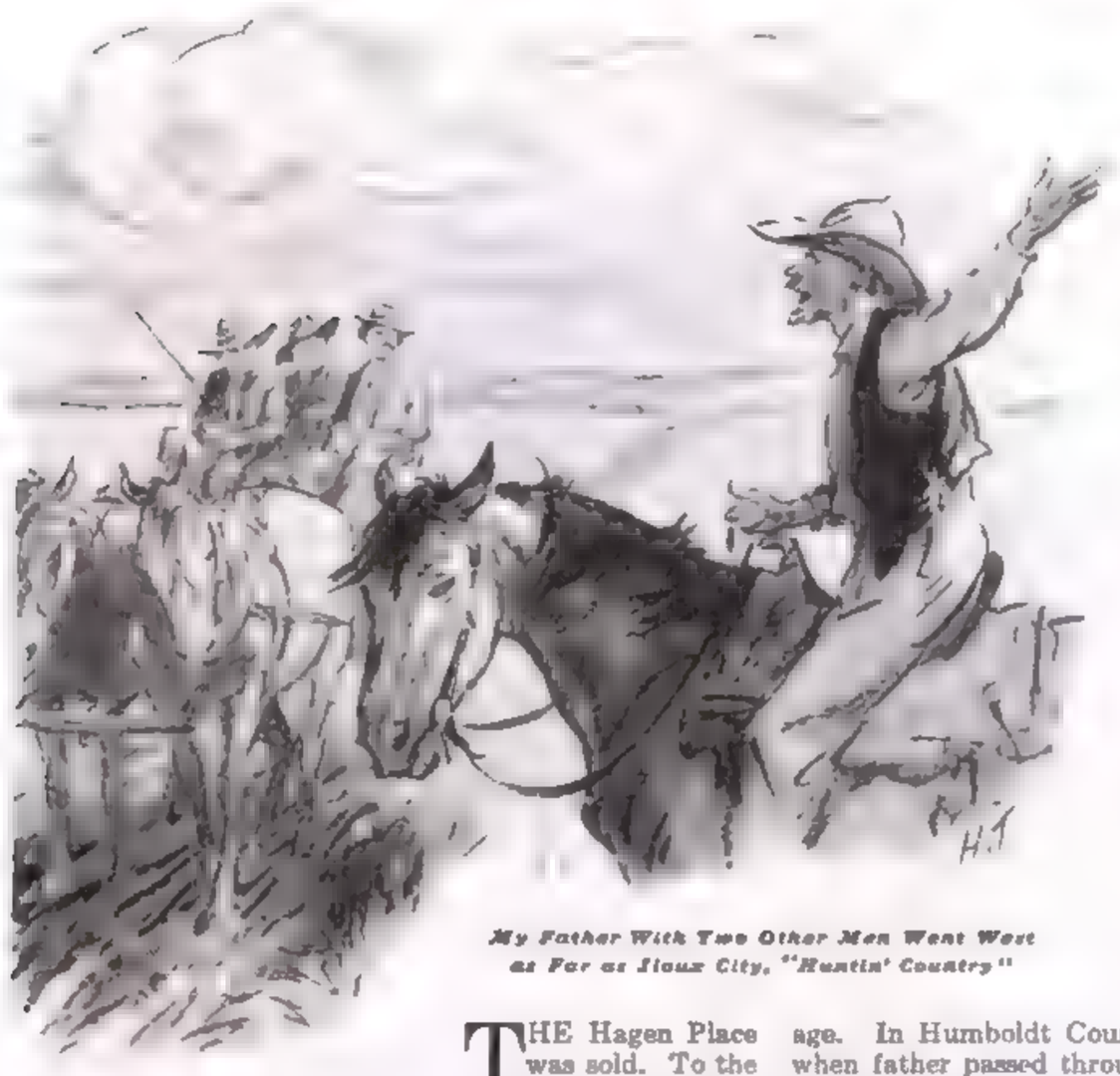
(Continued on Page 129

Just So Ross and I Worked at the Safe, Shifting its Enormous Weight When Necessary, Battering and Prizing and Wedging

ONE MAN'S LIFE

By HERBERT QUICK

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON



My Father With Two Other Men Went West as Far as Sioux City, "Huntin' Country"

THE Hagen Place was sold. To the mind of the folks with generations of pioneer blood in their veins, what next? Why, a push westward, of course. The goods were again loaded into the wagon. In a driving rain we left the farm we had owned for so short a time. And here there is some indistinctness in my memory. I only remember that we were permitted to live for a part of one summer in the Place schoolhouse, where I had been initiated into that strange school; and that my father with two other men went west as far as Sioux City, "huntin' country," as my mother half humorously, half sarcastically called the search for a location. I remember his report on the country he saw.

At first they drove over the region of pond holes and muskrat houses, as he called it, between the Iowa River and the Missouri slope—Hardin, Hamilton and Pocahontas counties. After living for some years in that most perfect of all farming countries, Grundy County, Iowa, my father had become hard to please in the matter of land.

The Boom That Passed Us By

NONE of the counties I have named would do at all. From somewhere in Pocahontas out past Cherokee, it was too gravelly. There was some good land in Plymouth and Woodbury counties; but he said that when they had about decided on lands in the Floyd River bottoms just out of Sioux City, he had himself, with rare detective ability, found drifted grass right up next to the bluff, and thus learned that the whole bottom was subject to overflow. And so he came back and bought another farm for exactly the same price per acre as that which he sold; and we were settled again in Grundy County three-quarters of a mile east of the very schoolhouse in District Number 9, Colfax Township, in Grundy County, where we had been living that summer.

Thus my father threw away his chance to make profit on the land boom. He traveled over two hundred miles of land not yet reached by the boom, and which we have seen sold and resold since at hundreds of dollars an acre. The land on the Floyd bottoms just out of Sioux City, and even that in the lower hills, I have seen speculated in at hundreds of dollars a lot. When as a man I was practicing law in Sioux City one of my first clients was a capitalist who had become such through the sale of a farm which may have been the very one my father rejected because of the danger of the overflow—and which has since gone back into the richest farm land imaginable.

The country of pond holes and muskrat houses has become as thickly settled as any part of the West, and quite as productive. It has absorbed millions of tons of tile in drainage. In Humboldt County is a spot which was a lake when father passed through "huntin' country"—the finest duck marsh one could wish for. Forty-five years or so after this the tow-headed youngster left by him in the Place schoolhouse was in Washington, a member of the Federal Farm Loan Board, engaged in establishing land banks and making a market for hundreds of millions of dollars of farm-loan bonds. His board was subjected to much criticism because the Federal Land Bank of Omaha had made loans at the rate of well up to a hundred dollars an acre on the bed of this lake; and on a severe examination of the loans we pronounced them perfectly good. Father's foresight was nowhere so good as is our hindsight.

Even without the gift of prophecy many men would have taken advantage of his situation in 1869 to secure cheap land for dearer, and thus stand to profit from future rises on land values. There were two types of mind among the pioneer farmers. One type looked upon a farm as a means of making money from the rise in values. The other regarded it merely as a piece of soil out of which to produce a living for the family. The former expected to gain riches from the value which the growth of society gives to his land. The latter sought to make his living and that of his family from the fruits of his labor. I regard the former policy as fundamentally, though unconsciously, of course, antisocial. The latter is the impulse of the citizen who builds up society. The former has the better chance to get rich; but this is owing to certain maladjustments of society, by which he profits, as he has a perfect legal and moral right to do.

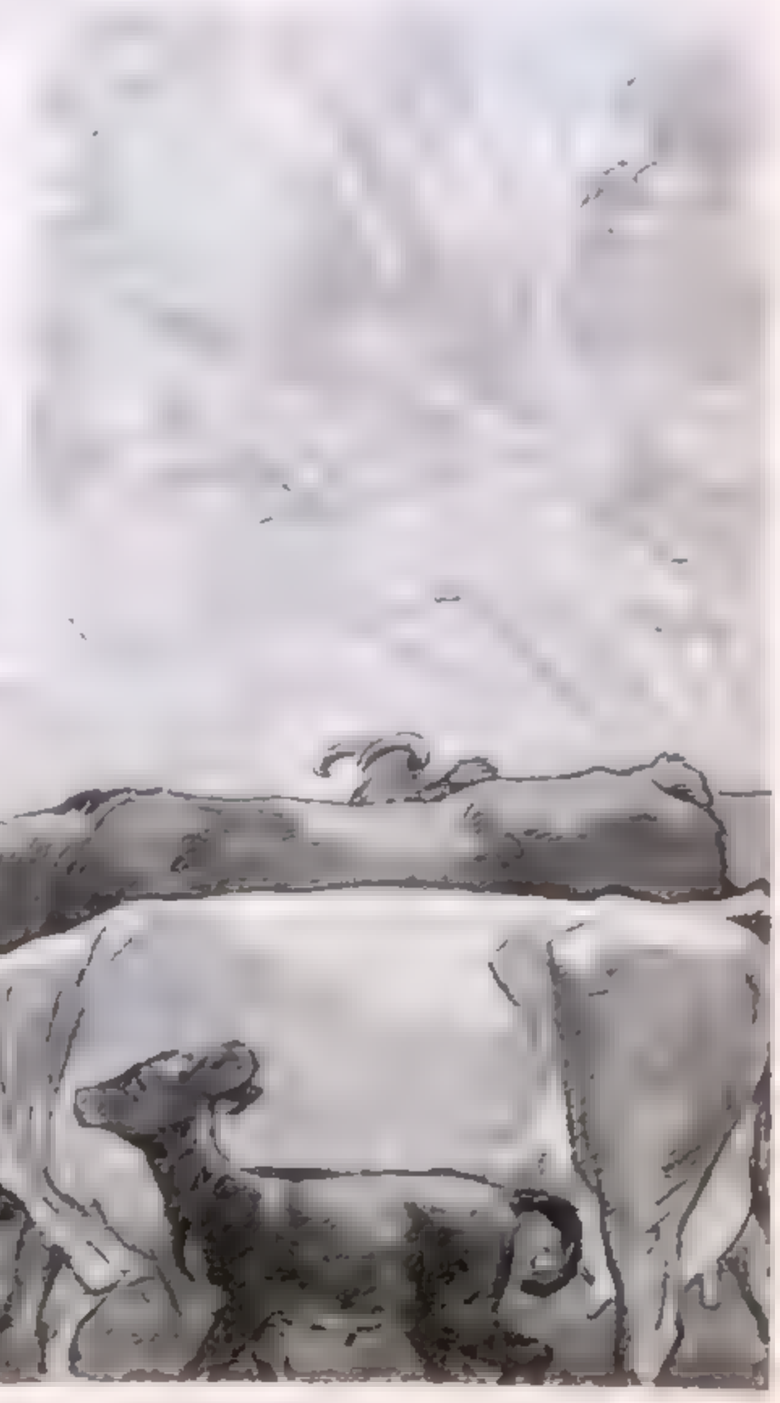
My father belonged to the latter class. So did my Grandfather Coleman, and my Uncle Matt. Each of these latter bought forty-acre farms. My father got one of eighty acres. These seem like garden patches now to the Iowa farmer; but they were the rule rather than the exception then. The making of profit from the rise in land values had not as yet entered the minds of most of our people. My father's farm in Colfax Township had eighty-acre farms on three sides of it. On the other side was a quarter-section piece owned by a Chicago speculator. Half a mile to the east was a forty-acre farm. When I was eight years old I do not believe that the average farm in Grundy County which was worked by its owner was over a hundred acres in size. The average holding was much larger because of a few large farms and the big tracts owned by non-residents, and still lying in the state of open prairie to be used freely by us as meadows and pastures.

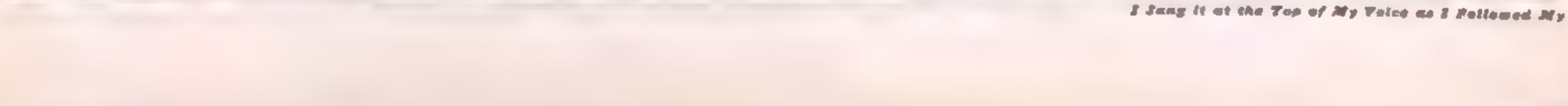
Producers and Acquirers

AND though these forty-acre and eighty-acre farmers were poor, they made a living. They had food in plenty. They had clothes of a sort, and fuel for the winter. Their privations arose not from the scanty yields of their small farms, but from general conditions. I never heard my father attribute our poverty to the fact that we had too little land. The farm was for a living, not a factor in speculation. These small farmers were as well educated as, or rather they were no more uneducated than, the men of broader acres. They had the same ideals and the same ambitions. They had on the average quite as much of the pioneer's eagerness for the better chance in life for their children as the men who secured the big tracts. There was no social barrier between the families. The small holders differed from the others simply by not having been inoculated with the virus of land engrossing.

I am touching here upon a basic, formative influence in American, in human, affairs—the conflict between life devoted to production and life adjusted to the acquisition of wealth through the holding of monopoly of natural opportunities. I left this eighty-acre farm about the year 1880. More than forty years after, I saw it again for the first time. This gave me an unusual opportunity for observing the change wrought by the advance in land values, and the influence of that advance not only on the lives of the dwellers on the land but on the whole community.

The eighty-acre farm of my father had become a half-section farm—one of four times its original size. The house





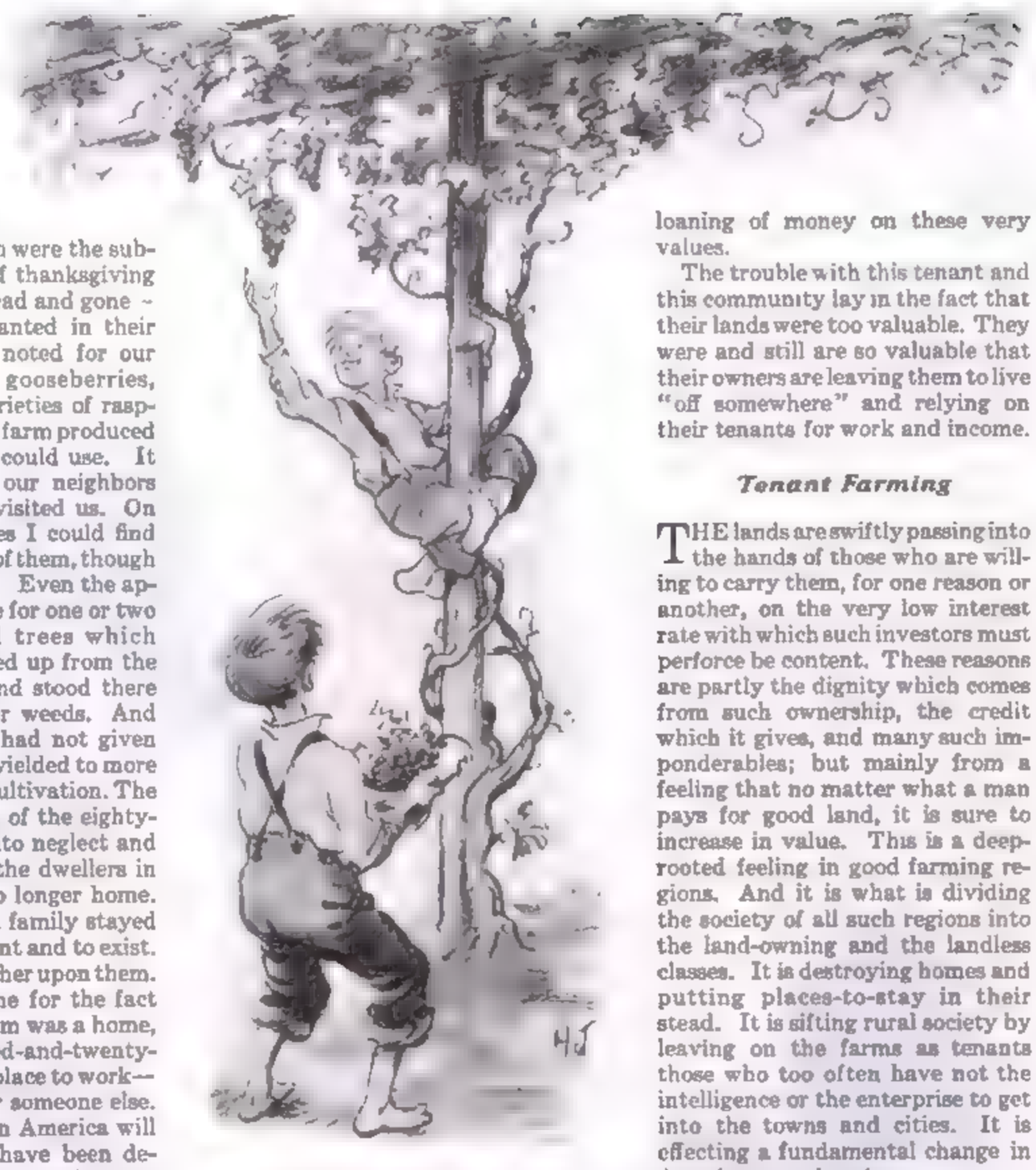
I Sang It at the Top of My Voice as I Followed My

had been nearly doubled in size. In the place of the stable made of crotches under a roof of straw, there was a barn standing on a cement foundation. It must have cost something like a thousand dollars—a good building, but with weathered paint and a look of neglect. The well, which when I had last seen it had a chain pump, was abandoned and filled up, and a deeper one had been sunk and provided with a good windmill. The lowering of the water level in the earth through the long cultivation of the land had made a deep well necessary. These, with better fences, were all the improvements which had been made in forty years. The rest of the story is one of deterioration in rural life.

The farm was occupied by a tenant. The owner lived "off somewhere," I was told—which may have meant in Grundy Center, in Waterloo, or more probably in California. As an eighty-acre farm it had had a beautiful lawn of blue grass about the house. Not a square yard of this lawn was left. All was knotgrass, weeds and foul growth. The eighty-acre farm had shapely cottonwood trees growing in trios east and west of the house, under which on the sod I used to lie in the shade for my noonday and evening rest. Had these been allowed to stand they would have been dignified and beautiful trees of three or more feet in diameter. They had been cut down. All on the north and west sides of the house at a distance which left room for a fine garden and orchard within the half hollow square, there stood in my boyhood a grove of cottonwoods, maples and Lombardy poplars. We used to walk happily through these aisles, admiring their thriftiness and beauty. On them we children learned tree climbing. They had all been cut down save the stunted and crooked ones. Probably the poplars had died of old age; but the cottonwoods must have been cut for lumber—probably for the dimension stuff in the barn and in the addition to the house.

Not a Home, But a Place to Stay

WHEN it had been our home much had been done with loving effort to make it charming and homelike. We had martin houses on posts about the place, and with each renewal of the seasonal procession the twittering of their tenants came to our delighted ears as our assurance that summer had arrived. We grew to know the individual birds, and gave them names. But after forty years the birds had left the place, where they were no longer loved and provided for. About the house my mother and others of the family had planted peonies, larkspur, lilies, flowering almond, lilacs—all the floral friends which render a country home intimately lovable. Not one of them was left except one clump of lilac bushes too hardy to succumb to trampling and neglect. The Early Richmond cherry trees, from the fruit of which my mother and sisters had made so many delicious pies, and which were the subject of so many songs of thanksgiving from our robins, were dead and gone—and none had been planted in their places. We had been noted for our small fruit—currants, gooseberries, grapes, and a dozen varieties of raspberries. The eighty-acre farm produced more of them than we could use. It loaded the buggies of our neighbors with them when they visited us. On the farm of four eighties I could find not a single bush or vine of them, though I looked painstakingly. Even the apple trees were gone, save for one or two crooked and stunted trees which seemed to have sprouted up from the roots of the old ones and stood there like weeds among other weeds. And these trees and plants had not given way to better things or yielded to more practical and intensive cultivation. The old garden and orchard of the eighty-acre farm were fallen into neglect and uselessness because to the dwellers in our old house it was no longer home. It was a place where a family stayed and strove to pay the rent and to exist. I shall not comment further upon them. They were not to blame for the fact that the eighty-acre farm was a home, while the three-hundred-and-twenty-acre place was merely a place to work—to work in the main for someone else.



We Had Been Noted for Our Small Fruit

The reader in Eastern America will think that thus far I have been describing an abandoned farm and a piece of unprofitable property. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The remarkable thing about this land is that the soil seems to have in no great degree deteriorated. I believe it grows better corn than when it was an eighty-acre farm—mainly because of better varieties and the better methods for which the great Iowa Agricultural College is largely responsible. It is a marvelous soil—deep, black and rich. It is quite as well cultivated as when it was an eighty-acre farm. It must be; or returns could not be paid on anything like its great value. My father bought it for twenty dollars an acre, as I remember it. When I was looking over that sad, neglected, weedy-yarded, lawnless, fruitless ex-home, land had been selling in that very neighborhood for upward of five hundred dollars an acre. If that owner living "off somewhere" were to receive anything like average commercial returns on this value, the tenant had to pay yearly in rent as much as or more than my father paid for a fee-simple deed to the land—and the tenant had to pay this on four times as much land. So, far from being an abandoned farm similar to those we find in New England and other Atlantic Coast states, this farm was one the value of which had soared and soared until the boom was a national financial problem, with which I had just before been coping as a member of the Federal Farm Loan Board, which was called upon to supervise the loaning of money on these very values.

The trouble with this tenant and this community lay in the fact that their lands were too valuable. They were and still are so valuable that their owners are leaving them to live "off somewhere" and relying on their tenants for work and income.

Tenant Farming

THE lands are swiftly passing into the hands of those who are willing to carry them, for one reason or another, on the very low interest rate with which such investors must perforce be content. These reasons are partly the dignity which comes from such ownership, the credit which it gives, and many such imponderables; but mainly from a feeling that no matter what a man pays for good land, it is sure to increase in value. This is a deep-rooted feeling in good farming regions. And it is what is dividing the society of all such regions into the land-owning and the landless classes. It is destroying homes and putting places-to-stay in their stead. It is sifting rural society by leaving on the farms as tenants those who too often have not the intelligence or the enterprise to get into the towns and cities. It is effecting a fundamental change in American rural society.

It militates against better rural schools. In my native county there are some fine consolidated rural schools. In the district of the former eighty-acre farm, school is kept in the same schoolhouse that stood there when I walked across the prairies barefooted on the gopher mounds to weep myself into admission; and to receive all the schooling of any formal sort which I was ever to have. On its walls are the very boards in the nailing of which Uncle David Robinson made such a botch of his carpentry. I made no effort to find out what proportion of the families in this district are tenants; but I am willing to wager from the state of the schoolhouse alone that they predominate. To them that have shall be given, and to them that have not shall be taken away the school facilities they have. Such is the rule of Scripture in regions devoted to tenant farming.

Of course population decreases under such conditions. The more valuable the land the fewer people it directly supports. The machine takes the place of labor. Extensive farming must supplant intensive—or rather make it impossible for the intensive to develop. In my old district the Nutbrook farm and the Rice farm have been consolidated with our old place, and one dwelling takes the place of three. And the dwellers on the large farms are not living so comfortable lives as did we on the small farms of the days nearer to pioneer times. We were poor; but we had

(Continued on Page 180)

Cows. I Shouted Joy to the Vastnesses of the Prairie

SPANISH ACRES

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

XI

HOLLISTER pulled up his horse and studied the placard that was tacked upon the trunk of a cottonwood where all who came might read; and eventually all who might read would come, for here, instead of meeting at the crossroads, all trails converged at the water holes, and it was in the vicinity of watering places that notices of the election were displayed.

"It's nice to know that we're going to turn into a regular organized county, with officials and a courthouse, and everything that goes to make the country a nice safe place to reside in," Farrel commented. "I feel almost as safe as I did this time yesterday, before the ballots was counted. But there does seem to be something real depressing hovering round."

Hollister nodded.

Formal application had been made for permission to organize Rolavi County and the request had been granted by the territorial legislature.

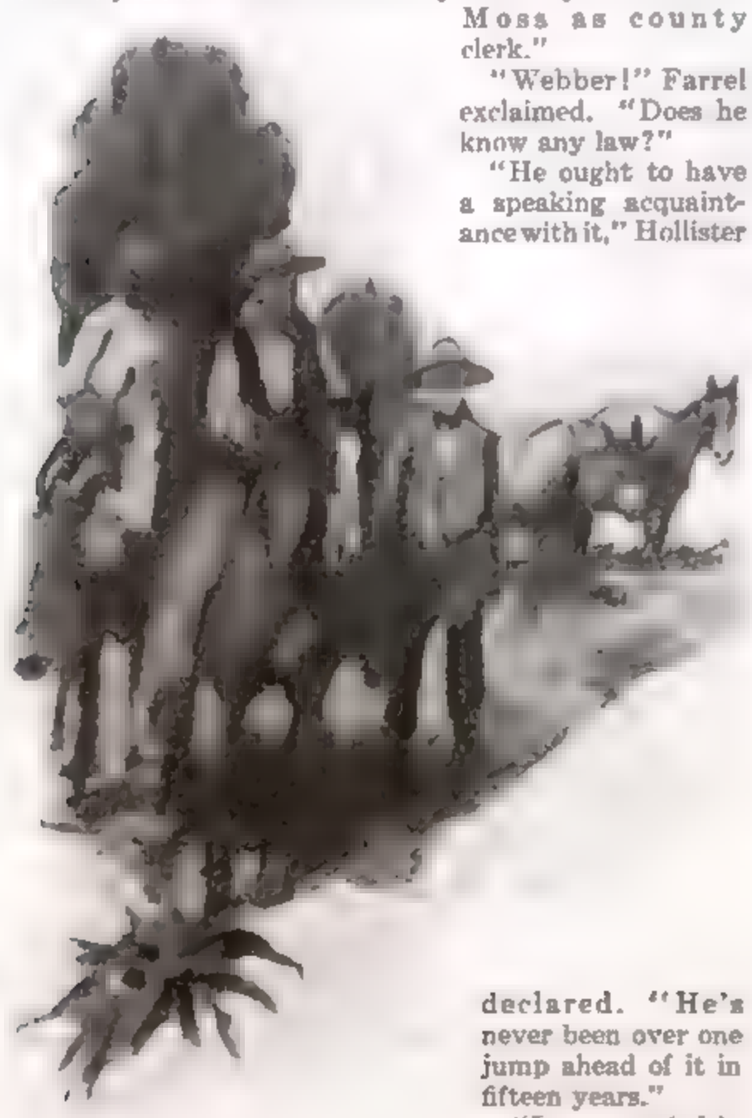
Whetzel's burros were grazing near the tree which bore the election notice, and the old desert rat presently appeared from behind the point of an adjacent spur.

"I wonder now just why that outfit at Rolavi Wells was so hell bent to organize a county," Farrel said speculatively.

"Why not? They just elected themselves to office," said Hollister. "Doc Slaven as both coroner and sheriff, Sloane as county judge, Coulard as county treasurer and register of deeds, Cole Webber as county attorney and Cotton Moss as county clerk."

"Webber!" Farrel exclaimed. "Does he know any law?"

"He ought to have a speaking acquaintance with it," Hollister declared. "He's never been over one jump ahead of it in fifteen years."



"I once resided in a locality where a parcel of bandits organized a county," Alden contributed. "They voted a big bond issue and marketed it East, then voted the proceeds to themselves for salaries and moved to Nevada. Organizing a county is good business."

"Yes; but this outfit don't want to step out and leave Rolavi County, but to stay here and grab it," Hollister predicted. "With that layout in the saddle, they can effect any law that's convenient to their aims."

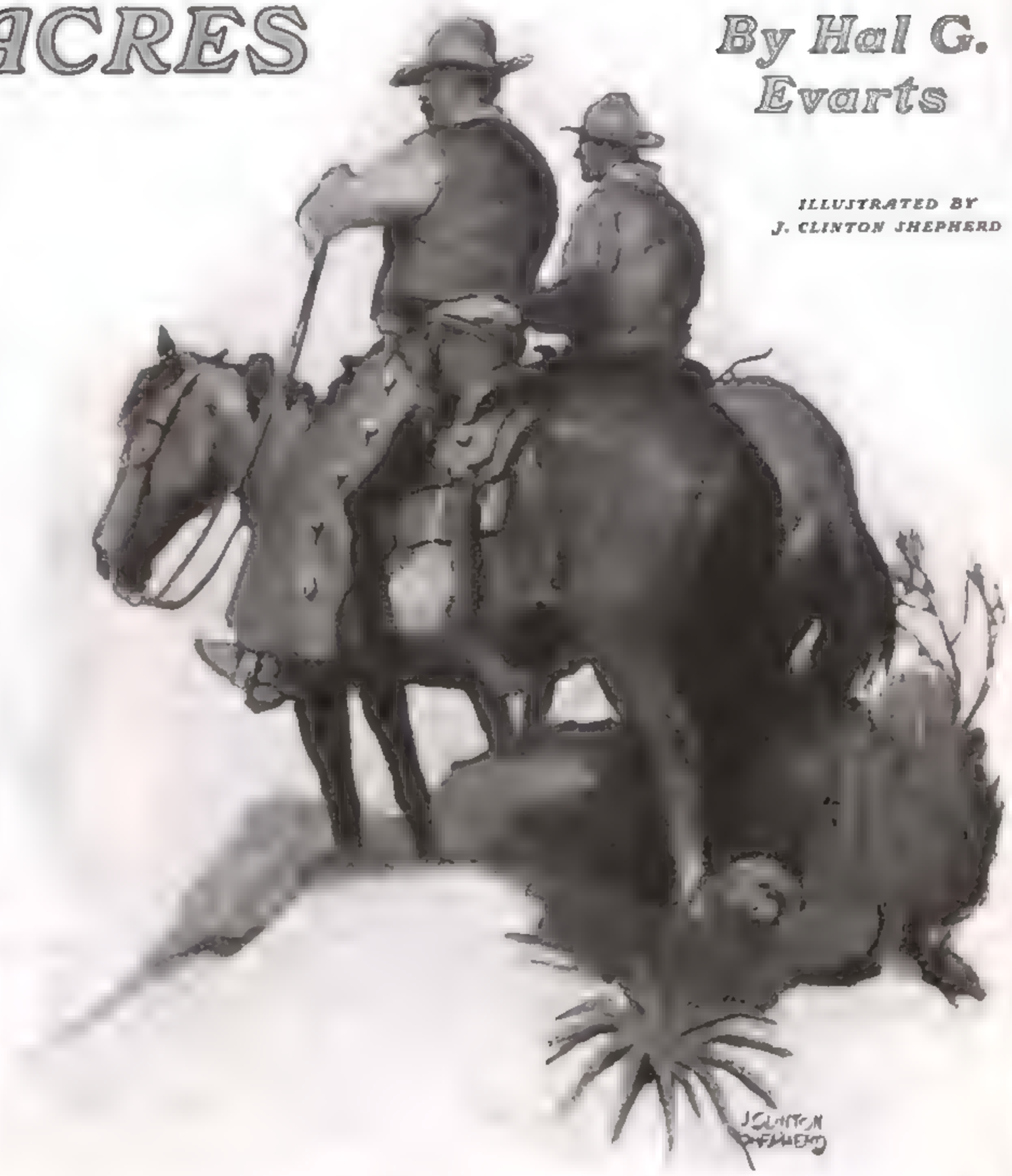
Whetzel joined them and surveyed the election notice on the tree.

"I reckon you know they voted on a special ordinance along with the election of county officers," he said. "It was to decide whether or not sheep should be allowed in the Rolavi Sink. The nots had it unanimous. That puts sheep on the black list."

"And any outlawry against sheep or sheepmen will be nice legal practice," Hollister amplified. "I knew it was coming."

The old prospector chuckled.

"Under that ordinance, sheep haven't no more protection hereabouts than sage hens. Wide-open season, no bag limit. They'll likely be surging over here for their next annual side hunt; mustangs, rattlesnakes, coyotes and bobcats to count one point each; sheep and sheep herders and Tasaos to count from fifty to a hundred points apiece, and the losing side pays for the oysters."



Slaven and Cole Webber Appeared on a Ridge to the East and Rode Down to Join the Group at the Water Hole

"And you haven't overstated the case a whole lot at that," Hollister agreed. "It'll put a nice legal aspect on whatever is done. But this blacklisting of sheep is a step forward for me, for it's considerably easier to combat a campaign of cussedness that is backed in the open by some centralized authority, that has to maintain a semblance of responsibility, than to go against the same brand of deviltry launched haphazard, without any definite proof of the source."

Slaven and Cole Webber appeared on a ridge to the east and rode down to join the group at the water hole.

"I've been lookin' for you," Slaven announced to Hollister. "There was an ordinance that carried at the election prescribing that no sheep was to be allowed in Rolavi County. It rests on me as sheriff to instruct you to move your sheep out of the Sink."

"I wonder now if a local prejudice, upheld by a packed vote, can supersede Federal law," Hollister said speculatively. "Public domain is free to any man to range his stock on, cows or sheep regardless."

"I'm not here to pass on the constitutionality of any regulations," Slaven asserted. "That's a job for the courts, not for the sheriff. It's up to me to enforce such measures as the people of this county sees fit to effect."

"And now since you've performed your duty by instructing me to move out—why, people can't blame you if I elect to stay," Hollister said.

Slaven regarded him sleepily.

"Use your own judgment. I'm just telling you. Sheep is outlawed in Rolavi County. If you don't take 'em outside rapid, folks will be handing you trouble."

"And I'll be busy handing it back," Hollister answered.

He rode eastward with Farrel. They topped out on a ridge that flanked a shallow valley. The plaintive chant of many sheep drifted to their ears. The top of a hogan showed among a clump of junipers.

"That's Makano's band. They lambed 100 per cent, counting two hundred-odd sets of twins," Hollister said. "His squaw's nursing upward of thirty bum lambs through by hand."

They turned off at right angles to their course, and after traveling for perhaps a mile they came out into a high sheltered basin of not to exceed fifty yards in extent. A man was sprawled comfortably on one of two camp beds that were unrolled near a tiny spring that watered the basin.

"How are things hereabouts, Crippen?" Hollister greeted.

"Dead quiet," Crippen replied. "Slack is up on the point yonder surveying of the country. He'll be down directly."

"It won't be quiet for long," Hollister predicted. "Outside gunmen have been drifting into Rolavi. Hell will break loose one night soon. They'll try to pounce on a number of bands at once."

An hour after nightfall, Hollister lifted his head from his pillow and listened. An owl had hooted from somewhere off in the hills; three short notes. The call was repeated and received an answer from some point close at hand. It might be merely a great horned owl conversing with his mate or it might be Tasaos signaling among themselves. Other owlish voices joined in, some very faint from distance, the number, duration and spacing of the notes varying.

"Too many owls," Hollister decided. "Something must be up."

A horse snorted and moved to the end of its picket rope. A small figure glided noiselessly out of the night and a half-grown Tasao lad addressed Hollister in breathless haste.

"Queek! Three stranger—they ride toward Makano's sheep," he announced.

"Roll out, boys! In your saddles!" Hollister ordered. He was tugging on boots and chaps as he spoke. "Hustle! There'll be powder burned tonight aplenty. Three strangers are making toward Makano's sheep."

Four saddled horses were picketed near the camp.

"Farrel, you ride off south and rouse the boys near Watseni's sheep. They may strike there too."

They mounted and whirled through the night.

"It's an even break—three of them and the same of us," Hollister said.

They had reached the edge of the valley when an uproar broke out below them, first the warning clamor of Indian dogs, a muffled thud of running horses, a few frightened blats that mounted swiftly into a swelling volume of terrified bleating accompanied by the vibrations of thousands of tiny hoofs as the panic-stricken sheep rose and left the bed ground. Then there was shooting. Vivid crimson tongues licked the black shadows as Hollister and his two men jumped their horses down the slope.

These brilliant splotches revealed the fact that three men rode abreast a few yards apart, shooting into the huddled mass of fleeing sheep. Each raider emptied two guns and there was a lull in the shooting. Hollister had reached the bottoms. The raiders reloaded and resumed their killing. Hollister counted the shots fired by the man nearest him. At the twelfth report and the resulting red splash in the night, the raider pulled his horse to a walk to reload, as Hollister jumped his own mount ahead, crossing the intervening space in one swift spurt.

The uproar of the frenzied sheep drowned the sound of his approach. There was a single shout of warning from a raider off to the left, a hasty shot fired at Hollister. Then Hollister, leaning far out as his horse overhauled that of the man ahead, brought his gun down upon the other's skull with a solid smash. The raider off to the left, the one who had shot at Hollister, whirled his horse sidewise and shot at Crippen, only to have his horse go down at Crippen's return shot. Slack's voice was lifted in crisp command from a point thirty yards beyond Crippen:

"Steady! Hoist 'em! Quick!"

Then three shots, one from the raider, two from Slack, and a riderless horse careened through the night.

There was a twenty-second interval of silence: then Crippen's voice drawled a warning:

"Easy, buddy! Just lay where you're at, with your head p'inting away from me. I'm ambushed behint a pebble ten feet in your rear. I didn't like to kill you offhand, and I'll still refrain if you act up sensible. It'll be downright fatal, though, buddy, if you hitch yourself round any further toward me. Don't do it! Better toss that gun off somewheres in front of you."

"Seems like," the other conceded, tossing the weapon from him, "you've got me, sheepman; and I never figured to be took alive by a sheep herder, either; damned if I did."

The youngster was insolent and unafraid even in defeat.

"What happened to my friends, sheepman?" he demanded.

"They've spread their wings on the long, long trail, I reckon," Crippen said. "Anyways, they're almighty quiet."

"If I'd only had a dog's chance," the young warrior lamented; "even a ten-to-one shot, and I'd have played even for 'em."

"I know; but you didn't have a chancet, once I got your horse down and was camped in your rear," Crippen soothed. "You can get up on your legs now."

"This one will come round all right after a spell," Hollister's voice announced from the gloom off to one side. "Just laid out."

"But this one, unfortunately, is defunct," Slack declared from off in the night. "It was him or me, after he turned on me a-shooting, and I fetched him full between the horns."

"Who was he, buddy?" Crippen asked.

"Clem Austin, an old-like fellow. I didn't know him real well. But over yonder is my side-wheeler, Billy Sharp. You're right sure he's not gone out?"

"He's coming round," Hollister declared. "You take this pair on into headquarters," he instructed Crippen. "Slack and me'll ride back roundabout. It's likely they're planning to pounce on a number of bands tonight."

The Tasao family had issued forth from the hogan and were off down the bottoms with their dogs, intent upon rounding up the scattered sheep. Their soothing call and the occasional barking of sheep dogs drifted to Hollister's ears as he rode out of the valley with Slack.

Tasao signals sounded occasionally along their course, signals which relayed the message that the two fast-riding forms were friends. After perhaps four miles, they rode out along a rim. Hollister knew that the basin below them harbored a band of sheep. A dog barked from down below.

"With a hundred-odd Tasaos scattered round on the lookout and signaling everything that's going on, it's some difficult for anyone to ride through these parts without his whereabouts being known at all times," Hollister said.

A dark figure emerged from among the rocks and addressed Hollister in broken English

"He says that nobody has come near here, but that there's three men riding off some three miles southeast of us," Hollister explained, and they held on in that direction.

After covering perhaps a mile, Hollister reined in his horse to listen. The sound of distant firing, rapid and sustained, reached their ears. They put their horses into a run and held on through the night. The firing ceased abruptly when they had almost reached the spot. The blatting of terrified sheep guided them to the scene and a Tasao emerged from the brush at Hollister's call. Hollister listened to his rapid explanations, then followed him to a prostrate form.

"It's Tate," he said. "He oughtn't to have tied into them alone. But, of course, he would."

He leaned over the sprawled figure, examining it, but there was no sign of life.

Tate, it seemed, had appeared only after the three raiders had held sway for a considerable period without molestation. He had called out to them to surrender: instead they had closed in upon him, shooting as they came.

"They turned on Tate deliberate, before ever he'd fired a shot, so I reckon their orders was to hunt sheepmen as well as sheep," Hollister stated grimly. "We'll pick up that trio before they can get out of Spanish Acres. They can't have more than a mile or so the start of us, and will likely be riding slow, prospecting for another band of sheep. We'll take this Tasao with us. He can read all the Tasao signals and bring us up on those three." Then, to the Tasao: "Step up on your pony and lead us."

After a space of twenty minutes' riding, the Tasao pointed and broke into rapid exclamation.

"They're a half mile or so off to the east and riding slow, straight north toward the Palo Verdes up an open bottom," Hollister interpreted the Tasao's broken jargon to Slack. "There's a band of sheep bedded some four

(Continued on Page 105)

"Now Listen, Slaven," Hollister Instructed. "This Has Brought Things Right Out in the Open"

MIKE SIGNS OFF

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

BOTH Bull Grogan and his favorite scout—hinting at myself—always had figured that Mike Trist was a trifle barmy in the belfry; but when a bird's hitting around .350 and making glove life pleasant for the high ones out in the sun field, you don't lose much sleep over the way he eats asparagus tips or how his step-uncle plays the bass piccolo. Like the Jewish matchmaker remarked to the young Barkis that wanted to see a photo of the gal with the twenty thousand jinglers, "We don't show pictures with that much money." And Mike had enough of what goes for legal tender in the ball park to bar any yelps about his peculiarities.

As a matter of fact, the kid caused Bull no worry, the boss never seeing Trist outside of the grounds; but with me it was a horse of a different shade of pink. Being as I'd trapped the boy in the tall grass of the Silo and Sorghum League and dragged him into the Blue Sox bull pen, I'd felt it was sort of up to me to see that he was settled comfortable in the big town and didn't get run over by any fast hearses.

Like the big-hearted Jim I am, I'd taken Mike to the hoarding house where I hung my hat and speared my prunes, and palled around some with him. As a mixer, Trist was a nixer. After a month he was hardly on how-are-you terms with any of his team mates. Most of the evenings he spent loafing in my room. At that time I wasn't on the road much, Bull being a bit off his feed and keeping me around to pinch hit for him as manager of the Sox on his bad days.

One night I'm feeling kind of grouchy and I says to Mike, "What's the idea of camping here all summer? You must think you're Grant and I'm Richmond."

"I'm lonesome," he comes back, his face curving into a slow drop; "but if you object ——"

"No, no," I cuts in hasty, biting a piece out of my tongue; "but a young fellow like you ought to get around more with folks of his own age. Why don't you snare yourself a skirt and take her to a show once in a while?"

"What She Was Getting a Run Out of Was the Wise Cracks Made by That Fellow Green, Announcing Over at PKT"

"I don't know any," returns Trist.

"What's the matter with the landlady's chick?" I inquires. "She's not such a pain in the face."

"Think she'd go out with me?" he asks, kind of interested.

"Give her a chance," I suggests. "The worst that can happen to you is that she'll say yes."

"No," mumbles Mike, shaking his head. "I'm not much of a fist with the ladies. I'd rather stay home and listen to you."

"I'm talked out," I tells him, "but if listening's your hole card, why don't you nick yourself for a radio? You can listen to it all night and hear it in your sleep if you want."

"That's an idea," says Trist, thoughtful.

"Sure," I encourages quickly. "You can tune in on rafts of swell music, speeches by missionaries on the hazelnut-tart business in Labrador, how to cure codfish of fainting spells ——"

"How'll those things help my batting average?" inquires Mike.

"They'll make you think you're thinking," I answers, "and that ought to help you, and besides put a little novelty in the Blue Sox act. If we were to have somebody on the pay roll that was even suspected of knowing somebody that's heard a rumor about what a head was supposed to be used for, we'd come so near getting out of eighth place everybody'd swear we'd been cheating. Know anything about handling these radios?"

"No," says Trist, "but I'll learn quick enough. I worked around an electrical shop once and I was pretty handy with batteries and such."

"You're pretty handy with batteries now, kid," I tells him, gracious. "You've taken a few good ones apart with the old wagon tongue the last few weeks."

The next evening I'm in my room giving myself an intellectual treat with my own company when Mike busts in.

"Come on," says he, "and take a look."

I follows him across the hall to where he flops. On the wide window sill squats a radio layout about as big as a coffin, with a couple of sets of ear dinguses.

"One for you," announces Trist, "and one for me."

"Scratch your boy friend," I growls. "I can hear all the bad-time stories I want out in the bushes. Can you work it?"

"Cinch," grins Mike. "I've already figured out a scheme for improving the mike that goes with the sender."

"Mike?" I repeats. "You mean yourself?"

"Short for microphone," explains Trist. "That's the do-funny that grabs a wave length around the neck and makes it yelp out loud. It turns a whisper into a hurray."

"Oh, yes," I remembers; "I read about that thing—where some gink had one fixed up so good he could stick around in Toledo and hear a gnat's heart beat in Capetown."

"By the time I get done," says Mike, "that lad in Toledo'll be able to count the hoof beats of that gnat and tell which leg it's favoring."

"You sure graduated from radio fast," I remarks. "The last time I saw you, you didn't know whether it was the Belgian national song or something to turn flapjacks with."

"I talked with that fellow down in the shop for a couple of hours this afternoon," comes back Trist, "and walked out with a diploma. Like I told you, I got a knack for stuff like that."

"All right, Edison," I warns him, "but don't use yourself up getting distance in your bedroom. We can stand more of it from you in the ball yard."

I starts back to my room, but Mike makes me stick and listen to some of the fluff he's kidnaping out of the air. We gets three different stations and the same tune over all of 'em.

Finally he detours to another noise spreader and we catch something that sounds like a bevy of peevish hyenas having a wrestling match on a pile of tin cans in a sawmill during a hailstorm.

"That's not such a bad jazz piece," I says, kidding.

"That's static," explains Trist serious, "but I got an idea for doing away with it."

"Already!" I gasps. "What are you going to do? Keep it off the streets at night by having it join the Y. M. C. A.?"

"Just a minute," urges Mike, as I start again to leave, "and I'll get Cuba for you."

"That's very generous of you, old chap," says I; "but I'm all stocked up with islands. I could use a bunch of capes and a set of peninsulas though."

"They have a swell station in Havana," insists Trist.

"Getting Havana's no stunt," I assures him. "I knew a feller once that took an ordinary oil stove, put it under his bed and got Hot Springs."

With which whiskered wheeze I exits brisk. Out in the hallway I nearly bumps into Myrtle, the landlady's contribution to the flapper flock; not a bad-looking frill, if you like 'em with red hair and trousseau noses.

"Just the gal I'm looking for," says I. "If I tell you a secret, will you promise to spread it around?"

"Anything to keep the baby from crying," she answers, airy. "How good is this secret of yours and what's it doing with you?"

"Trist's bought himself a ten or fifteen tube radio layout," I tells her, "with two sets of them ear blahs. Who do you think the extra set's for?"

"Calvin Coolidge," answers Myrtle.

"None other," I returns, "than the fairest flower of this prunery."

"Me?" gasps the chick. "Be yourself, veteran, be yourself. Me and Trist haven't split two words between us since he came here."

"Maybe not," says I, "but that's just because Mike's bashful. The kid's one of those strong, silent characters; but if I told you what he thinks of you—well, words fail me."

"You must have a lot of words in the Sox line-up then," suggests the gal.

"Let business be," I snaps, "and stick to romance. Trist is anxious for you to hear his radio and he wanted to know if I could fix it so you'd sit in with him tonight."

"What's the matter with his own asker?" comes back Myrtle. "Has he got it in the shop for repairs?"

"I told you," I explains, "that the boy's shy. You like to hear the radio, don't you?"

All of a Sudden I See His Arms Drop to His Side and He Staggers a Bit

"Sure," admits the swish; "and now that we have one in the house I can catch Harry Green's stuff every evening. That boy's the bear's growl when it comes to crashing the ether."

"Harry Green?" I repeats. "That isn't the star boarder of this hash heap, is it?"

"In person," says Myrtle. "Harry announces down at Station PKT and he's good, what I mean. What did you think he did for a living?"

"I haven't paid much attention to him," I regrets, "but I'd sort of figured from his line of tongue samples that he supplied the words for most of the conversation that goes on in this state, with a side line of gestures mostly pointing to himself. Go on, girlie. Mike's holding up all the air traffic waiting for you."

"Think it's all right," asks Myrtle, "for me to go to a man's room alone?"

"Don't worry," I tells her. "Trist is well able to take care of himself. Besides, the door and window are open and I'm across the hall. A shriek'll get me any time."

II

I WASN'T bothered that night by any hysterical invitations to come on over and save an innocent gal from the clutches of this here brute; but between gales of girlish gurgles and the noisy brood of Red Hot Mammas visiting Mike via the ether, I didn't get any more sleep before midnight than a cop with insomnia chasing burglars with spiked shoes over a tin roof.

"Can the megaphone from now and on," I tells Trist the next morning, "and use your ear muffs. Also don't feed so many nifties to that Myrtle springer. I ——"

"She wasn't laughing at any jokes of mine," cuts in Mike glumly. "What she was getting a run out of was the wise cracks made by that fellow Green, announcing over at PKT. That bird lives here, you know."

"Yes, I know," I returns; "and from what I hears, he's the ace with Myrtle and her ma. I notice he always gets the poached egg off the top of the hash."

"I'm not afraid of him," growls Trist.

"Don't play him down, kid," I advises. "You know what they say—the next war'll be won in the air."

"Maybe," admits Mike; "but in a little while I'll be doing things with the air that'll make Miss Sweeney give what's left of it to Green."

"I wouldn't be surprised," says I. "Anything's possible with a guy that's got nerve enough to drag a girl he barely knows into his room at night to listen to a radio. I didn't think it was in you."

While Trist's stuttering through his blushes I beats it. That afternoon, against the Lizards, the boy doesn't play so well. He muffs one out in the field that would have fallen into his pants pocket if he'd of just stood still instead of running back. His hitting was nothing to talk about during the long cold winter nights, either. One measly scratch single that a scorer could have chalked up as a Lizard error without causing his wife and children to move out of the neighborhood represented the day's hit haul. Probably the best base stealer on the team, he went down once on a wild pitch-out and you could have driven six trucks abreast through the space between where he was and where the ball was when it got to second.

Off days being common with the best of 'em, I don't say anything about the game to Mike that evening; but when a week goes by and the boy keeps slumping I do my irate-parent stuff.

"Fellow," says I to him, "what you do on your own time is like the bird store down the street—not my business. As far as I'm concerned, you can spend your evenings singing folk songs at the Dennis P. Garrity Club or standing by the seashore trying to learn the language of oysters. But when your night trick leaves its footprints on the box score in the daytime, I'm a lone wolf and I howl. Radio is an innocent pastime, I'll admit, and so's Myrtle; but ——"

"Myrtle's not bothering me any," interrupts Trist, kind of sulky.

"All right," I snaps; "but something is, and if it isn't Myrtle, it must be the radio bug that's gnawing at your batting average. Do you have to carry those crazy inventions to the ball grounds with you?"

"I can't get them out of my head," mutters Mike, "and maybe I'll quit baseball and go into the business. I'll be honest with you, Jim, the radio has got to me and I'm just plain lonesome when I'm out in the field. You don't know how I miss that set."

"What do you want the club to do?" I asks, sarcastic. "Rig up a receiving outfit for you and have a bat boy with a tea cart follow you around while you're chasing flies?"

"The way I feel now," returns Trist, "about all I want from the club is my release. I got a few thousand saved up and ——"

"Forget it!" I cuts in, all scared up over the idea that the cuckoo might be serious. "The Blue Sox need you a lot worse than the radio gag."

Mike mumbles something and I changes the subject, figuring that the kid's in no mood for a lecture. I mentions Myrtle a few times, but that gets nothing from him except shrugs that are supposed to pass on the info to me that he's not particularly interested in the belle of the beanery. However, I know different. At the supper table it's a big laugh to watch the play that Green and Trist are making for the gal. All she has to do is to ask to have the salt passed and both of 'em jump for the cellar like a pair of halfbacks after a fumbled ball, and just about as rough.

Myrtle's a slick flirt and plays 'em both fifty-fifty. If one of the boys beats the other to the salt, she fixes it so the loser will be nearest to the next thing she wants or makes a bluff that she wants. I remembers once Mike and the broadcaster got the salt to her in a dead heat, and the frill, picking no favorites, used a little from each of the cellars. My personal idea always was that Trist had an edge with Myrtle and could have shooed Green off the lot if he'd of glibbed up his tongue a trifle and given her a little of the time he spent on the radio. No woman likes to play second fiddle to a sound wave.

Late that evening I drifts into Mike's room. As usual, he's fussing with a lot of junk that goes with his high-priced outfit. He looks up at me with a happy smile.

"Why so joyous?" I asks. "Got your statics to lead a better life?"

"No," comes back Trist, "but I think I've found a way to play better ball and also go on with my experiments."

"What's the idea?" I inquires.

"I'll tell you," answers Mike, "just as soon as I get it worked out complete."

Mike Fastens the Ends of the Wires to the Belt of Batteries

Before I have a chance to go on with the subject, Myrtle comes in.

"Get PKT, won't you?" she begs. "Harry says he's going to have a lot of new funny stuff tonight."

Trist monkeys around with some knobs, but nothing comes out of the loud-speaker but a lot of yowling.

"I'm sorry," says he, "but the statics are very bad tonight."

"What a shame!" she pouts. "They've been bad for the last seven nights straight."

"Sure," I remarks. "Didn't you know? This has been Save-the-Statics Week all over the country."

Myrtle just turns up her pug nose a couple of degrees higher and flounces out of the room.

"Want to hear some supper music?" asks Mike.

"With all that buzz-buzz going on?" I yelps. "Did I say no? Yes, I did."

"The air'll be clear now," says Trist, turning the knobs a few notches. The music comes perfect. You couldn't have got it any better if you were sitting in the orchestra leader's lap, stroking his beard.

"It seems," I remarks with a grin, "that you've got the statics riding your horse in the Myrtle sweepstakes, with Green's nag pocketed against the rail. Go to it, kid. All's fair in the air."

Mike just smiles and goes back to his tinkering, forgetting that I'm in the room. I doubt whether he knew that I'd gone until an hour or so after I breezed.

Trist's in a much happier mood the next afternoon and does a better job of piecework with the willow, grabbing a double and a brace of singles for himself. His fielding's still off, though, the boy carrying on like he was half asleep at the switch. Every time a ball goes in his direction he acts like a guy that's been suddenly jerked out of a dream.

This continues for a week, the bingling holding up well, but the gardening getting worse and more of it. Grogan, who's been home enjoying a sick spell, gets back along about this time and the first thing he notices is the boy's let-down.

"What's the matter with Mike?" he wants to know.

"He's hitting all right, isn't he?"

"Yes," admits the boss; "but somebody must have sold him a pair of shoes with lead soles. I could send an ice truck after some of those flies and bring 'em home quicker than Trist delivers. What's he doing anyway—hitting it up nights?"

"Kind of, chief," I tells him, "but not the way you mean. Mike's gone amuck on radio and he plays around with it until the ——"

"Have him cut it," snaps Grogan, curt.

"Can't be done," I comes back. "He's all wrapped up in it and he'd quit baseball in a minute if he had to give it up. You got to remember,

(Continued on Page 100

"Mike's Taking On Weight, Isn't He?"

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 11, 1925

The Depression in Coal Mining

A COMPARISON of the pages of the coal journals of the different countries of Europe with the transactions of the recent meeting in London of representatives of the coal miners' federations makes it clear that no matter how widely employers and miners differ as to the responsibility for the present situation and the means for amelioration, they are agreed as to the facts of the industry. In this country, similarly, operators and miners are in substantial agreement as to the deplorable state of the industry. Conditions seem little different in Australia and Canada. There are too many mines for the demand. The war brought into operation new mines and marginal old mines; and they have been trying to hang on. Many mines are operating at a loss, few at a profit. Many miners work on part time; indeed part-time employment seems to have become the rule. The fewer days' work per year, the higher must be the rate of wage per day. The fewer hours' work per day, the higher must be the wage rate per hour. The coal outturn per hour of work is low in most countries. The competition of gas, oil and water power, especially hydroelectric power, has been increasing. Recent improvements in locomotives have greatly reduced the coal needs of railways. Storage of coal in summer, so as to smooth out production, does not seem to grow in popularity. International markets are deranged. Everywhere the same story—low returns to operators, low returns to miners.

In this country a regional conflict has developed. The Central field—Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois—is strongly unionized and stands under a strict wage agreement. The Southern field—Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky—is largely nonunion. The mines of the former group are older, and for the most part the costs of production are higher. In the mines of the latter group the opening of new and rich veins makes it possible for many nonunion miners working at lower wage scales than obtain in the Northern mines to make more money per day and to work more days per year. The coal of the Southern field is able widely to undersell the coal of the Central field. The mines in the Central field are closing in numbers. To secure work, the miners have been forming coöperative associations and leasing mines, the outturn of which is then marketed by the owners on toll. This practice has recently been forbidden by the union officials. Somehow, mines must be reduced to the level of the demand; and the mines to remain will be the mines of lowest cost in terms of coal delivered to consumers. Somehow, miners must be reduced to the number able to make good incomes at putting out the quantity of coal the country consumes. Overhead of the industry must be reduced; the expanded inventories must be written off.

This is not going to be easy. In Europe both sides appeal to the governments with the plea that the situation is a result of the war and should be solved in part with the aid of public funds, to a greater extent than by the giving of unemployment doles. In this country, despite the light thrown on the situation by the investigations of the recent government inquiry, the solution seems to be sought in conflict between operators and miners rather than in reorganization of the industry. Coal troubles, if that be any consolation to us, are not peculiar to us but are common to the industrial countries of the world.

The Rising Flood of Methanol

METHANOL is wood alcohol. Up to 1925 the sole commercial source of wood alcohol was in the distillation of hardwood. That is the only domestic source of wood alcohol today. The domestic price has been around seventy cents a gallon. Within recent months a synthetic wood alcohol, sold under its chemical name of methanol, has been imported in relatively large amounts from Germany, at a price that is below forty cents. This price may be cut to below thirty cents a gallon at present costs of production in Germany and the Germans expect to improve materially on this already low price in the future.

The basic patents are not new and are held for this country in domestic hands. But beyond the basic patents are doubtless little technical tricks and devices that are essential to the effective working of the manufacture under the basic patent. We hold the basic patent, the Germans hold the tricks. Doubtless we shall learn the tricks, or invent new tricks or better tricks; but for the present we are holding the basic patents and the Germans are making the methanol.

The source of the methanol is coal. It is made by compressing hydrogen and carbon monoxide at high temperature in the presence of what the chemists call a catalyzer, which is understood to be zinc oxide. This reaction is a first cousin of the Haber method for the synthesis of ammonia. The hydrogen is secured from coke ovens or from water gas. The carbon monoxide is secured from blast furnaces, of which this gas is a heavy by-product. Both the reagents could be secured as primary products of coal apart from coke ovens and blast furnaces, but for the present, at least, these are the cheapest sources of hydrogen and carbon monoxide.

A cheap wood alcohol—let us say, twenty cents a gallon—would be a fact of enormous industrial importance. It is an important reagent in the manufacture of dyes. It and its derivatives are important solvents that find application in a hundred and one directions. Apart from its greater toxicity, it has qualities for industrial applications like those of grain alcohol, and at a notably lower price would supplant this to a larger extent.

Lastly, it can be used as a motor fuel. During the war the common motor fuel in Germany was grain alcohol and benzene in equal parts, or wood alcohol and benzene in equal parts. Both grain alcohol and wood alcohol can be used straight in the so-called gasoline engine, the engine of our motor cars. But they do not behave well, because the compression relations are not suited to them. But for engines designed for compressions suited to these alcohols they are efficient fuels. Just at present we are under little pressure in the matter of price of motor fuel. And in any event, with our millions of cars carrying engines designed for gasoline and not for alcohol, the substitution has no immediate claim for attention. But the situation is different in Europe. They have few cars, relatively; their period of expansion lies before them; and it is possible that this development of methanol may determine the trend of engine construction in the direction of the alcohol fuel. That would mean independence of American gasoline; also reaction against import of American cars, since the engines would not be adapted for alcohol.

The fact that Germany will be able to pay some reparation with the new methanol is small consolation. No tariff of customary figure will keep out such methanol; only an embargo would do that. Or better, only the duplication in the United States of the manufacture of wood alcohol under the same basic patent. Apparently only the American chemist can save the American market. The improvement is of great value, even if it comes from Germany. It will be of double value if it is of domestic origin. And for the present certainly it is best to regard the question as industrial and not military. The situation is a test of American chemical industry.

Mend 'Em or End 'Em

IT IS not only in this country, where the Vice President's criticism of the Senate has pictured that body to the country at large as too ponderous in movement to function efficiently, that upper chambers are under fire. In Great Britain it is generally conceded that the country needs a more effective legislative arm than the blue-blooded but impotent House of Lords. And now the Canadian Senate, which was supposed to be modeled on well-approved lines, has fallen so into disrepute that the cry has become, "Mend 'em or end 'em."

The Canadian Senate consists of ninety-six members, who are appointed for life by the governor in council, which means, of course, the party in power. Even the severest critics of the chamber concede that in the main the members have been wisely chosen. It has been the rule to appoint men of outstanding merit to fill the vacancies as they have occurred. The senators have usually been graduates of the House of Commons, but not infrequently the government in power has selected prominent lawyers or business men. As their term is for life, the senators have never been shackled by electioneering expediencies and they have thus been able to maintain an unhampered perspective. But the system has developed several weaknesses. In the first place, most of the appointees are well along when the honor comes to them; and, naturally, the passing of the years does not bring them renewed youth. Time-whitened beards are the order of the day in the Canadian Senate. Once, a few years ago, an unaccustomedly acrimonious debate broke out and such phrases as "toothless old viper" and "doddering along to the grave" were ahrilled across the floor.

The chief weakness is, however, that the government always fills vacancies from its own ranks, and when power changes hands the incoming premier is faced with a hostile senate. When Laurier was swept into office in 1896, after twenty-five years of Conservative rule, he found himself outnumbered by sixty-eight to thirteen in the upper house. The hand of death soon alters the complexion of the senate, and when the Conservatives came back under Borden in 1911 there were sixty-six Liberal senators to twenty Conservative. The result is that, at the beginning of each parliamentary episode, the two houses are at loggerheads and the incoming government is hampered by an unsympathetic and stubborn upper chamber.

Recently a government measure to build several western branch lines of the Canadian National Railways was thrown out by the senate, and the whole West, which is strongly progressive and anti-senate anyway, rose in its wrath and demanded the immediate extinction of that body. The subject has been under debate since then, and a resolution was recently adopted in the Commons which called for a conference between the Dominion government and the governments of the various provinces to take up the problem of senate reform. Various plans are being proposed. Some favor an elective body. Others believe that the senate should be kept appointive, but that the term should be reduced to six years, without renewal. All seem to agree that the number should be cut in half at least.

The improvement of upper chambers is being debated today in several countries where constitutional forms prevail, and the results of the Canadian venture will be closely watched.

NEW FACTS AND AN ANCIENT TRADITION—By Chester T. Crowell

Big Men and Their Little Critics

IN THE realm of literature, one tradition ranks far ahead of all the rest in honored antiquity. Briefly, it is that commerce and industry are mean, low occupations, unworthy of either poet or historian. Unfortunately, they have seldom had either, with the result that more than a few scientific facts and extremely valuable processes have been lost to the world. However, there was always some ground for this literary tradition; during a major portion of human history neither commerce nor industry would have appreciated historians. Part of the time this was because neither commerce nor industry could read; or if it could, then very indifferently.

Kings, courtiers, cardinals and generals were the principal patrons of literature, and in return have been amply rewarded. Poets have conferred immortality far more frequently than merit alone. Who, for instance, does not at once identify the gallant six hundred? Beyond question they were brave, but it is the poem one remembers. Most of the six hundred survived that charge in spite of the surrounding cannon, but there were numerous companies and regiments in the Civil War whose casualties in no less heroic service ranged from 100 to 300 per cent. They couldn't very well lose 300 per cent of their effectives in one battle, but some of them were practically wiped out two or three times within the course of a year. Today one must consult reference books to verify this statement, because those commands had only bravery and no poets. Long before the Crimean and Civil wars, however, words had a queer way of outlasting deeds. They performed that miracle when even few kings could read.

In a world of small dimensions, where the endurance of a horse or tiny sailboat fixed the basic measures of distance, commerce and industry necessarily operated on a small scale. Usually they lacked a reliable currency; nearly always the public highways were unsafe. Under such conditions people quite generally were mean and low, inadequately protected from the elements and covered with sweat and suspicion. Moreover they were told that that was their proper destiny. Romance and glory were for the court.

If, however, a natural aptitude for commerce or industry or both threatened to distribute wealth among large numbers of the common people, there were ways to separate them from the profit without stopping their toil. Queen Elizabeth faced such a situation in England and solved it quite adequately by granting monopolies to her favorites. Even the export of secondhand shoes was covered by one of these monopolies. The courtier who held it simply took the major portion of the profits and graciously permitted those who had built up the business to continue operating it.

Such an attitude toward any class of people would, I think, not be calculated to sweeten their natures. To operate at all, a business man had to be crafty; to succeed on a moderate scale, he must have had the wiliness of a fox; to achieve great wealth usually required collusion with the robbers above and permission to prey upon unprotected persons either in his own country or elsewhere. If the production and distribution of a few necessities of life could have been dispensed with altogether, business would have ceased to exist, for most assuredly it was neither an alluring nor an honored calling. Writing men observed those who followed it and recorded their disgust. Even piracy offered more engaging heroes.

Nearly all the towering figures in literature have somewhere dismissed commerce and industry with a contemptuous paragraph. But in doing so they established a

(Continued on Page 165)

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH
UNIVERSITY
PUBLIC ART MUSEUM
PUBLIC LIBRARY
AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN
I'LL SHOW UP THIS SORDID MONEY-GRUBBER! THE BIG BOOB!
MY BOOK WILL SELL BIG!
HA!
HE'S A LOW BROW! HE KNOWS NOTHING OF THE HIGHER LIFE! HE'S ONLY A DOLLAR CHASER!
BUY MY NEW BOOK!!

THE GIANT AND THE PYGMIES

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

A Serious Parental Problem

"I WISH you'd tell me what to do about that boy of mine," said Grover Cleveland Smith, president of the First, Second and Third National Bank of Central City. "He refuses to go to Europe and my wife's worried to death. Since he graduated from college, all he wants to do is work here in the bank. Says he wants to learn the business and maybe some day be cashier. I been trying to get him to consult a good clinic to see what's wrong and find out if he can be cured, but he won't even talk about it.

"Mother an' I try to do everything we can for our children. When he come home to stay we gave him a yellow sport roadster and a membership in the country club and told him just to play around for a year or two like the other boys and get rested from his studies. But he's never used the car and never goes to the club. Last night I found him working in his room at home at half-past twelve. He said he was figuring out how much it costs us to carry an account with a daily balance under a hundred dollars. That's when I offered him a trip to Europe on a swimming-pool boat, but he just looked at me and said we had one clerk too many in the collections department.

"I wish I could find out what's wrong with the boy before it's too late." —*McCready Huston.*

In the Struggle for Existence the Wild Flower May Develop the Necessary Ability

When the Simpsons Go Out Riding

WHEN the Simpsons go out riding,
The Simpsons over the way,
The car is brought to the Simpson door
And there it stays an hour or more.
A car for seven and holding ten,
Father steps on the gas, and then—
Annabelle Simpson must change her seat
And tangle herself in a maze of feet;
Millicent Simpson starts to cry;
And something gets in Archibald's eye.
Worse than over-the-top by far
Is under-the-top of Simpson's car.
Oh, the shifting and sliding,
Oh, the chatter and chiding,
When the Simpsons go out riding,
The Simpsons over the way!

When the Simpsons go out riding,
The Simpsons over the way,
The neighbors await the final yell
Which means as plain as tongue can tell
That something or other's been left behind,
Which someone goes back for and cannot find,
And calls from a window, acoustics bad:
"Where'd you say you put it, dad?"
Mother Simpson, hopeless, sighs,
"I know it is right before his eyes."
While four young Simps in a squirming row
Cry crescendo: "Why don't we go?"
Oh, the joy subsiding,
Oh, the dismal tiding,
When the Simpsons go out riding,
The Simpsons over the way!

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"How's the Fishing?" "Wal, I Been Fishin' Right Here Every Day for High Onto Eight Years an' Ain't Had a Bite Yit. I'm Beginnin' to Think it Ain't So Good"

Movie Actor (On Vacation): "Confound These Women! They Will Search Me Out!"

The great popular summer dish!

So delicious
So nourishing
So convenient

The APPETITE TEST for Beans

Do you know what it is?

It's a simple easy way to let your appetite guide you on the flavor and nourishing quality of beans. Try it and you will know which beans you will want to eat every time.

Get a can of Campbell's at your grocer's today. When you have a real appetite, when you're hungry and keen for substantial food, eat Campbell's Beans.

Notice how tempting the flavor is, how good the beans taste, from the very first one to the very last. You will fairly revel in the added zest given by the tomato sauce.

When you've finished, you'll know that you have had a meal—and a good one! Let your own appetite—your own sense of taste—select your beans!

Any grocer will tell you that right now people are buying beans in even larger quantities than ever. Beans are popular always. But in the summer people spend more time outdoors, their appetites are keener, they insist on having good food that is easily prepared. Beans are already cooked. They require almost no home preparation. Yet they are so substantial that they are often served as the main dish of the meal. Supply yourself today!

Serve hot
Serve cold

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS
SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

SAM IN THE SUBURBS

"That Little Oil Can, Chimp, Has Slipped One Over on Us"

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XXVI

CLAIRE LIPPETT sat in the kitchen of San Rafael, reading Pyke's Home Companion. It was Mr. Wrenn's kindly custom to bring back a copy for her each week on the day of publication, thus saving her an outlay of twopence. She was alone in the house, for Kay was up in London doing some shopping, and Mr. Wrenn, having come in and handed over the current number, had gone off for a game of chess with his friend, Cornelius.

She was not expecting to be alone long. Muffins lay on the table, all ready to be toasted; a cake which she had made herself stood beside them; and there was also a new tin of anchovy paste—all of which dainties were designed for the delectation of Hash Todhunter, her fiancé, who would shortly be coming to tea.

As a rule, Pyke's Home Companion absorbed Claire's undivided attention, for she was one of its most devoted supporters; but this evening she found her mind wandering, for there was that upon it which not even Cordelia Blair's Hearts Aflame could conjure away.

Claire was worried.

On the previous day a cloud had fallen on her life, not exactly blotting out the sunshine, but seeming to threaten some such eclipse in the near future. She had taken Hash to John Street for a formal presentation to her mother, and it was on the way home that she had first observed the approach of the cloud.

Hash's manner had seemed to her peculiar. A girl who has just become romantically betrothed to a man does not expect that man, when they are sitting close together on the top of an omnibus, to talk moodily of the unwisdom of hasty marriages.

It pains and surprises her when he mentions friends of his who, plunging hot-headedly into matrimony, spent years of subsequent regret. And when, staring woodenly before him, he bids her look at Samson, Doctor Crippen and other celebrities who were not fortunate in their domestic lives, she feels a certain alarm.

And such had been the trend of Hash Todhunter's conversation, coming home from John Street. Claire, recalling the more outstanding of his dicta, felt puzzled and unhappy, and not even the fact that Cordelia Blair had got her hero into a ruined mill with villains lurking on the ground floor and dynamite stored in the basement could enchain her interest. She turned the page listlessly and found herself confronted by Aunt Ysobel's Chats With My Girls.

In spite of herself, Claire's spirits rose a little. She never failed to read every word that Aunt Ysobel wrote, for she considered that lady a complete guide to all mundane difficulties. Nor was this an unduly flattering opinion, for Aunt Ysobel was indeed like some wise pilot, gently steering the storm-tossed barks of her fellow men and women through the shoals and sunken rocks of the ocean of life. If you wanted to know whether to blow on your tea or allow it to cool of itself in God's good time, Aunt Ysobel would tell you. If, approaching her on a deeper subject, you desired to ascertain the true significance of the dark young man's offer of flowers, she could tell you that too—even attributing to each individual bloom a hidden and esoteric meaning which it would have been astonished to find that it possessed.

Should a lady shake hands or bow on parting with a gentleman whom she has met only once? Could a gentleman present a lady with a pound of chocolates without committing himself to anything unduly definite? Must mother always come along? Did you say "Miss Jones—Mr. Smith" or "Mr. Smith—Miss Jones," when introducing friends? And arising from this question, did Mr. Smith on such an occasion say, "Pleased to meet you" or "Happy, I'm sure"?

Aunt Ysobel was right there every time with the correct answer. And everything she wrote had a universal message.

It was so today. Scarcely had Claire begun to read, when her eye was caught by a paragraph headed Worried—Upper Sydenham.

"Coo!" said Claire.

The passage ran as follows:

"WORRIED—Upper Sydenham. You tell me, dear, that the man to whom you are betrothed seems to you to be growing cold, and you ask me what you had better do. Well, dear, there is only one thing you can do, and I give this advice to all my girl friends who come to me with this trouble. You must test this man. You see, he may not really be growing cold; he may merely have some private business worry on his mind which causes him to seem distrait. If you test him you will soon learn the truth. What I suggest may seem to you at first a wee bit unladylike, but try it all the same. Pretend to show a liking for some other gentleman friend of yours. Even flirt with him a teeny-weeny bit.

"You will soon discover then if this young man really cares for you still. If he does he will exhibit agitation. He may even go to the length of becoming violent. In the olden days, you know, knights used to joust for the love of their lady. Try Herbert or George or whatever his name is, out for a week, and see if you can work him up to the jousting stage."

Claire laid down the paper with trembling hands. The thing might have been written for her personal benefit. There was no getting away from Aunt Ysobel. She touched the spot every time.

Of course, there were difficulties. It was all very well for Aunt Ysobel to recommend flirting with some other male member of your circle, but suppose your circle was so

(Continued on Page 38)

THE PLEASANT COMPULSION OF DOING WELL

No man who serves Cadillac either in the factory or in the sales-field owns himself. He ceases to be a free agent as soon as he assumes the responsibility of that association. From that moment forward he is under the ennobling tyranny of high public expectations.

He is under the compulsion of giving the very best that is in him, because nothing less will be accepted by the public from Cadillac.

The admiration accorded Cadillac is something much more than a fine feeling. Maintained in the minds of millions, it is a standard below which Cadillac may not fall.

It is expected of the car that it shall surpass —and the same thing is expected of the personal efforts of the craftsmen who build it, of the engineers who design it, of the executives who shape its policies, and, finally, of the men who distribute it to the public.

The heads of most business institutions obey an inward monitor in striving after the thing vaguely called high quality.

Cadillac is fortunate in that it must not only follow this inward ideal, but has imposed upon it a command from the outside world which it dare not disobey.

The same compulsion operates upon every vendor who comes to Cadillac to offer materials or accessories of any sort whatsoever. He *knows* that ordinary standards will not do—that he *must* give Cadillac greater measure of intrinsic merit.

These facts constitute an assurance of value to the buyer of the Cadillac beside which the inducements for consideration offered by any other car are unimportant.

C A D I L L A C

Division of General Motors Corporation

(Continued from Page 34)

restricted that there were no available victims. From the standpoint of dashing male society, Burberry Road was at the moment passing through rather a lean time. The postman was an elderly man who, if he stopped to exchange a word, talked only of his son in Canada. The baker's representative, on the other hand, was a mere boy, and so was the butcher's. Besides, she might smile upon these by the hour and Hash would never see her. It was all very complex, and she was still pondering upon the problem when a whistle from without announced the arrival of her guest.

The chill of yesterday still hung over Mr. Todhunter's demeanor. He was not precisely cold, but he was most certainly not warm. He managed somehow to achieve a kind of intermediate temperature. He was rather like a broiled fish that has been lying too long on a plate.

He kissed Claire. That is to say, technically the thing was a kiss. But it was not the kiss of other days.

"What's up?" asked Claire, hurt.

"Nothing's up."

"Yes, there is something up."

"No, there ain't anything up."

"Yes, there is "

"No, there ain't."

"Well, then," said Claire, "what's up?"

These intellectual exchanges seemed to have the effect of cementing Mr. Todhunter's gloom. He relapsed into a dark silence, and Claire, her chin dangerously elevated, prepared tea.

Tea did not thaw the guest. He ate a muffin, sampled the cake and drank deeply; but he still remained that strange, moody figure who rather reminded Claire of the old earl in Hearts Aflame. But then the old earl had had good reason for looking like a man who has drained the wine of life and is now unwillingly facing the lees, because he had driven his only daughter from his door, and, though mistaken in this view, supposed that she had died of consumption in Australia—it was really another girl. But why Hash should look like one who has drained the four ale of life and found a dead mouse at the bottom of the pewter, Claire did not know, and she quivered with a sense of injury.

However, she was a hostess—"A hostess, dears, must never, never permit her private feelings to get the better of her"—Aunt Ysobel.

"Would you like a nice fresh lettuce?" she asked. It might be, she felt, that this would just make the difference.

"Ah!" said Hash. He had a weakness for lettuces.

"I'll go down the garden and cut you one."

He did not offer to accompany her, and that in itself was significant. It was with a heart bowed down that Claire took her knife and made her way along the gravel path. So preoccupied was she that she did not cast even a glance over the fence till she was aware suddenly of a strange moaning sound proceeding from the domain of Mon Repos. This excited her curiosity. She stopped, listened, and finally looked.

The garden of Mon Repos presented an animated spectacle. Sam was watering a flower bed, and not far away the dog Amy, knee-deep in a tub, was being bathed by a small, clean-shaven man who was a stranger to Claire.

Both of them seemed to be having a rough passage. Amy, as is the habit of her species on these occasions, was conveying the impression of being at death's door and far from resigned. Her mournful eyes stared hopelessly at the sky, her brow was wrinkled with a perplexed sorrow, and at intervals she uttered a stricken wail. On these occasions she in addition shook herself petulantly, and Chimp Twist—for, as Miss Blair would have said, it was he—was always well within range.

Claire stopped, transfixed. She had had no notion that the staff of Mon Repos had been augmented, and it seemed to her that Chimp had been sent from heaven. Here, right on the spot, in daily association with Hash, was the desired male. She smiled dazzlingly upon Chimp.

"Hullo," she said.

"Hullo," said Chimp.

He spoke moodily, for he was feeling moody. There might be golden rewards at the end of this venture of his, but he perceived already that they would have to be earned. Last night Hash Todhunter had won sixteen shillings from him at stud poker, and Chimp was a thrifty man. Moreover, Hash slept in the top back room, and when not in it, locked the door.

This latter fact may seem to offer little material for gloom on Chimp's part, but it was, indeed, the root of all his troubles. In informing Mr. and Mrs. Molloy that the plunder of the late Edward Finglass was hidden in the cistern of Mon Repos, Chimp Twist had been guilty of subterfuge—pardonable, perhaps, for your man of affairs must take these little business precautions, but nevertheless subterfuge. In the letter which, after carefully memorizing, he had just as carefully destroyed, Mr. Finglass had revealed that the proceeds of his flutter with the New Asiatic Bank might be found not in the cistern but rather by anyone who procured a chisel and raised the third board from the window in the top back room. Chimp had not foreseen that this top back room would be occupied by a short-tempered cook who, should he discover people prying up his floor with chisels, would scarcely fail to make himself unpleasant. That was why Mr. Twist spoke moodily to Claire, and who shall blame him?

Claire was not discouraged. She had cast Chimp for the rôle of stalking horse and he was going to be it.

"Is the doggie having his bath?" she asked archly.

"I think they're splitting it about fifty-fifty," said Sam, adding himself to the conversation.

Claire perceived that this was, indeed, so.

"Oh, you are wet," she cried. "You'll catch cold. Would you like a nice cup of hot tea?"

Something approaching gratitude appeared in Chimp's mournful face.

"Thank you, miss," he said. "I would."

"We're spoiling you," said Sam.

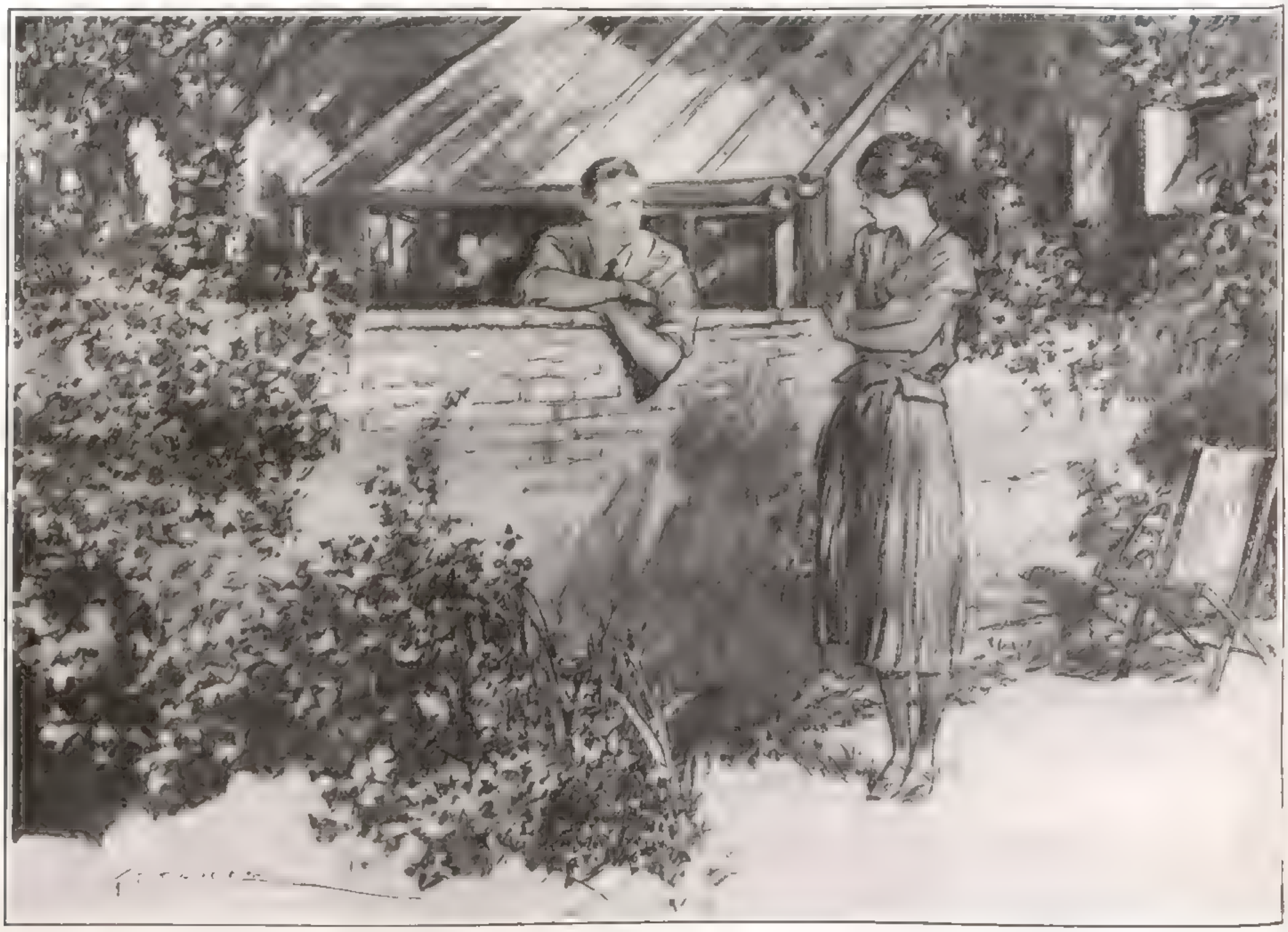
He sauntered down the garden, plying his hose, and Claire hurried back to her kitchen.

"Where's my nice lettuce?" demanded Hash.

"Haven't got it yet. I've come in to get a cup of hot tea and a slice of cake for that young man next door. He's got so wet washing that big dog."

It was some little time before she returned.

(Continued on Page 38)



"You Will Admit Now, I Imagine, That You Need a Strong Man's Protection?"

REMY

STARTING MOTORS, LIGHTING GENERATORS,
IGNITION SYSTEMS AND KLAXON HORNS FOR MOTOR CARS

IN EVERY sphere of endeavor, Excellence wins. Remy is today the largest exclusive manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment in the world.

REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY, ANDERSON, INDIANA

E X C E L L E N C E

(Continued from Page 36)

"I've been having a talk with that young man," she said. "He liked his tea very much."

"Did he?" said Hash shortly. "Ho, did he? Where's my lettuce?"

Claire uttered an exclamation.

"There! If I haven't gone and forgotten it!"

Hash rose, a set look on his face.

"Never mind," he said. "Never mind."

"You aren't going?"

"Yes, I am."

"What, already?"

"Yes, already."

"Well, if you must," said Claire. "I like Mr. Twist," she went on pensively. "He's what I call a perfect gentleman."

"He's what I call a perisher," said Hash sourly.

"Nice way he's got of speaking. His Christian name's Alexander. Do you call him that or Aleck?"

"If you care to 'ear what I call him," replied Hash with frigid politeness, "you can come and listen at our kitchen door."

"Why, you surely aren't jealous!" cried Claire, wide-eyed.

"Who, me?" said Hash bitterly.

It was some few minutes later that Sam, watering his garden like a good householder, heard sounds of tumult from within. Turning off his hose, he hastened toward the house and reached it in time to observe the back door open with some violence and his new odd-job man emerge at a high rate of speed. A crockery implement of the kind used in kitchens followed the odd-job man, bursting like a shell against the brick wall which bounded the estate of Mon Repos. The odd-job man himself, heading for the street, disappeared, and Sam, going into the kitchen, found Mr. Todhunter fuming.

"Little tiff?" inquired Sam.

Hash gave vent to a few sailorly oaths.

"He's been flirting with my girl and I've been telling him off."

Sam clicked his tongue.

"Boys will be boys," he said. "But, Hash, didn't I gather from certain words you let fall when you came home last night that your ardor was beginning to wane a trifle?"

"Cor!"

"I say, from the way you spoke last night about the folly of hasty marriages, I imagined that you had begun to experience certain regrets. In other words, you gave me the impression of a man who would be glad to be free from sentimental entanglements. Yet here you are positively—yes, by Jove, positively jousting!"

"What say?"

"I was quoting from a little thing I dashed off up at the office recently. Have you changed your mind about hasty marriages then?"

Hash frowned perplexedly at the stove. He was not a man who found it easy to put his thoughts into words.

"Well, it's like this: I saw her mother yesterday."

"Ah! That is a treat I have not had."

"Do you think girls get like their mothers, Sam?"

"Sometimes."

Hash shivered.

"Well, the 'ole thing is, when I'm away from the girl I get to thinking about her."

"Very properly," said Sam. "Absence, it has been well said, makes the heart grow fonder."

"Thinking of her mother, I mean."

"Oh, of her mother?"

"And then I wish I was well out of it all, you understand. But then again, when I'm settin' with 'er with my arm round 'er little waist ——"

"You are still speaking of the mother?"

"No, the girl."

"Oh, the girl?"

"And when I'm lookin' at her and she's lookin' at me, it's different. It's—well, it's what I may call different. She's got a way of tossing her chin up, Sam, and waggling of 'er 'air ——"

Sam nodded.

"I know," he said, "I know. They have, haven't they? Confirmed hair wagglers, all of them. Well, Hash, if you will listen to the advice of an old lady with girl friends in every part of England—and Scotland, too, for that matter; you will find a communication from Bonnie Lassie—Glasgow—in this very issue—I would say, Risk the mother. And meanwhile, Hash, refrain, if possible, from slaying our odd-job man. He may not be much to look at, but he is uncommonly useful. Never forget that in a few days we may want Amy washed again."

He bestowed an encouraging nod upon his companion and went out into the garden. He was just picking up his hose when a scuffling sound from the other side of the fence attracted his attention. It was followed by a sharp exclamation, and he recognized Kay's voice.

It was growing dark now, but it was not too dark for Sam to see, if only sketchily, what was in progress in the garden of San Rafael. Shrouded though the whole scene was in an evening mist, he perceived a male figure. He also perceived the figure of Kay. The male figure appeared either to be giving Kay a lesson in jiujitsu or else embracing her against her will. From the sound of her voice, he put the latter construction on the affair, and it seemed to him that, in the inspired words of the typewriter, now was the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.

Sam was a man of action. Several policies were open to him. He could ignore the affair altogether; he could shout reproof at the aggressor from a distance; he could climb the fence and run to the rescue. None of these operations appealed to him. It was his rule in life to act swiftly and to think, if at all, later. In his simple, direct fashion, therefore, he lifted the hose and sent a stream of water shooting at the now closely entangled pair.

XXVII

THE treatment was instantaneously effective. The male member of the combination, receiving several gallons of the Valley Fields Water Company's best stuff on the side of his head and then distributed at random over his person, seemed to understand with a lightning quickness that something in the nature of reënforcements had arrived. Hastily picking up his hat, which had fallen off, he stood not upon the order of his going, but ran. The darkness closed upon him, and Sam, with a certain smug complacency inevitable in your knight errant who has borne himself notably well in a difficult situation, turned off the hose and stood waiting while Kay crossed the lawn.

"Who was our guest?" he asked.

Kay seemed a little shaken. She was breathing quickly.

"It was Claude Bates," she said, and her voice quivered; so did Sam's.

"Claude Bates!" he cried distractedly. "If I had known that, I would have chased him all the way back to London, kicking him violently."

"I wish you had."

"How on earth did that fellow come to be here?"

"I met him outside Victoria Station. I suppose he got into the train and followed me."

"The hound!"

"I suddenly found him out here in the garden."

"The blister!"

"Do you think somebody will kill him some day?" asked Kay wistfully.

"I shall have a very poor opinion of the public spirit of the modern Englishman," Sam assured her, "if that loathsome leprous growth is permitted to infest London for long. But in the meantime," he said, lowering his voice tenderly, "doesn't it occur to you that this thing has been sent for a purpose? Surely it is intended as a proof of the truth of what I was saying at lunch, that you need ——"

"Yes," said Kay; "but we'll talk about that some other time, if you don't mind. I suppose you know you've soaked me to the skin."

"You?" said Sam incredulously.

"Yes, me."

"You don't mean Bates?"

"No, I do not mean Bates. Feel my arm if you don't believe me."

Sam extended a reverent hand.

"What an extraordinarily beautiful arm you have," he said.

"An extraordinarily wet arm."

"Yes, you are wet," Sam acknowledged. "Well, all I can say is that I am extremely sorry. I acted for the best; impulsively, let us say—mistakenly, it may be—but still with the best intentions."

"I should hate to be anywhere near when you are doing your worst. Well, things like this, I suppose, must be ——"

"—— after a famous victory. Exactly!"

"I must run in and change."

"Wait!" said Sam. "We must get this thing straight. You will admit now, I imagine, that you need a strong man's protection?"

"I don't admit anything of the kind."

"You don't?"

"No."

"But surely, with Claude Bateses surging around you on every side, dogging your footsteps, forcing their way into your very garden, you must acknowledge ——"

"I shall catch cold."

"Of course! What am I thinking of? You must run in at once."

"Yes."

"But wait!" said Sam. "I want to get to the bottom of this. What makes you think that you and I were not designed for each other from the beginning of time? I've been thinking very deeply about the whole thing, and it beats me why you can't see it. To start with, we are so much alike, we have the same tastes ——"

"Have we?"

"Most certainly. To take a single instance, we both dislike Claude Bates. Then there is your love, which I share, for a life in the country. The birds, the breeze, the trees, the bees—you love them and so do I. It is my one ambition to amass enough money to enable me to buy a farm and settle down. You would like that."

"You seem to know a lot about me."

"I have my information from your uncle."

"Don't you and uncle ever do any work at the office? You seem to spend your whole time talking."

"In the process of getting together a paper like Pyke's Home Companion, there come times when a little rest, a little folding of the hands, is essential. Otherwise the machine would break down. On these occasions we chat, and when we chat we naturally talk about you."

"Why?"

"Because there is no other subject in which I am in the least interested. Well, then, returning to what I was saying, we are so much alike ——"

"They say that people should marry their opposites."

"Pyke's Home Companion has exploded that view. Replying to Anxious—Wigan—in this very issue, Aunt Ysobel says just the contrary."

"I've often wondered who Aunt Ysobel was."

"It would be foreign to the policy of Pyke's Home Companion to reveal office secrets. You may take it from me that Aunt Ysobel is the goods. She knows. You might say she knows everything."

"I wonder if she knows I'm getting pneumonia."

"Good heavens! I was forgetting. I mustn't keep you standing here for another instant."

"No. Good-by."

"Wait!" said Sam. "While we are on the subject of Aunt Ysobel, I wonder if you have seen her ruling this week in the case of Romeo—Middlesbrough?"

"I haven't read this week's number."

"Ah! Well, the gist of what she says—I quote from memory—is that there is nothing wrong in a young man taking a girl to the theater, provided that it is a matinée performance. On the contrary, the girl will consider it a pretty and delicate attention. Now tomorrow will be Saturday, and I have in my possession two seats for the Winter Garden. Will you come?"

"Does Aunt Ysobel say what the significance is if the girl accepts?"

"It implies that she is beginning to return—slightly, it may be, but still perceptibly—the gentleman's esteem."

"I see. Rather serious. I must think this over."

"Certainly. And now, if I may suggest it, you really ought to be going in and changing your dress. You are very wet."

"So I am. You seem to know everything—like Aunt Ysobel."

"There is a resemblance, perhaps," said Sam.

Hash Todhunter met Sam as he reëntered Mon Repos.

"Oh, there you are," said Hash. "There was some people calling, wanting to see you, a minute ago."

"Really? Who?"

"Well, it was a young female party that come to the door, but I thought I saw a kind of thickset feller hanging about down on the drive."

"My old friends, Thomas G. and Miss Gunn, no doubt. A persistent couple. Did they leave any message?"

"No. She asked if you was in, and when I told her you was around somewhere she said it didn't matter."

XXVIII

THAT night. The apartments of Lord Tilbury.

"Yes? Yes? This is Lord Tilbury speaking. . . . Ah, is that you, Twist? Have you anything to report?"

"The young woman's cook has just been round with a message. The young woman is going with Mr. Shotter to the theater tomorrow afternoon."

"Cor!" said Lord Tilbury.

He replaced the receiver. He remained for a moment in the deepest thought. Then, swiftly reaching a decision, he went to the desk and took out a cable form.

The wording of the cable gave him some little trouble. The first version was so condensed that he could not understand it himself. He destroyed the form and decided that this was no time for that economy which is instinctive even to the richest men when writing cables. Taking another form and recklessly dashing the expense, he informed Mr. Pynsent that, in spite of the writer's almost fatherly care, his nephew Samuel had most unfortunately sneaked off surreptitiously and become entangled with a young woman residing in the suburbs. He desired Mr. Pynsent to instruct him in this matter.

The composition satisfied him. It was a good piece of work. He rang for an underling and sent him with it to the cable office.

XXIX

THERE are few pleasanter things in life than to sit under one's own rooftree and smoke that first pipe of the morning which so sets the seal on the charms of breakfast. Sam, as he watched Hash clearing away the remains of as goodly a dish of bacon and eggs and as fragrant a pot of coffee as ever man had consumed, felt an uplifted thrill of well-being. It was Saturday morning, and a darned good Saturday morning at that—mild enough to permit of an open window, yet crisp enough to justify a glowing fire.

"Hash," said Sam, "have you ever felt an almost overwhelming desire to break into song?"

"No," said Hash, after consideration.

(Continued on Page 150

Double action

Single cost

Destroy unseen dangers where food is kept

—*with Sunbrite,*

the "double action" *cleanser*

One of the most valuable things and one of the most dangerous about the house is—the refrigerator! It may *seem* to be shining and spotless and yet may be the source of real contamination.

Cold moist air holds food odors and flavors. Your refrigerator needs more than visible cleanliness; it must be really sweetened and purified, as well.

You can now do this in a single cleansing process—with **Sunbrite,** the "double action" cleanser. "Double Action" means not only scouring; it means sweetening, freshening, purifying—which **Sunbrite** does by a special element in its composition. An efficient scouring powder, too, yet **Sunbrite** will not scratch nor hurt the hands.

And you pay so little for **Sunbrite**—surprisingly little for "double action" power. You also get a United Profit Sharing coupon with every can.

Keep your refrigerator free from food odors, from all unseen dangers, as well as spotlessly clean. Get **Sunbrite's** "double action" to work and enjoy more perfect cleanliness in both kitchen and bathroom!

Swift & Company

For delicate silks
or family wash

Mild enough to wash the most delicate laces and silks without harm yet effective enough to get the dirt in the family wash —this is Quick Naptha White Soap Chips! So convenient to use, too, in fine flake form. Use it in dish pan or washing machine, for any household use

The pattern shown on the floor is No. 408.

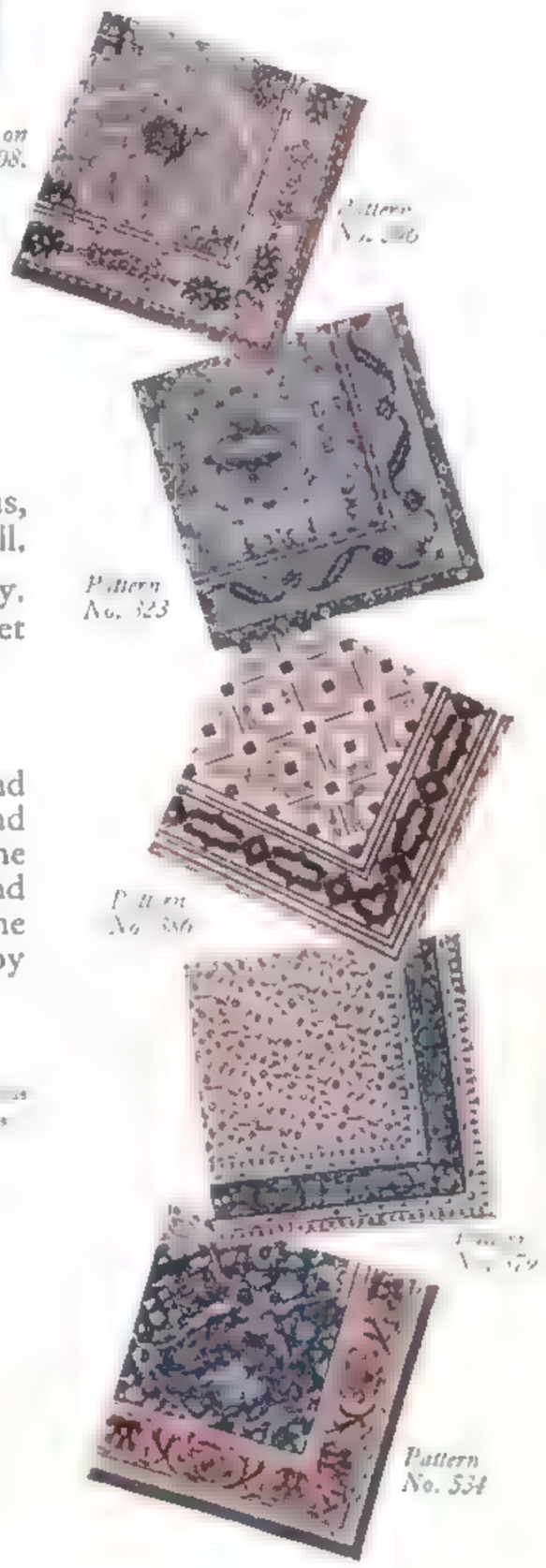
CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

$100 Reward!

There is only one "C[illegible]" that is manufactured by C[illegible] Nairn Inc., and identified by the [illegible] pasted on the face of the pattern. All "Se[illegible]" are identified by a red label.

As the [illegible] that make "C[illegible]" will pay $100 [illegible] whether that [illegible] of anyone guilty [illegible]

If you want the genuine ask for [illegible] by the registered trade-mark name "C[illegible]" and look for the Gold Seal on [illegible]



Pattern No. 536

Pattern No. 523

Pattern No. 536

Pattern No. 534

"Wasn't it a happy thought to have a Congoleum Rug in here?"

Everything is so spick and span and modern. Perfect light and ventilation! Those labor-saving machines! And on the floor—a Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rug!

What a real comfort it is on wash day! Suppose water and suds do spill over. They can't soak into the seamless, waterproof surface of Congoleum. A few strokes of a mop or cloth, and the rug is spotless and sanitary.

Patterns for Every Room

Congoleum Rugs commend themselves to housewives for every room in the house. There is no other low-priced floor-covering possessing such unusual, easy-to-clean, attractive and sanitary qualities. And Congoleum patterns are so varied and distinctive that it's easy to find a design you like, whether it be for the bedrooms, living-room, dining-room, bathroom, or hall.

These beautiful rugs are no trouble to lay. They lie flat without tacks or cement, yet never turn up at edges or corners.

Exceptional Value

Add to all these advantages low cost and extreme durability and you'll understand why Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rugs offer the greatest floor-covering value you can find for your money. They are made in all the popular sizes from small mats to nine by fifteen-foot rugs.

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CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL RUGS

Free Booklet

"*Things Every Woman Should Know About Congoleum Rugs*," an interesting booklet by Anne Lewis Pierce, shows all the patterns in their actual full colors. It will gladly be sent to you free upon request.

DOWN THE STRETCH

By Samuel C. Hildreth and James R. Crowell

Mr. and Mrs. Hildreth at Their Château Near Paris

ALONG about that time—it was in 1905—I was sitting one morning at the breakfast table in New Orleans. I spread the morning paper out in front of me and the first thing my eye landed on was a headline on the first page saying that a big Chicago bank had closed its doors. I didn't go any farther than that—for the moment. I laid the newspaper down and spooned away at an orange while I turned things over in my mind. I had $75,000 in bonds and $30,000 in cash in a Chicago bank. If that was the bank that had closed its doors I wanted to prepare myself for the news.

After a bit I picked the paper up again and resumed reading. My hunch had been right. It was the bank in which my money was deposited. The dispatch went on to say that there were evidences that the bank had been looted by one of the prominent officials. You may recall the incident—it was a great banking scandal at the time.

A Dud in Domestic Diplomacy

ROTTEN luck, I thought to myself; but then I'd been up against all kinds of luck in my life and I wasn't going to begin worrying at my age. The only thing that upset me was the thought that Mrs. Hildreth would be worried. My first idea was to sneak the newspaper away from the table so she wouldn't see it. No, I reconsidered, that's a foolish notion; I can't go on keeping the newspapers away from her forever and she's bound to know in the long run. So I decided the best thing to do would be for me to tell her. Maybe I could ease down on it a little bit. But I'm a bad hand at things of this kind—I'd never get by in the diplomatic service.

"Well, what do you know about that? A bank president tried to make a killing and didn't get away with it." That was my opening blurb. It sounded good to me—so careless like, and it didn't mean anything.

"What do I know about him?" Mrs. Hildreth looked at me to see if I'd mixed my orange juice with anything stronger.

"You know him; he's the president of the bank in Chicago. He tried to do something and didn't—that is, he did do it, but not quite. You see, he had something in his mind he wanted to put over and he almost succeeded. I reckon he'll know better next time and not try it." I was floundering a wee bit.

Mrs. Hildreth smiled across the table at me, but not with her usual good cheer.

"Well, of all things! I never even thought he'd try it. But if he did, I was so sure he'd do it. I'm so glad to know that he did, but didn't. It ought to teach him a lesson." I thought there was a little sarcasm in her voice.

"It ought to and maybe it will. It's a hard thing to explain, a thing like that."

"Isn't it though? If I had to do it myself I just know I'd make such an awful mess of it. But it could be worse. Suppose he didn't do it and they found out he did. That's more serious than for him to do it and for them to find out he didn't do it, now isn't it?"

It tickled me the way I was getting along, but I thought I'd better mention something about money. So I said, "Well, I reckon we'll all get our money back anyway."

Mrs. Hildreth was all interest now. The sarcasm was gone from her voice when she asked what money I referred to. I told her the money we had in the bank—all of us depositors. With that she jumped up from the table, walked over to my chair, snatched up the paper and read the dispatch from Chicago. It was too much for her and the tears began streaming down her face.

"All your money—all the money you worked so hard for—it's gone, Sam," she said softly, placing a hand on my shoulder. "Poor Sam, it's a shame for them to take his money from him that way. Not that I care for myself, but ——"

She got no further than that.

"What's that—you mean you don't care about it?" I fairly shouted.

"Not for myself, I don't. But I do for you, and I think it's a shame—a mean shame." The tears were flowing fast now.

"Say, that's the best news I've had this morning," I said. "Here, let's shake. I don't give a hang about it myself, but I was afraid it would worry you. And I want to tell you something. That's not the only money I have in the bank, not by a long shot. Why, I have $50,000 in New York and $40,000 in New Orleans and $30,000 in my own office—and the best little pal in the world right here in my home. Who said we're broke? Shake!"

We got the Chicago bank on the long-distance telephone and one of the officers or tellers told us that the bank would probably pay off every cent to its depositors and for us not to worry.

"Worry? We're not worrying at this end of the line. We're sitting here telling each other jokes. But, say, if you can save any part of that $105,000, I'll appreciate it."

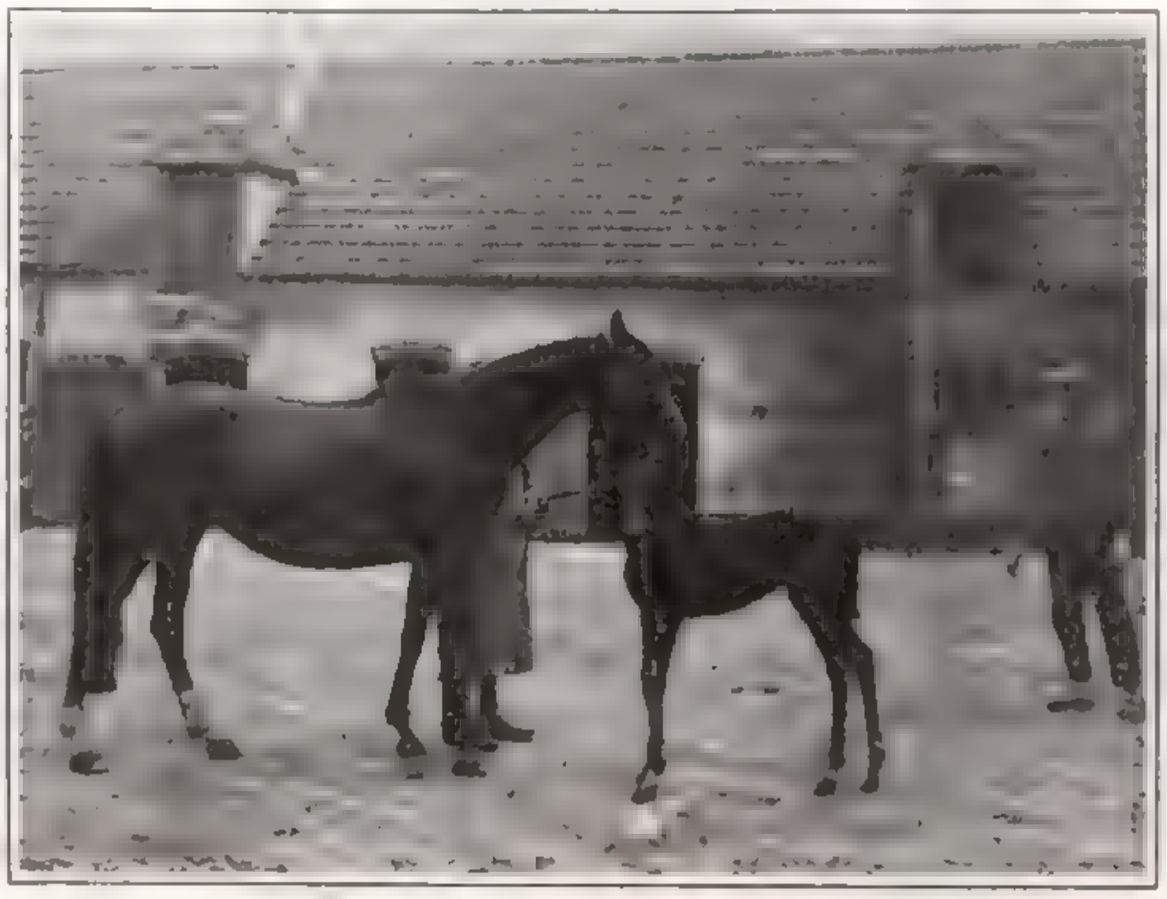
Taking a Rest From Racing

I ALSO called up Billy Pinkerton—we always laid our problems before each other, Billy and I did. He told me, too, that he thought my money was safe enough and that I'd get it back. And I did. It took some time, but it arrived when the bank began making good the depositors' losses.

I'm telling about this incident because it was the only time I ever tried to be a diplomat. After that experience I decided that straight-from-the-shoulder talk was my game and that I'd leave diplomacy to the State Department in Washington. And it also goes back to another idea I've had all my life:

When you take things with a smile they work out all right.

Earlier that winter, while we were still in the East, we had decided to take a vacation. No more training horses for a while; no more buying them, no more fussing around with jockeys, stable boys, and the like; just a quiet, restful time, away from racing entirely—away from the hustle and bustle of the track, the squawking of the crowds and the eternal battle with the bookmakers. It was going to be something new in our lives—something I'd never known, not for one day from the time there'd been a new arrival in the Hildreth home back in Independence, Missouri, in 1866, and they'd named him Samuel Clay Hildreth. The one place we decided we wouldn't go was to the winter race meet at New Orleans. So the next day we packed up our belongings and went—to New Orleans.



Curiosity, Dam of Nosetty, and Filly Foal by Sweep, at the Breeding Farm in France

On our way South we resolved that since this was going to be a real vacation, it was probably better to be some place where we could meet our friends; but we wouldn't have to go near the races. Our friends could come around to the hotel and we'd chat with them and reminisce and have them for dinner. It would all be such good fun and recreation to be around where the races were and not go to them.

So the first day we were in New Orleans we went to the races. Anyway we didn't have any horses and I wasn't going to do any betting. So in the first few days I dropped $8000 on bad selections.

But we did have our friends for dinner. One evening I invited John W. Schorr to join us for dinner at the hotel. Schorr was a well-known figure on the turf. In the stable he was racing at New Orleans were nine horses, among them Major Mansir and John Peters. I mentioned to him how I had sold out all my horses, intending to take a vacation, and had resolved to go some place where I couldn't see a race or bet on one for a month, only to come to New Orleans and then run into a losing streak.

Novelty, the Champion American Two-Year-Old of 1910, in the Prix de Monte Carlo at Nice, France, in 1913, After He Had Been Converted Into a Jumper. Novelty is in the Lead on the Extreme Left, But Finished Second

From Vacation to Vocation

"THERE'S one thing at least I haven't done—I haven't bought any horses," I remarked. "The two other resolutions I broke, but there's not a horse running in my colors."

"Why don't you buy mine? I'll sell you the whole stable," Schorr suggested.

"Nope; I'm off the turf for a while. I'm just taking it easy, fiddling around here, not going near a racing barn. And besides, how much do you want for them?"

"They're a bargain. You can have the entire lot for $13,000."

"Not me; I'm taking a vacation, I told you. Besides, thirteen's a darn unlucky number."

"What will you pay for them?"

"I'll give you $13,001, but I won't give you an even thirteen."

And there went the last of my resolutions. Within a week from my arrival in New Orleans I was back again in harness, and the nine horses that had been John W. Schorr's were in my barn. But it was a lucky break. I headed the list of winning owners at the meeting and came away from New Orleans with $40,000 more than I had when I'd arrived. Luck was running in the family. Mrs. Hildreth meantime had run a twenty-dollar bill up to $12,000—one of those freak things which happen now and then, but not often enough to encourage anybody to try to repeat her streak.

It's a curious thing that three or four months later John W. Schorr and I had almost the same kind of deal. We were having dinner together that time and he suggested that I buy nine horses that were running in his colors, the best of the string being Uncle Charlie and Van Ness. Schorr told me he wanted $9000 for the whole lot.

"Why don't you make me a present of them and be done with it?" I asked. "They're worth a whole lot more than that."

"Then you'll be just that much gainer—you can have the nine of them at the rate of $1000 apiece."

It was the greatest bargain of its kind I ever ran across in all my racing experience. Van Ness won twenty-two races for me, and Uncle Charlie turned out to be a pretty shifty sort of stake horse, winning the $10,000 St. Louis Derby of 1905, among other races. I was in a lucky streak, and the nine Schorr horses were helping to keep it going. When they turned out even better than I'd thought they were, I went to Schorr and told him I thought I owed him at least another $9000 in the deal. But he refused absolutely to take it, saying that a bargain was a bargain and that I wouldn't have asked for part of my money back if the horses had proved failures. And yet I'd have felt better satisfied about it if he had accepted more money. I could never get over the idea that I'd bought that lot of horses entirely too cheap.

Stars of the Keene String

TWO of the greatest horses that ever raced in the United States made their appearance on the New York tracks in this period—Sysonby and Colin, both owned by James R. Keene. The brood mare Optime had been bought by the Keenes when she was in foal to Melton, and the colt that was born as the result of that mating was Sysonby. This slashing youngster was a strong favorite for the Futurity of 1904, after having made a fine record in the earlier part of the season; and when he trailed Artful, the Whitney filly, and Tradition home in that classic of the turf the surprise of form students amounted almost to a panic.

That was the last race he ever lost. In his first start as a three-year-old the following season, Sysonby ran a dead heat with the more thoroughly seasoned Race King when they met in the Metropolitan Handicap. He was never beaten after that. His most notable victory was in the Great Republic Stakes at Saratoga, when he was left standing flat-footed at the post. The field was nearly half a furlong in the lead

(Continued on Page 138)

Fitz Herbert Winning the Suburban in 1909

Harry Payne Whitney's Borrow Winning the Saratoga Handicap in 1914

At Top—Sysonby, 1902. The Best Horse Ever Bred by the Late James R. Keene

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MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-63 Sed.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
other mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Autocar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Case	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chalmers			A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet LB & T							A	Arc
other mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler	A	A	A	A				
Cleveland	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dixie	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dodge Brothers	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Durant	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dort			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Duesenberg	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant 4	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Elcar 4	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
6	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
8	A	Arc						
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Federal Knight	B	Arc	B	Arc				
N-2	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
other mod.	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Flint	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc		
Ford	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Four Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A			A	A
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
G.M.C.	B	A	H	A	H	A	B	A
Garford Hewitt	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (other mod.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gardner	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Graham Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Gray	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Hassler			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson Super Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jordan 6	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
8	A	Arc						
Kissel 6	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lexington Command	A	Arc						
other mod.	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Conv.							Arc	Arc
Moon	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Conv. Coupe							A	A
other mod.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 8					A	Arc	A	Arc
6	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
other mod.	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige & Jewett Eng.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Conv.					A	A	A	A
other mod.							A	Arc
Peerless 6	A	A	A	A				
8	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Republic					A	Arc	A	Arc
Conv.	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Roamer	A	A	A	A	A	A		
other mod.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rockenbacher 6	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
8	A	Arc	A	A				
Star	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Stearns Knight	BB	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Stephens	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker Eng.			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hercules Eng.			A	A				
other mod.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
other mod.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
6	A	Arc						

Recommendations for Stock Engines when used in passenger cars only, shown separately for convenience

Continental Motors								
other mod.	A	Arc						
Lycoming OE	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
other mod.	A	A	A	A	A	A		
	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc

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Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal, Grape-Nuts

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Send for free Test package and make the Milk or Cream Test for Corn Flakes flavor and crispness.

Post Toasties

DOUBLE THICK Corn Flakes

stay crisp in cream

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Watch This Column

A Great Galaxy of Talent

I sincerely believe this year will be a great Universal Year, and that our second "White List," consisting of 54 pictures, will create a profound impression not only on the public but also on enterprising theatre-owners who realize the money-value of *showing pictures which the whole family may see.*

To be absolutely sure of our ground, we have chosen our stories from those authors whom all America admires—such popular notables as Rex Beach, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Byron Morgan, Dorothy Canfield, Nina Wilcox Putnam, William Locke, William MacLeod Raine, John Emerson, Anita Loos, Gaston Leroux, Adelaide Matthews, Martha Stanley, Charles Guernon, Edgar Franklin, Charles Logue, Hugh McNair Kahler, Albert Chevalier, Arthur Shirley, Ralph Spence, Temple Bailey, Aaron Hoffman, Frederick Isham, B. M. Bowers, Joseph Arthur, A.C. Wheeler, Seymour Hicks, Cecil Raleigh and others.

In order to give these stories their very best expression and make each one stand out as a moving-picture gem, we have chosen those players who are talented beyond question and who are known throughout the world—such eminent players as REGINALD DENNY, LON CHANEY, HOUSE PETERS, JACK PICKFORD, LOUISE DRESSER, VIRGINIA VALLI, CONSTANCE BENNETT, HOOT GIBSON, EUGENE O'BRIEN, NORMAN KERRY, PAT O'MALLEY, LAURA LA PLANTE, RUTH CLIFFORD, ALICE JOYCE, CLIVE BROOK, GLENN HUNTER, MARY PHILBIN, CHAS. MURRAY, ALEXANDER CARR, RUDOLPH SCHILDKRAUT, MAY McAVOY, JACQUELINE LOGAN, CULLEN LANDIS, GEORGE SIDNEY, ART ACORD, WANDA WILEY, JOSIE SEDGWICK, JACK HOXIE, EDNA MARIAN, WILLIAM DESMOND, MARY McALISTER, MARGARET QUIMBY, JOE BONOMO, CHARLES PUFFY, ARTHUR LAKE, JOE MURPHY, BABY PEGGY.

For directors, we have selected such artistic geniuses as Harry Poillard, Clarence Brown, Rupert Julian, Maurice Tourneur, Charles Brabin, Lawrence Trimble, Herbert Blache, Francis Ford, Henry McRea, Sven Gade, King Baggot, Edward Sedgwick, Wm. Seiter, Edward Sloman, Edward Laemmle, Clifford Smith and Will Nigh.

What is your opinion of authors, actors, directors? Write me a personal letter. Later, I'll give you the names of the plays.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send for the beautifully illustrated "White List" booklet, which comes without cost to you.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

(Continued from Page 19)

"Beat her! Beat her!" shrieked Blue Overalls from the back seat. "Oh, show a little speed!"

"You kids keep still," he snapped.

There was a preliminary whimper or two, followed by a succession of mighty roars in his ear, followed after five minutes by utter silence. One of the Blue Overalls touched him timidly on the shoulder.

"Ellie's got one of her fits," she said gently. "Look at her."

The other Blue Overall sat back in one corner with her mouth open but soundless, and her face purple. Harvey remembered her mother's admonition about the water, but they were driving through the arid plains of Western Wyoming, and her face was getting blacker every second. He opened a bottle of root beer and with hands that shook he washed the child's face. Almost instantly she began to lap around as far as her tongue could reach, though her eyes remained closed.

"She's all right now," said the other one; "but she's liable to start in again if you don't do what she wants."

So he stepped on the gas, grimly determined to overhaul Mrs. Sloper and let her assume the responsibility for her child choking to death, but he was no match for her as a driver. To her a town meant nothing but a mere inconvenience on the road, to be got through as fast as possible, and to him it meant fifteen miles an hour. It was late afternoon before he found her comfortably established on a cattle ranch, selling doughnuts to some cowboys.

"Did you have a blow-out or anything?" she asked. "I've been here nearly two hours."

The next morning Nettie and Ellie refused to ride with him, so the two biggest Blue Overalls climbed in. They were quiet, biddable girls, with no vice but a pitiable weakness for singing two-part songs in widely divergent keys. Harvey, the scourge of the Presbyterian choir at home, glared at them vainly. They Lightly Rowed, Tented on the Old Camp Ground, Saw Nelly Home and Sang One Song for the Old Kentucky Home all that hot dusty day.

Thereafter the Blue Overalls took turns riding with him, along with one or two of the Sloper mattresses. More and more the conviction grew in his mind that his way with their mother had not been the way of wisdom. Each day he resolved to break with her definitely and forever, and each night he knew himself for a coward. There was only one way out, and that was by flight.

So one morning he crept stealthily out of his tent in his socks, broke camp noiselessly and pushed his car between the tents to the road, jumping guiltily at every cracking twig. A yapping camp dog circled around his heels and he kicked at it with futile vim, but the rest of the camp slept on. At last he was off, breathing deep of that freedom which he had so nearly lost. He left the highway for the sake of prudence and bumped along over execrable roads hour after hour, until he came to a gas station marked Gasoline and Short Orders, where he sat up at a counter which had once been a bar and ordered sausages and hot cakes. As his stomach filled he grew remorseful. Poor Letha must have discovered his desertion by this time, but she had the Blue Overalls to comfort her. She was a fine little woman, and he had been a dog to lead her on. A man couldn't be too careful if he was at all attractive. He leaned forward to look in the bar mirror.

"I wish she could have seen that enlarged picture of me on the easel back home," he mused. "Too late now."

Suddenly his heart skipped a beat as he caught a new reflection beside his own. It was that of the smallest Blue Overall climbing up on the next stool.

"Why didn't you wake me up? I'm hungry too."

"Wh-where's your mother?"

"I don't know. I'm with you."

"With me?"

"Uh-huh. I went to sleep in your car last night and just woke up."

"What am I going to do with you? I don't know where your mother is."

"We'll catch up with her. Can I have some sausage?"

Harvey nodded dejectedly to the cook-proprietor, and stared at his plate while he wrestled with the dilemma of either going through life with this anomalous child hanging to his coat tails or of facing the deserted Letha and the rest of the Blue Overalls.

At dusk they came upon her car, belted with the familiar doughnut sign, parked in the shade of a sycamore tree. The smell of doughnuts, an offense to Harvey's nostrils for these past ten days, rose from the stove over which stood Mrs. Sloper, hot but smiling.

The Blue Overall threw herself into her mother's arms.

"Thought you'd get up early and beat me to the next camp, didn't you?" said Mrs. Sloper. "But you must have lost the road. I thought I might as well stop and cook up a few doughnuts while I was waiting for you to catch up."

"Weren't you worried about Nettie?"

"That's not Nettie. That's Ellie. . . . No, I thought you must have taken her along for company."

"Did you think that I ——"

He left the sentence unfinished, as he caught sight of an inscrutable gleam in her black eyes.

"Oh, for one minute I thought you might be trying to ditch us; then my common sense spoke up and said 'No, he's too upright a man to trifle with a lady's most sacred feelings; and besides he knows darn well there's such a thing as breach of promise suits!'"

Harvey paled at the confirmation of his worst fear, but he laughed boisterously.

"I wouldn't have taken a child with me if I'd been trying to sneak away."

"No, of course not."

They stopped one afternoon at a forlorn camp set down in the desert under a few straggling cottonwoods. Around it on all sides were arid dunes covered with brush and Joshua palms, broken by dry washes and weird sandstone formations. No living thing was visible in the camp, yet it gave evidence of recent occupation; newspapers two days old, tin cans on which the blazing sun had not yet faded the labels, a motley residue of ragged blankets and broken food. Fifteen cars, which by any camp-census reckoning should have indicated a transient population of ninety-seven, were clustered about the inadequate patches of shade like flies about spilled honey.

"An Indian massacre," said Harvey hopefully.

"My land, it's a dirty hole! If the children wasn't so tired I wouldn't even camp here tonight."

A small burro, startled from its siesta, sprang up with an unseemly braying that brought forth from a tent a man limping on a crutch improvised from a hoe handle.

"Nobody here but me, folks. The whole camp's went off to act in the movies."

"In the what?" gasped Mrs. Sloper, surveying the void horizon.

"Movies. Vernon Meredith has a company on location near here doing an Egyptian picture all about the Sarah Desert. Shucks, you wouldn't have found me here if a camel hadn't kicked me yesterday just when I was getting the hang of acting."

"I've always been fine in entertainments," said Mrs. Sloper. "How do you get a job?"

"Well, I don't know if you can get one now, because they've run out of costumes. But, anyhow, you'd ought to go out and see the place. It's fixed up swell. They've got a sphinix and everything."

"Sphinix?" said Harvey. "Sphinix?"

"Yes; one of those things that's something like a woman, only it never talks. And they've got a pyramid."

"What's that?" asked one of the Blue Overalls.

"One of those things that's something like a man because it takes so long to get to the point," cut in Mrs. Sloper.

"If anyone had told me," went on the camel's victim, "when I left Kansas that I'd be acting in the movies I would of told them they was in-sane. I've got a girl back there that's got a picture of Meredith in a silver frame. Wait till she sees me leading a camel for him in this picture!" He stopped in astonishment and stared at Mrs. Sloper's brooch. "Say, that's him, ain't it?"

"Oh, no. that's a picture of my husband."

"It's the spitting image of Meredith."

"What do the campers do out there?" Harvey inquired.

"They're Egyptians and niggers and things. Get three dollars a day for it, too."

"Harvey, it's too late to get a job today, and I'll bet those folks are all going to come home so hungry that they'll pay as much as thirty cents a dozen for doughnuts. You get the stove going, and you kids clean things up a little and put up the sign."

The Blue Overalls began to whimper.

"Oh, mamma, we want to go out to the movies!"

"Wait till tomorrow and we'll all go out and get jobs."

"We want to go now."

"All right, go on. Mr. Parker will help me."

"I was going, too."

"Oh, nonsense! You're no child. They won't give you a job so late in the afternoon. Here, measure out the lard for me."

The lamed actor pointed with the hoe handle to some low-lying sand hills.

"They've got a beautiful oasis fixed up on the other side of them hills. You can see the tops of the palm trees from here."

The children started off on the run.

"Tell them about mamma's homemade doughnuts," called Mrs. Sloper.

"Yes, sir, it's certainly fixed up Oriental out there," continued the camel's footstool. "You can go right up to them palm trees and put your hands on them before you find out they ain't real. I watched them make them. Sections of terra-cotta pipe cemented over sort of rough in brown, with a bunch of dried palm leaves stuck in the top."

"I'd like to have a look at them. Maybe they'd be good for the north side of my lawn, if the girls like them," said Harvey.

"The girls?" said Mrs. Sloper sharply. "What girls?"

"My sisters."

"Oh, them! I thought you were never going back."

"I'm not. I just spoke from habit."

"They're awful particular about atmosphere out there," went on the actor. "They have an orchestra playing music that sounds like the tent shows at a street fair, and Meredith made us all chew gum arabic, instead of real gum."

"Do the movie actors camp here too?" asked Harvey.

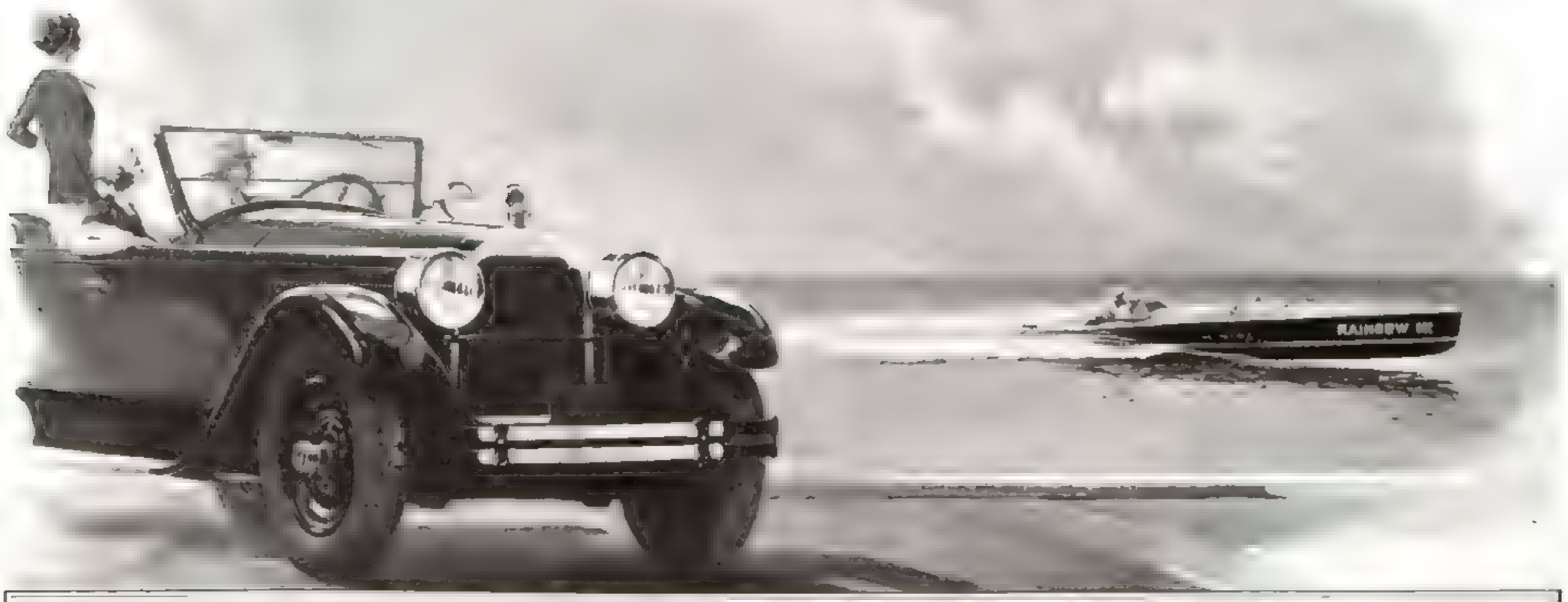
"I'll say they don't! They've got private cars down on the railroad track. Money's nothing to them. They shoot bay rum around like it was water out on the location, and Meredith has a striped silk tent. I felt it myself. He wears beautiful kimonos just covered with jewels in the picture. He's playing the part of an Arab what-you-call-'em ——"

"Sheik?"

"Sheik, and he sure looks it. Keeps two valleys on the run with his clothes. I stood as close to him as I am to you when I led his white camel. He looks just like that picture of your husband."

(Continued on Page 48)

PACKARD



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At last a perfect polish for automobiles; for varnish, Duco and baked-enamel finish. It restores the beauty to auto bodies and fenders. No acid or oil effect. Complete satisfaction or your money back. Do not use on weather beaten, checked (cracked) finish. If your dealer cannot supply you, write—

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Continued from Page 46

Mrs. Sloper sighed as she cut out doughnuts.

"I wish he was, but my lot is different."

They saw presently against the sunset a straggling line of figures plowing through the sand toward the auto camp. The Blue Overalls, doing their best to run, led the procession by a hundred yards or so. They greeted their mother from afar with waving arms, excited shrieks.

"Mamma, mamma, we saw papa! He looked beautiful! He rode on a white camel!"

Mrs. Sloper paled and handed her big spoon over to Harvey.

"Here, watch those doughnuts." She shook the biggest Blue Overall by the shoulder. "Where? What did you say to him? Did he see you? Hurry up, tell me all about it."

"I called 'Hello, papa,' about a hundred times and he never answered."

"We all called 'Hello, papa,'" added the rest. "He just said 'Can the comedy, kids,' and some men chased us away."

"How do you know it was him?"

"I can remember him," said the biggest Blue Overall.

"He looked just like your pin," said another.

The stepsons of the desert were beginning to arrive, uncostumed by a property man who distrusted their nomadic habits. About all he had allowed them to carry off the lot was a varied assortment of Arab complexions, now mottled with sweat. They made a rush for the doughnut table, where Harvey, in a blue rubber apron, was struggling with a heap of dough and a kettle of hot fat. The Blue Overalls made change more or less accurately, but for once Mrs. Sloper was idle. She stood, arms akimbo, with dire resolution kindling her never-sluggish eye.

"To think of me standing here frying doughnuts while Pete Sloper loafs around in a silk tent!" she said at large.

"You're not frying them; I am," protested Harvey.

"Your kids sure got themselves disliked out on the lot this afternoon," said one camper as he bit into a doughnut. "The cameramen had to shoot a whole scene over because they ran all over the place. Gee, Meredith was mad!"

"Well, if children haven't a right to chase after their own father, I don't know who has," said Mrs. Sloper.

Splash! Her news fell like a stone in a puddle. She took the pin off her flannel shirt and passed it around.

"Is that Vernon Meredith, or isn't it?" she demanded.

"It sure is," said the incautious.

"Well, it looks older," said the judicious.

"Just think of him deserting all them beautiful little boys," said a stout houri who was still wearing the cotton couch cover that had won her a job that morning.

"We're not boys," disclaimed the Blue Overalls.

"I seen her wearing Meredith's picture the minute she drove up this afternoon," said the lamed actor. "Lady, tell us your story."

Mrs. Sloper sketched in a few telling lines about the elusive but winning Pete Sloper, who, after periodic disappearances, had finally gone overseas and never come back.

"The Government decided he was dead because they couldn't find him, but they didn't know Pete like I did. I've been a patient woman, but now I'm mad. Think of him earning two thousand a week and never letting me know!"

"The brute!" said one woman, who had been told that she would not be needed again. "I'd go right over now, if I was you, and face him down. I'll go with you."

"No, I want to take off some of my sunburn tonight with sour milk, and get the children's overalls washed up. Pete—I suppose I may as well get used to calling him Vernon now Vernon was always very particular about the way I looked."

"Are you going to act in the movies with him?"

Mrs. Sloper pursed her lips.

"If I do, I'll only play in refined parts," she said.

"Don't forget me, Mrs. Meredith," said a girl with dimples. "I'd certainly appreciate any help you can give me to get in."

"My friends, I shall not forget any of you." She turned regally to Harvey, who was taking off his rubber apron. "Who's tending to those doughnuts?"

"The dough's all used up."

"Oh, never mind." She laid a kindly hand on his shoulder and lowered her voice. "All is over between us, Harvey. In a way I'm real sorry. You're as good as wheat. But I can't be engaged to you, can I, now that I've found my own husband?"

"Of course not!"

She handed him his topaz ring and he wedged it back on his finger thankfully.

"I'll forgive you, Letha," he said nobly, "only don't ask me to see him. That would be too much."

Accordingly he was left behind with the man kicked by the camel, in the general exodus to the burning sands of Egypt the next morning. At the head of the procession marched the small martial figure of Mrs. Sloper, closely followed by the four Blue Overalls, very clean. Immediately behind them were some twenty-odd—very odd—nomads who had been incontinently banished from Egypt by the casting director last night. Strong were their indictments of the unstable Pete Sloper, alias Vernon Meredith. At a discreet distance, ready to flop at the whistle of opportunity, followed the extras who had been told to report again for work.

Mrs. Sloper gasped when the magnificence of the oasis burst upon her.

"Which is Vernon's tent?"

Her followers indicated a gaudily striped tent.

"They won't let you in. Wait till he comes out."

So she stood in the scant shade of a fabricated palm with the Blue Overalls grouped around her. One by one they recognized the transformed campers as they emerged from the dressing tents.

"There's that girl that wanted me to get her a job," said Mrs. Sloper acidly. "Well, I won't. Slave or no slave, she's got to wear more than a round garter and half a shirt if she's going to play in Vernon's company."

After the entire cast had waited in the sun for nearly an hour the striped tent opened to the sound of music and a figure appeared that out-Tutted Tut himself.

"That's him! That's him!" whispered Mrs. Sloper's supporters excitedly. But she hesitated perceptibly.

"Go on. He looks sort of different in his make-up," they encouraged, and willing hands shoved her forward.

"Peter!" she called. "Pete, wait a minute!"

The majestic figure swept on, with two Nubian slaves from Wichita, Kansas, holding up his gorgeous train. Mrs. Sloper and the four Blue Overalls ran after him. They tugged at his royal raiment.

"Vernon, it's me!" He stared at her coldly. "I'm Letha. These are the children."

"Letha who?"

"Why, your Letha!"

"Madam, I never saw you before."

A murmur of indignation rose from the discharged extras.

"Show him his picture," called out one of them.

Meredith accepted the picture curiously.

"It's me—no, it isn't. I never in my life wore a plaid suit or a ready-made tie, but it certainly is my double." He gave it back and signaled indifferently for the slaves to go on.

The Blue Overalls ran forward.

"Papa, papa!" they piped.

Vernon wheeled.

"What?" he gasped. "Four of you! Madam, who are you?"

"Don't try to make out that you don't know, Pete Sloper! I'm your legal wife that you married in Peoria."

He turned appealingly to the crowd.

"She's crazy. I never was in Peoria in my life. I've never laid eyes on her."

"She's a blackmailer," roared the director. "Somebody put her off the lot."

But the lot in this case consisted of many unfenced miles of desert, and there was no way to keep her off.

"If you just had the other half of a locket ——" suggested someone.

"Can't you think of a birthmark or something on him that he can't deny?"

"Yes, I can. There's a picture of Vesuvius tattooed on his chest."

"There's no such thing," said Vernon.

"Prove it."

"I will not."

"See, he's afraid to! I'll go on to Los Angeles and swear out a warrant."

"Oh, for gosh sake show her your chest and shut her up!" shouted the director. "This delay is costing us two hundred dollars an hour."

Vernon Meredith, regal, outraged and graceful, started to bare his chest.

"Hold that!" bawled the director. "Camera! This may come in handy some day. Shoot it, Bill!"

Vernon bared a milk-white torso, without a blemish.

"There!" he said. "I hope you're satisfied."

Mrs. Sloper, having examined his chest, stepped back.

"I guess you're not Pete after all. Anyway, his eyes were blue instead of brown, and he'd lost the first finger on his left hand." Her supporters fell away from her and she rounded up the Blue Overalls. "As far as I'm concerned, Mr. Vernon Meredith, I'm thankful you're not Pete. Your personality is distasteful to me. Besides, I'm engaged to a gentleman over at the auto camp."

She plowed back through the sand toward camp, followed by the Blue Overalls.

"Wasn't that papa?" asked the smallest one.

"No, thank the Lord."

There was no sound at the auto camp but the buzzing of myriad flies and the heavy snoring of the camel-kicked one, who woke up when Mrs. Sloper shook him vigorously.

"What's that—what's that?" he said dully.

"I want to know what's become of Mr. Parker. His car is gone."

"Oh, you mean the doughnut man? Why, he lit out this morning just after you left."

"Did he go that way?" she asked, pointing west.

"No, he was headed back east. And you'd ought to of seen that bird drive. He passed the limited like it was standing still. I shouldn't wonder if he was clean to the Missouri River by this time."

"H'm!" said Mrs. Sloper thoughtfully. "I don't think we would have liked him very well for a stepfather anyway, girls. Come on, let's go."

This towering achievement in Pen-dom means better writing tools for you

The significant success of these remarkable instruments has been made possible because the American public quickly responded to the appeal of outstanding quality and tenacious serviceability. A record-making trio—salient points in a commanding line. Sheaffer's pens and pencils are made in a range of styles to meet every writing need. And a truly great triumph is the new material, Radite, akin to the enduring rock but far lighter in weight and more lovely in color. With barrel of jewel-like Radite and backed by an unlimited guarantee of nib, Sheaffer's jade Lifetime pen is now the sensation of Pen-dom, its success attested by record sales.

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 32

Old-Town Old-Timers

THE LAMPLIGHTER—There Were Eight Street Lamps in the "Business Section" of the Old Home Town. Our Lamplighter's Name Was Ashley. When Ashley Struck His Phosphorus the Square Took on a Glow. Not Much in Kilowatts and Such. But—That Was Thirty Years Ago

ON SATURDAY—Yes. It's Uncle Dave and Aunt Matilda. Every Saturday They Would Drive In, Hitch the Old Horse Near the Courthouse and Do Their Trading: Butter and Eggs for Sugar, Salt Mackerel, etc. Uncle Dave Was a "Greenbacker." He Said "Money Was the Root of All Evil," But Had Figured Out That the More There Was in Circulation the Less the Evil

When the Simpsons go out riding,
The Simpsons over the way,
Their start is similar now and then
To Finnegan's, off and on again.
When parents, children and grips galore
All present are or accounted for,
The car itself will refuse to go,
But, when everything's right below,
It doesn't surprise if the cry goes round
That some of the Simpsons can't be found.
And once again, for an hour or more,
The car stands idle at Simpson's door.
Oh, the hunting and hiding,
Oh, the fate's deciding
That nobody shall go riding
From Simpson's over the way!

–Arthur H. Folwell.

Prosperity

THE FINANCIER: Business is good and the stock market is bullish. Guess I'll buy a new steam yacht

THE MANUFACTURER: Sales are booming all over the country. I can get that country place now.

THE STOREKEEPER: Everybody's buying now. Guess I'll trade in the flivver for a big car

THE OFFICE MANAGER: Ah, a hundred-dollar raise! Now for a home of our own.

THE CLERK: Golly, a ten-dollar raise! We can afford a new living-room rug now

THE LABORING MAN: Lots of work and plenty of overtime these days. All the kids can have new shoes this month. And I'll get a radio

THE OFFICE BOY: Gee, a dollar a week more! Guess I'll blow myself to an extra movie—with Susie.

CHORUS: Prosperity is great!

JOHN C. EMERY.

Be Yourself

STATELY pomposity
Wakes my jocosity,
Solemn big-wiggery
Makes me feel sniggery

Heavy impressiveness
Used in excessiveness
Mostly is mummery,
Not to say flummery.

Prosy turgidity
Curtains stupidity;
Ponderous gravity
Covers a cavity.

Specious profundity
Loves orotundity,
True authenticity
Deals in simplicity.

When tin divinities
Talk banalities,
Answer with clarity,
Likewise hilarity.

Face their sublimity
With equanimity;
When they're oracular,
Speak the vernacular.

Arthur Guiterman

Vital to every radio fan

In a radio set, it is the tube that detects the signal—that amplifies the signal—that determines in large part the quality and volume of the sound. Therefore the tube—intricate of mechanism and delicate to make—is the vital spot in every set. And it always pays to be sure you use genuine Radiotrons, made with experienced precision.

Whether your set uses one tube or ten; whether the circuit is simple or complex—give it every chance to achieve its best with genuine Radiotrons. Be just as careful when you replace tubes, too. *Always* see for yourself that each one bears the identifying marks of a Radiotron: the word Radiotron and the RCA mark.

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How We Look to Him

May 29, 1925.

Mr. Loring A. Schuler, Editor,
The Country Gentleman,
Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR MR. SCHULER:

I am reading everything in *The Country Gentleman* with tremendous interest on the lines of your wonderful plan to show the bigness of agriculture to the town men and to the big fellows of other industries. More power to your pen!

The "Bridging the Gap" story is a good one. I am taking great pleasure as well as satisfaction in seeing that some of our captains of industry and other big fellows are given an opportunity to read these articles.

With kind personal regards, I beg to remain

Yours very sincerely,

W. E. SKINNER
General Manager

NATIONAL DAIRY ASSOCIATION

DETOUR—ROAD CLOSED

Continued from Page 21

and administration of our improved highways appear generally to be in capable and honest hands. There are very few states whose highway departments are targets of suspicion or scandal. The governor who does not realize that the voters of his state are acutely sensitive regarding their highways is hopelessly dumb. Every motorist is an active highway inspector. Poor administration of public highways is about the shortest cut by which a state administration can wreck its standing with the voters. A competent highway administration will cover a multitude of official sins in other fields

The American Association of State Highway Officials is one of the most active and useful organizations in the highway and automotive field. Its executive offices are in Washington, District of Columbia, near the United States Bureau of Public Roads Close contact between the two offices is maintained, with the result that these bodies work in double harness most effectively

Building safety as well as endurance into highways is a purpose which has been consistently pursued by this organization. To construct highways with an element of about 60 per cent of permanency, from an investment viewpoint is an achievement, but to put into those same highways a still higher percentage of accident prevention, of human safety, is a far greater one. In every phase of highway safety the Association of State Highway Officials has done notable work.

Building safety into highways is a phase of construction which calls for special comment. The best speed cop is not the one who makes the most arrests but the one who prevents the most accidents. On this basis of scoring, the champion speed cops of America today are undoubtedly the banked curve and the line in the middle of the highway. States which are not using the line in the middle of the road to the limit are overlooking something. Observance of the right-hand rule of the road has become a fixed habit with Americans. Officials of the United States Bureau of Public Roads are in position to say

"The danger of curves is nine-tenths failure to keep to the right. The white line in the middle of the road goes far to relieve that danger, but it is not enough. The person driving on the outside of an unbanked curve instinctively seeks the protection of the favorable crown in the inside of the curve, taking a chance of a head-on collision with a motor car to which the inside of the road belongs. Bank the curves and draw a white line down the center of the road, and there will be few curve accidents."

The proposed marking of all improved interstate highways with uniform warning signs approved by the United States Bureau of Public Roads is another important safety measure which the Association of State Highway Officials has done much to forward. This is another step toward making safe driving instinctive, automatic.

Now the main problems regarding any proposed highway are the volume and maximum weight of the traffic which will pass over it. With these two factors definitely determined in advance, the highway can be built to meet them—with the knowledge that with proper maintenance it will stand up under such traffic year after year. Formulas applying to the principal types of hard surfacing have been proved dependable. The United States Bureau of Public Roads and the state engineers of Illinois,

(Continued on Page 54)

Crowds Arriving for the Ceremonies at the Opening of a Section of the Columbia River Highway in Oregon

DODGE BROTHERS
SPECIAL
TOURING CAR

There's a real distinction between a smartly-equipped motor car and one that is over-equipped.

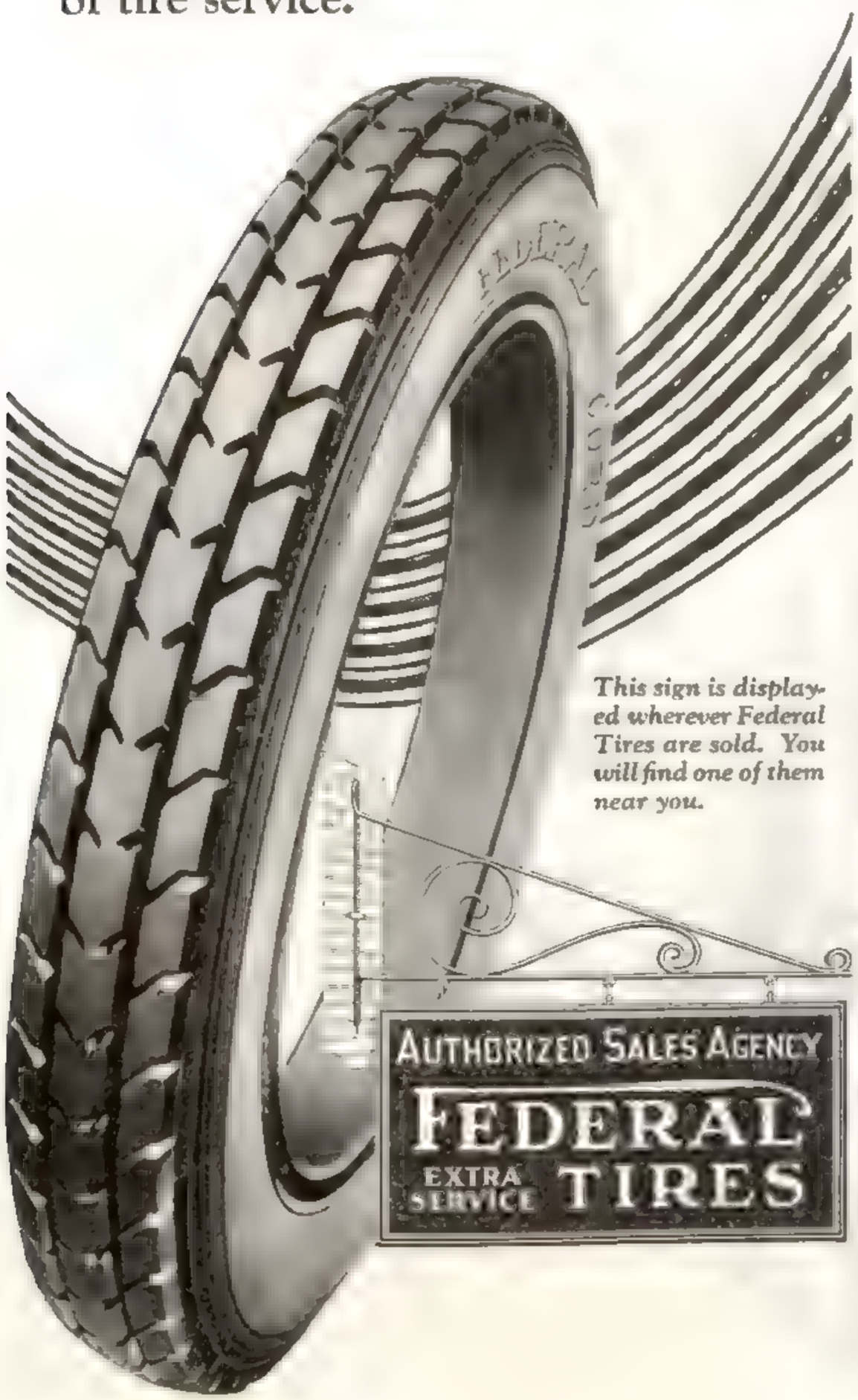
People are attracted by good taste in motor cars, no less than in matters of personal attire.

Dodge Brothers Special Touring Car is thoroughly and strikingly equipped, and yet the total effect is one of substantial refinement.

Five Balloon Tires

THERE is a better Tire Dealer near you who not only sells a fine tire, but does business in an honest, intelligent and interested way.

He is identified by the Federal Authorized Sales Agency Sign and was appointed because of his ability and desire to satisfy you. And he is selling Federal Tires because he knows from experience they yield the longest and most reliable kind of tire service.



This sign is displayed wherever Federal Tires are sold. You will find one of them near you.

(Continued from Page 52)

California and Pennsylvania have done notable work in this scientific pioneering for making the higher type of improved rigid highways permanent.

Probably the Bates Road, near Springfield, Illinois, has done as much to put highway construction on a scientific basis as any other strip of highway in America. It is only two miles long but contains six distinct types of construction and sixty-three designs. The engineering knowledge gained from it has saved taxpayers millions of dollars. It was started in 1920, finished in 1921, and has been subjected to elaborate scientific tests ever since.

The father of the Bates Road, Mr. Clifford Older, when asked to tell what the Bates Road experiments have contributed to the science of highway engineering, answered:

"Their purpose was to determine the elements of strength and of weakness in the leading types of highway designs then prevailing. Hard-surfaced highways were then built thicker in the center than at the edges. So thoroughly did our tests expose this weakness of design that it virtually put an end to the building of thin-edged roads. Of the forty-eight states now building rigid roads, thirty-one specify thick edges. It is now recognized as a principle of construction that the thickness at the center of the road should be seven-tenths the thickness of the edges.

"Our scientific research into the effect of moisture on road subgrades yielded us the greatest surprises. Formerly highway engineers held that all soils could be drained and made into suitable foundations for road surfaces by underdraining, no matter how wet and unstable in their natural condition. Our searching experiments in drainage covered three years. We placed a drain forty-two inches under each edge of the pavement of a road near the Bates Road for a length of a thousand feet. The section through which the road runs is level and of a uniform type of clay soil. At regular and frequent intervals we took samples from the drained and undrained soils and compared them as to moisture content. The difference amounted to virtually nothing. These tests firmly established the fact that in clay soils little can be done to reduce the moisture content by tile draining. Our findings in this field have been fully confirmed by the experiments of the United States Bureau of Public Roads. The waste of highway funds which this discovery has prevented is, of course, enormous—millions of dollars."

The Bates Road Tests

"Again, the Bates Road tests have made it possible to build a rigid road pavement able to carry and stand up under any given volume and weight of traffic—provided, of course, that it is properly maintained. Taxpayers are now protected against building a road too weak to stand up under the traffic that it is designed to carry. They no longer have to build roads for a heavier traffic than they will naturally be called upon to accommodate in order to play safe. This saves enormous waste by road wreckage on the one hand and enormous overinvestment on the other."

Until subjected to the test of traffic, most road pavements look alike to the average layman. Certainly he feels himself helpless to detect poor construction in process. To one of the ablest highway engineers of the country I put the question: What can the taxpayer who knows little or nothing about highway building do to prevent crooked or careless road builders from putting over a poor job?

He answered: "Considerable, at the very start. The legal, engineering and inspection work of Federal-aid and state-aid construction jobs is predetermined and generally of so high a character as to leave little for the taxpayer to worry about. The jobs which the alert taxpayer most needs to watch are those built by counties, cities, towns and villages.

"The legal work comes first, and is quite as important as the engineering or the actual construction. The taxpayers who see to it that the legal work on a local highway project is intrusted only to an attorney whose ability, honesty, courage and vigilance are beyond question will go a long way toward insuring an honest job of road building at a reasonable cost. Road builders and material men generally employ able lawyers and are armed with contracts which are expertly written and will justify close scrutiny.

"Be equally particular in choosing an engineer, whether at the polls or privately. An incompetent, easy-going highway engineer can cost any community as much as a crooked one; alertness and thoroughness are highly essential. Absentee inspection is the poorest possible stuff to put into a highway.

"A man does not need to be an engineer to form an intelligent opinion as to whether a road-building job is being well done; but he does need to know a few simple things. If the road is to be surfaced the roadbed should be made uniform in shape and firmness before the surface is laid. If a wide surface is to be laid on a narrower previously surfaced road, such as an old macadam pike, the old stone should be thoroughly scarified to a depth of at least six inches, and the loosened stone spread uniformly over the whole width to be surfaced. The surface will not be hard in one place and soft in another."

Things to Look Out For

"The thickness of the road surface should also be uniform and strictly in accordance with the plans and specifications. This precaution also helps to avoid weak spots. There are two important things—dirt and water—to look out for in roads built of concrete, bituminous concrete, sheet asphalt or other mixed materials. Each element entering into the mixture should be delivered on the job separately—clean stone, clean gravel and clean sand. Any dirt or soil whatever in a conglomerate for a rigid road weakens the structure. And dirt, by the way, is a lot cheaper than pure sand, gravel or stone! One of the slickest ways by which a contractor can dilute the cost and the strength of a concrete pavement is by using too much water. The consistency of a cement mixture should be that of soft dough—not soup. Thousands of miles of concrete pavement have been sapped of strength through overdoses of the stuff that flows under bridges."

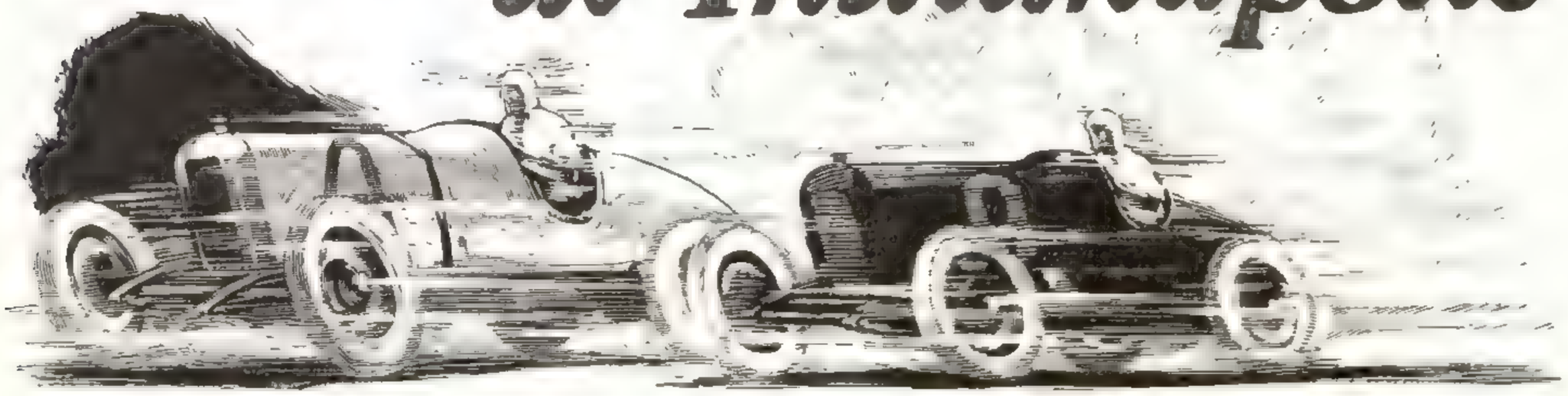
Too much politics is quite as bad for a pavement mixture as too much water. Inevitably some politics will seep in—generally in locating roads—but the less of it the better. Federal-aid roads are well protected against this dilution, for the United States Bureau of Public Roads insists upon sound economic justification for every mile of construction in which it participates. The bureau knows its business right down to the ground, and is remarkably impartial.

Motorists, who pay the special road taxes, are becoming increasingly watchful and critical as to highway upkeep. One of the greatest highway wastes has been in poor maintenance. On highways built within the last two years and those which will be built from now on, repair expense will be lighter because improved highways are now scientifically constructed. Then, too, the advance in engineering knowledge has been as great in repairs as in construction. Highway-maintenance practice has advanced at a very cheering speed. In this field John N. Mackall, state highway commissioner of Maryland, is a widely recognized authority.

"Our rule and practice for road upkeep," declares Mr. Mackall, "is that any hole as large as a silver dollar must be repaired immediately. We have taken roads of types now considered obsolete as to thickness, width and style of construction, and have maintained them at comparatively small expense to carry traffic for ten years, and expect to maintain them for twenty or thirty years longer. Most Maryland roads are macadamized. There has been a huge

(Continued on Page 58)

Again Champions Win at Indianapolis



In the great annual motor classic at the Indianapolis Speedway on Memorial Day—won by DePaolo with a Duesenberg Special in new record time averaging 101.13 miles per hour—every car that finished was equipped with Champion spark plugs and not a single plug was changed during the race.

Thus again Champions demonstrated their great dependability.

Just a few years ago in motor races frequent stops were necessary to install new spark plugs.

Today in all the major races the drivers run through the entire race without giving their spark plugs a thought because they know they can depend on Champions.

In every great racing event in both this country and Europe in the past two years, the winning cars have been Champion equipped.

This is conclusive proof that Champion is the better spark plug. That is why it is outselling throughout the world.

Champions in your own car will give you more speed and power. A complete new set every 10,000 miles will soon pay for themselves in oil and gas saved.

Champion X, the standard spark plug for Fords for 13 years, as well as all other Champions, has the same double-ribbed sillimanite core, special analysis electrodes and two piece construction as the plugs used by the racing drivers.

More than 95,000 dealers sell Champions. Champion X for Fords is 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents. You will know the genuine by the double-ribbed sillimanite core.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio
Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Due to the terrific speed at the Indianapolis race Champions were called on for 40 perfect sparks per second. Each plug delivered 712,000 sparks during the race, or 57,000,000 in the 10 leading cars without a miss.

5 important things

to look for in a modern adding machine

Why was the adding machine invented? To assure more speed and accuracy in figuring work. Obviously, then, when a machine is purchased, the big things to investigate first are those that affect the speed and accuracy of operation. Consider the following points which have determined to such a large degree the nation-wide success of Sundstrand Adding and Calculating Machines.

DIRECT SUBTRACTION

Unquestionably this feature and automatic-shift multiplication are the greatest contributions of recent years to adding machine efficiency. Offered exclusively by Sundstrand in moderate priced machines, and thus made available to every business, large and small. "Just press the key" for direct subtraction—the important feature that adds 20% to 50% to the efficiency of the modern adding machine.

ONE HAND CONTROL

The Sundstrand operator follows the work with one hand and performs *all* operations on the machine with the other. Greater speed and accuracy are obvious.

SPEEDY OPERATION

The famous 10-key Sundstrand keyboard is simplicity itself. Columns are selected automatically by the machine. "Nothing to hunt for." Small area for hand to travel assures greater speed.

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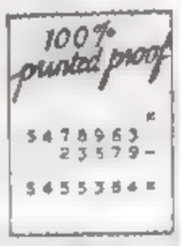

All items are plainly printed, with clear, positive indication of the character of the computation. A glance tells the story of speed and accuracy.

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(Continued from Page 54)

waste, all over the country, by tearing up highways such as ours and replacing them with new construction, when complete and vigilant maintenance—our kind—would have given them twenty additional years of satisfactory service.

"No pavement should ever be rebuilt unless and until the cost of maintenance is greater than the interest plus maintenance cost on the road supplanting it. Measured by this rule thousands of miles of pavement have been destroyed long before they had served their term of usefulness. This because they were permitted to get into a state of disrepair which the motoring public would not tolerate. Had they been kept in daily repair they could be maintained year after year for much less than one-half the interest on the new pavement replacing them.

"If the housewives of America mended the family stockings on the deferred-attention plan prevailing in many states and cities in repairing highways, the hosiery mills of America would double their output. And don't forget the wear-and-tear cost on automobiles of that paving. A heavy toll! In cities and towns where pavements are cut to place or repair underground structures, almost the universal practice is to allow the cut to remain until the ground settles—usually two weeks to two months. The cost of permanently repairing these holes immediately would be only a mere fraction of the delayed repair costs, and the damage to vehicles would be avoided."

Mr. Mackall declares that the practical value of systematic fact finding in highway maintenance can scarcely be overstated. His experience with a certain forty-mile straightaway stretch of highway regarded as perhaps the safest section of road in the state, follows.

The accident-spot map showed conclusively that 40 per cent of all accidents on 1800 miles of Maryland roads occurred on this straight highway through a gently rolling country. This was a fourteen-foot road with a decided crown in the center. Ten miles of this road was then widened and the crown reduced. It had virtually no accidents thereafter. Then the remaining thirty miles of this straight road was given like treatment, with like results.

Building Safety Into Roads

"The net of this experience," remarks Mr. Mackall, "is that we are able, as a result of our systematic search for vital highway facts, to build almost complete safety into the most dangerous stretch of highway in the state. This cost only $15,000 a mile; if we had not first found our facts we might easily have spent twice that amount trying to remedy conditions which apparently caused the accidents but really had nothing to do with them. Why the accidents? The motorist traveling that long stretch of rolling, narrow, high-crowned road hugged the center of the highway and gathered enough momentum going down one hill to carry him up the next—and then some. By the time he reached the sixth or seventh hill his car was virtually out of control. Meeting another similarly handled, a collision was inevitable. In the four years in which we have spotted and studied all accidents consistently we have, considering the increase in traffic volume, cut our accidents in half."

The typical public attitude toward a highway which is going to pieces is, "Rip it up and put in a new one." This has been common practice. There are, however, brilliant exceptions which show that the salvage idea has entered the highway field and is effecting important economies.

For example, about ten years ago New York State built a large mileage of macadam roads, most of them sixteen feet wide, which were, according to prevailing standards, first-class highways. Traffic soon became too heavy for them, and maintenance costs too high. But instead of scrapping them the engineers ripped up the edges of the old road, used the materials for a wider foundation and on each side built a nine-foot strip of cement. The middle strip of nine feet was resurfaced with crushed stone and asphalt. The concrete strips carried the burden of the traffic, the center strip being used for passing. They found that the salvage value of the old road was equal to its original prewar cost.

This operation is applicable to hundreds, perhaps thousands, of miles of old-style highways which are either too narrow or are breaking down, or both. In Maryland, where narrow roads are resurfaced and given a three-foot rigid shoulder on each side, the relatively small cost of this change is charged to maintenance instead of construction. Maryland has no monopoly on this practice—which means that the nation's annual maintenance bill of $300,000,000 covers much construction work.

Getting Rid of the Mud Tax

Raising the rank of secondary highways is another high spot in modern construction. Today virtually all secondary roads are built upon the theory that they will develop a traffic which will compel their resurfacing, thus earning their elevation to the primary rank. Therefore if a new bridge has to be built when a common dirt road receives its initial surfacing treatment and becomes improved, that bridge is constructed to carry the traffic of a first-class primary road.

North Carolina has lifted itself out of the mud by the secondary-highway route. All primary roads now! It began about five years ago with an able commission, headed by Frank Page; Charles M. Upham, of Delaware, was employed to establish a thorough patrol-maintenance system. No talk about construction! The commission believed implicitly in the doctrine of economic evolution in highways.

Shortly the motorists were demanding higher types of roads.

They said: "You've shown us that a mud tax is the heaviest kind of road tax. Give us the other kind! We've learned that our saving of gas and car-repair expense on a good road is greater than the highway expense. Besides, our use of cars and trucks is now unlimited."

North Carolina now spends $3,000,000 a year for maintenance—all from automobile licenses and a three-cent gasoline tax. The entire revenue from those sources amounts to more than $8,000,000, but $5,500,000 goes for interest and amortization payments on bonds. The state now has 6200 miles of primary and no secondary roads, costing, with bridges, $82,000,000. Engineer Upham says: "Careful records show that savings in gasoline alone more than pay road maintenance. Then there is a large saving on vehicle wear and tear. The average saving to motorists is fifteen dollars a car—figured on twenty-cent gasoline. Everybody is satisfied with the three-cent gasoline tax, and some wish it raised to five."

The cost to the average vehicle using unimproved roads is about 2½ cents more a mile than in using improved roads. This is only the most direct form of mud tax, and covers gasoline, oil, grease, tires and repairs, but does not involve depreciation or economic losses. Many states are finding their facts as to the costs of mud tax very carefully. Kentucky's highway department operated twenty-four flivvers over unimproved roads and thirty-six on improved highways. The saving on the improved roads was 2½ cents a mile, or $118.60 for each of these cars for the year.

"But," comments Kentucky's Highway Department, "do not overlook the fact that the cars traveling the improved roads attained a greater mileage and could each have gone an additional 300 miles on what the improved roads saved them in the year."

Fred R. White, president of the American Association of State Highway Officials, puts the average price of the punishment inflicted by unimproved roads at 2.6 cents a

(Continued on Page 58)

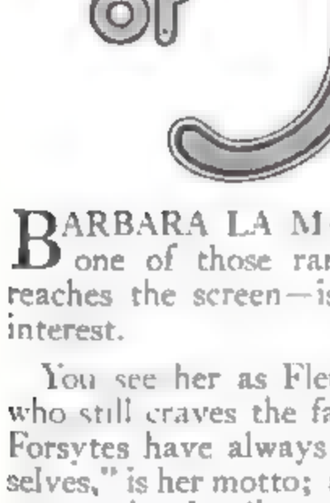
News of First National Pictures

Barbara La Marr in "The White Monkey"

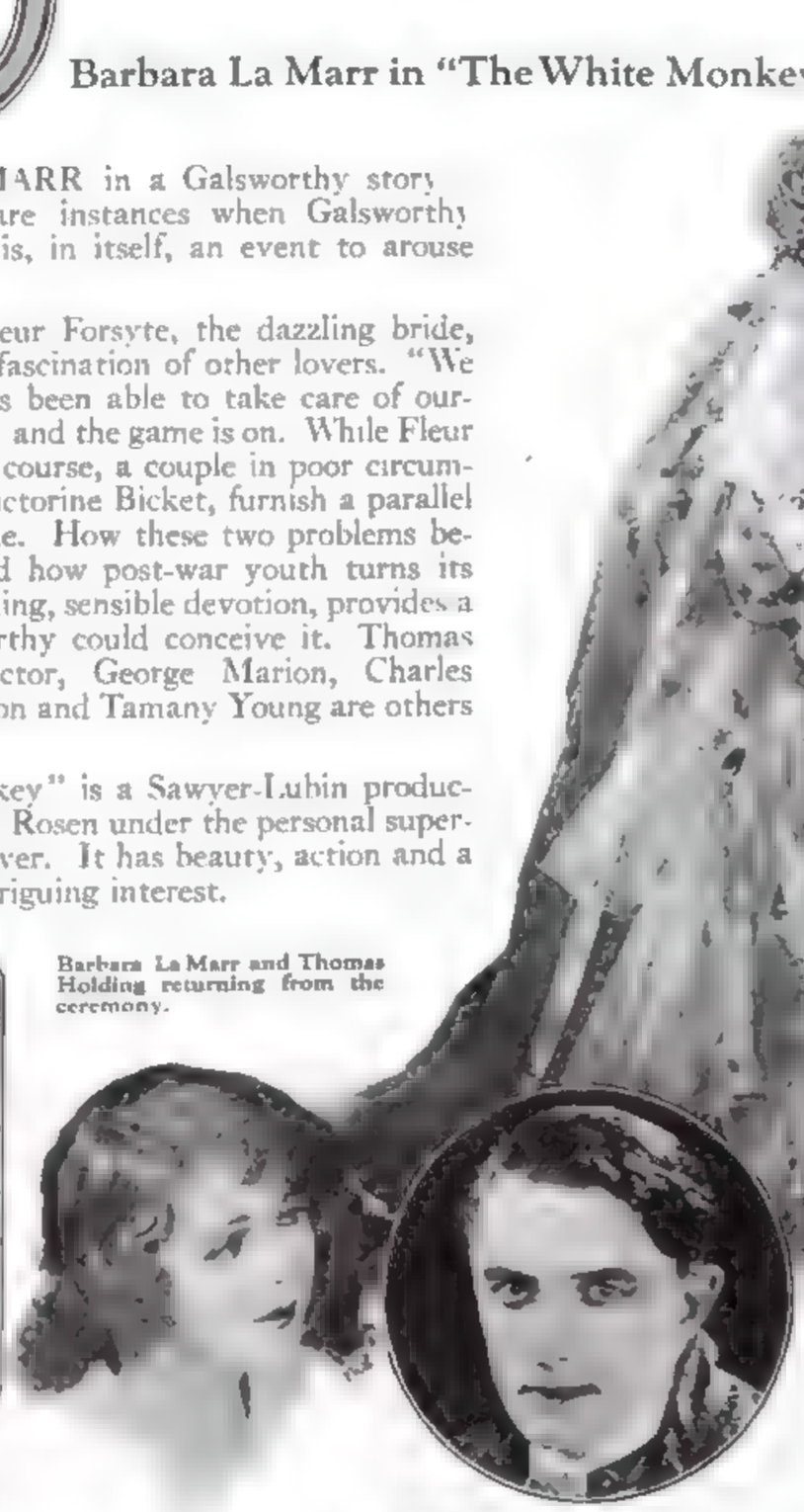
BARBARA LA MARR in a Galsworthy story—one of those rare instances when Galsworthy reaches the screen—is, in itself, an event to arouse interest.

You see her as Fleur Forsyte, the dazzling bride, who still craves the fascination of other lovers. "We Forsytes have always been able to take care of ourselves," is her motto; and the game is on. While Fleur pursues her heedless course, a couple in poor circumstances, Tony and Victorine Bicket, furnish a parallel to Fleur's catastrophe. How these two problems become interlinked and how post-war youth turns its recklessness into abiding, sensible devotion, provides a plot as only Galsworthy could conceive it. Thomas Holding, Henry Victor, George Marion, Charles Mack, Flora Le Breton and Tamany Young are others of a capable cast.

"The White Monkey" is a Sawyer-Lubin production, directed by Phil Rosen under the personal supervision of Arthur Sawyer. It has beauty, action and a domestic story of intriguing interest.



Charles Mack, Flora Le Breton and Henry Victor in "The White Monkey."



Barbara La Marr and Thomas Holding returning from the ceremony.

You'll Also Enjoy—

"Chickie"—Directed by John Dillon, featuring Dorothy Mackaill. A romance of the every day working girl from Elenore Meherin's serial with a million or more readers.

"The Heart of a Siren" Another dazzling Sawyer-Lubin production, supervised by Arthur Sawyer, directed by Phil Rosen, with Barbara La Marr enacting the romance of a tempestuous Spanish diva.

"The Making of O'Malley"—Milton Sills as a gallant cop in his first starring picture. Directed by Lambert Hillyer from Gerald Beaumont's story.

"My Son" A faithful adaptation of the stage play, showing the limitless sacrifice of mother love. Alla Nazimova and Jack Pickford featured. An Edwin Carewe production.

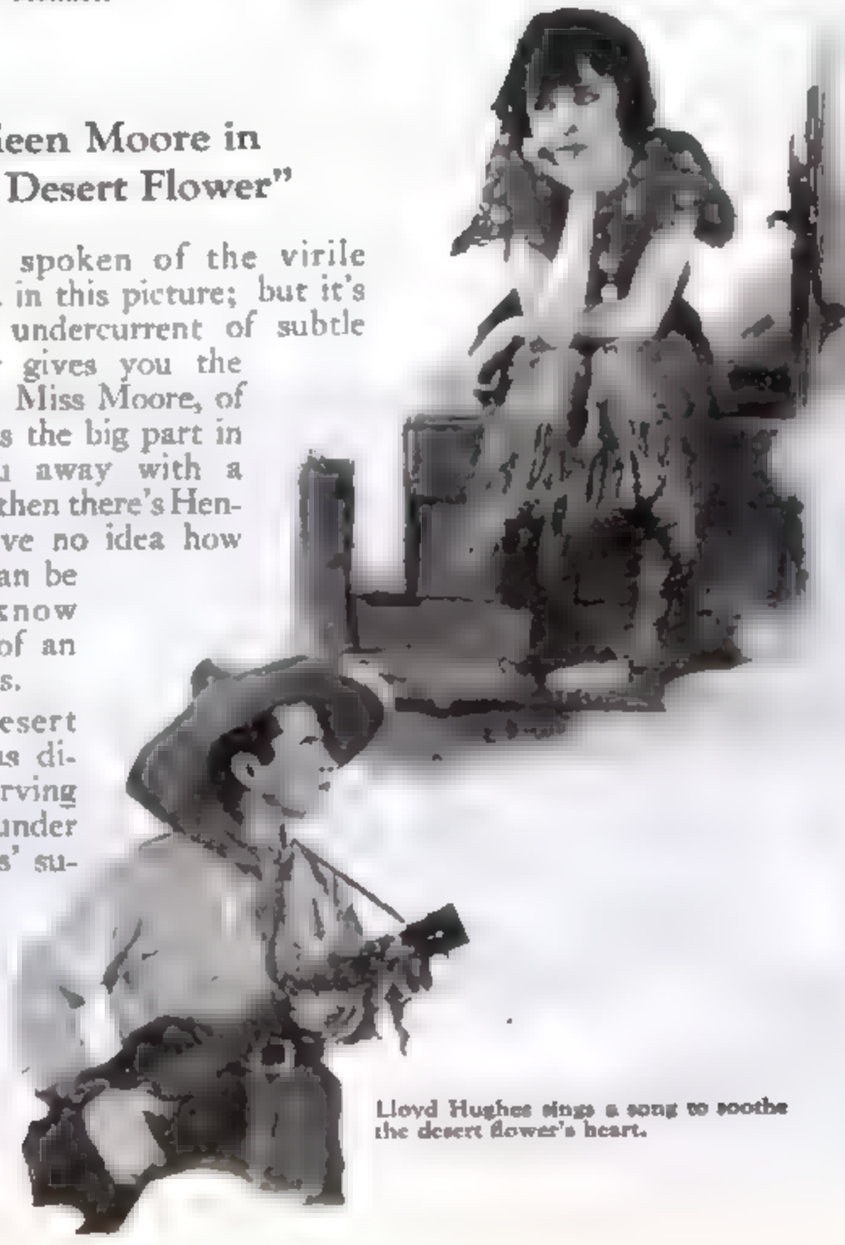
"His Supreme Moment"—May Edginton's "World Without End," a superb drama of love and adventure from Broadway to Peru. Presented by Samuel Goldwyn as a George Fitzmaurice production, with Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman.

"The Talker"—Anna Q. Nilsson, Lewis Stone, Shirley Mason and Ian Keith in a delightful domestic comedy. Produced by Sam Rork, Inc., and directed by Al Green.

Colleen Moore in "The Desert Flower"

WE'VE spoken of the virile drama in this picture; but it's the steady undercurrent of subtle humor that gives you the full charm. Miss Moore, of course, plays the big part in sending you away with a laugh. And then there's Henrietta—you've no idea how funny she can be till you know what kind of an animal she is.

"The Desert Flower" was directed by Irving Cummings under June Mathis' supervision.



Lloyd Hughes sings a song to soothe the desert flower's heart.

Before—and after wealth struck this happy family.

"Just a Woman"

HAPPINESS in poverty—misery in wealth! Eugene Walter once wrote a powerful drama about the sort of person business men dismissed with the sentence: "She's just a woman." That was the kind of wife who won business success and affluence for her husband in this screen adaptation of the play. But wealth brought another danger, and once more this wife, "just a woman," had to gird up her fighting spirit to conquer a new and more insidious menace to her happiness.

Beautiful Claire Windsor, Conway Tearle, Percy Marmont and Dorothy Brock enact the chief rôles. M. C. Levee produced the picture, which was directed by Irving Cummings.

More time for the big Problems

Cyclone Fence eliminates many of the time-consuming, administrative details of industrial property. Simplifies inside supervision by ending outside interference — theft, trespass, vandalism. Enables the busy executive to give his undivided attention to the big, important matters.

Cyclone Nation-wide Fencing Service also saves time. Relieves executives of all details of fencing — from selection to erection of Cyclone Fence. Available everywhere.

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The Mark of Quality Fence and Service

Cyclone "Galv-After" Chain Link Fence

We also manufacture Wrought Iron Fence for industrial uses

PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

(Continued from Page 56

ton mile, or $130 a year for the average vehicle.

Because the truck takes the heaviest toll out of the improved highway, the freighter of the pavements must figure conspicuously in any intelligent attempt to understand what is before us in road building and repairing. All highway-engineering eyes are now fixed on the truck. The opinions of A. J. Brosseau on highway economics and finance command respect among motor-car and highway builders and practical economists.

"In my opinion," says Mr. Brosseau, "trucks will increase much more rapidly in the future than private passenger automobiles—and there are now nearly 2,000,000 of them rolling. After this country reaches the point of maximum utilization of passenger cars the number of trucks will continue to increase. Small trucks are rapidly displacing horses in all farm-to-market traffic. When this substitution is nearly complete and the highway program on which we are now engaged approaches its finish, the farms of the United States will average not more than about six miles from an improved highway. The economic importance of this is stupendous.

"The increasing burden of truck traffic on the highways is to be provided for, as I see it, in two ways by more vigilant highway maintenance and by the construction of trunk-line by-pass highways serving congested districts—but not passing through them, and carrying through and express traffic, both passenger and freight. Such a road will have a carrying capacity of three or four times the ordinary highway having the same floor space. They will accommodate two or more lines of traffic each way, the high-speed vehicles on the inner lanes, and those of slower speed the outer ones."

A Fair Finance Program

"Such roads are coming, and some will be built soon. Of course they will be of heavier and thicker construction than the sturdiest of present highways. We now know how to build and repair them so that they will stand up under the heavy punishment which they will receive. And they will not only reduce greatly the punishment of existing roads but will also greatly relieve local congestion. Undoubtedly these roads will be financed largely or wholly by assessments on the districts benefited."

The National Tax Association recently adopted the following:

"Roads of a purely local interest, serving only local needs, should be financed out of local revenues obtained either from local general-tax revenues or from special assessments on adjoining land When such roads, however, are improved and absorbed into the state-highway system and lose their purely local character, they should be financed, in part at least, out of state funds derived from motor-vehicle taxes. The payment of all maintenance costs and of a substantial portion of construction costs and interest on highway indebtedness by automobile owners is well within the limits of their reasonable capacity."

This reflects the best economic judgment of the country as to the future financing of highways.

In connection with it, it is well to remember that about 60.5 per cent of our $1,000,000,000 highway bill is for construction, 24 per cent for maintenance, and 15 5 per cent for supervision, interest on bonds and other overhead expenses.

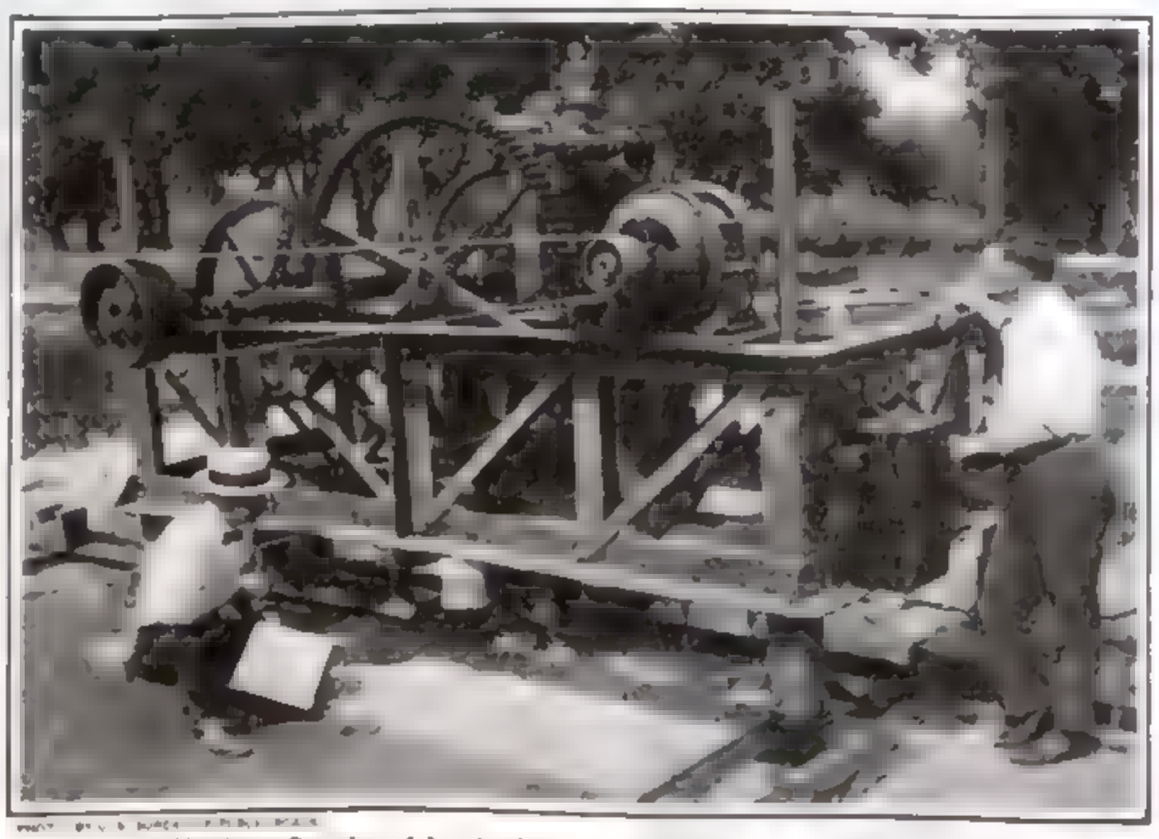
The Federal-Aid System

Uncle Sam has his Federal-aid eye on a vast connected system of highways. This is the target at which he is aiming. Thomas H. MacDonald, Uncle Sam's highway chief, draws this picture:

"The Federal-aid highway system now approved for building contains 175,000 miles of connected main road. It will take ten years or more to complete the improvement of the system. Then, however, we shall have more than 175,000 miles of road, for there will be connected with it a very large mileage which lies outside of the system itself, thousands of miles of which have already been improved, and thousands of miles more will be improved while the main part of the system is under way. The significance of the Federal-aid highways system is that it is the connecting system which will give value and usefulness to a very large mileage of disconnected road which has already been improved by the states and counties

"Today about 43,000 miles of Federal-aid roads are completed. As we have about 121,000 miles of improved highways in this system it appears that the mileage improved without Federal aid is nearly double that in which Uncle Sam has participated. When the whole system is complete it seems probable that our total mileage of improved highways will not be far from 700,000."

The conclusions of the whole matter are that highway construction and maintenance are now upon a workable scientific basis, particularly outside of corporate limits, that repair practices are capable of great improvement, especially by towns and cities; that the motorist is paying a constantly increasing proportion of highway construction, maintenance and financing costs, while the proportion contributed by general taxation is steadily decreasing; that, as a whole, our highway construction has thoroughly justified itself as a creator of wealth, but that we are going quite fast enough in new highway building and have no need to step on the construction gas.



A Machine Developed by the Bureau of Public Roads for Determining the Effect of Motortruck Impact on Road Surfaces of Various Kinds

The KELLY FLEXIBLE CORD

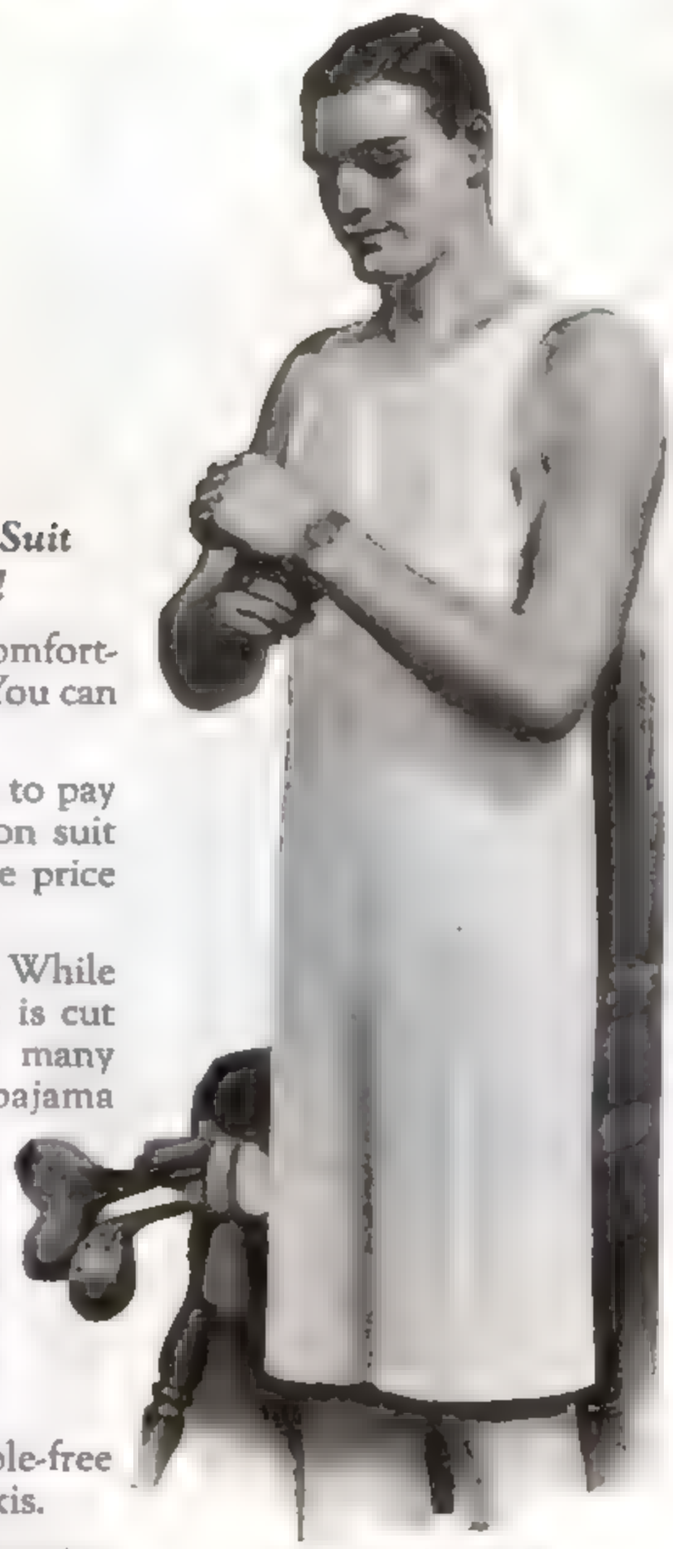
The Peregrinations of the Pecks

After several delightful, never-to-be-forgotten weeks, the Pecks come to the end of the Lincoln Highway, and like San Francisco so much that they have decided to prolong their stay there. One of the first places they visit is of course the city's famous Chinatown, considerably changed since the great fire but still full of interest and color.

THE riding qualities of the Kelly Flexible Cord have probably never been equalled in any other high-pressure tire, while the Integral Bead—the unique construction feature which makes the tire's extraordinary flexibility possible—also adds immeasurably to its wearing qualities. The Kelly Flexible Cord is this year's outstanding achievement of the tire industry.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

One Dollar



Here's the Union Suit to wear today!

You want to be comfortable these July days. You can be for only a dollar.

That's all you have to pay for Topkis . . . a union suit as easy to wear as the price is easy to pay.

Topkis really fits! While cut on roomy lines, it is cut skillfully. Comes in many fancy patterns and pajama checks. Fine fabric, cool to the touch.

Carefully tailored. Look at the way seams are reinforced, buttonholes made, and buttons sewed on.

It has to be trouble-free underwear to be Topkis.

With the thermometer climbing, and comfort at stake, minutes count! Step into your dealer's today, and be sure to say "Dollar Topkis".

Men's Union Suits, $1.00
Shirts and Drawers 75c each
Boys' Union 75c
Bloomer Union, 75c
Children's Waist Union Suits 75c
Men's Suits $1.50, in Canada

You'll get longer wear, and have the comfort of frequent changes, if you buy Topkis by the box. Six cool, roomy, athletic Union Suits for only $6

Write for free illustrated booklet

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY
Wilmington, Delaware
General Sales Offices
93 Worth St., at Broadway, New York

Look for the label

TOPKIS
Athletic Underwear

COCKATOOS

Continued from Page 9

circumstances might be under other circumstances."

Here she sat on the corner of the table, and picking up my hat made it look like one of those that you see in a yodeling act.

"The Daisy Inn," I stated, "is not a dump in any way; but guests who are thirsty can get refreshments by an arrangement with the head waiter."

"Ha-ha!" she replied, swinging her legs over the side of the table. "Wouldn't it make a rubber duck laugh to see the way the American people break the laws they make? What is a law for if it is not to be respected? That's what I want to know."

If a crape hanger is all right in his place, nobody will argue that his or her place is anywhere except by his or her own fireside. That remark made me irritated.

"I'm not trying to regulate other people's morals," I said, "and I'll thank other people not to try to regulate mine. I am neither a drunkard nor a lawbreaker; but I will state frankly that this evening I have brought along a little something in my pocket, and those that do not want to share same will not be compelled to do so."

"Oh, I am nobody," said the Melodious Singer of Refined Songs, jumping down from off the table; "and, of course, my opinion and my personal tastes are worth nothing. If you wish to drink, do so; only I respectfully request that you do not compel me to look on while you are doing same." And she flounced out to the door again.

"Well," I said, "I am sorry there are only three of us in on this, but the fewer the higher. What I am going to offer you is real gin made by a friend of mine who is a chemist, and it is warranted ——"

Here I stopped, surprised as never before in my life.

Boy, that flask was gone! It was not in any of the overcoat pockets, nor anywhere on me, nor on the floor. And while I was trying to think what could have happened to it and whether or not some waiter had lifted it, the door opened and Zita came back.

This time she ran up to the table with a sort of dance step, at the same time singing, "I'll see you in C-u-b-a!"

"Well," she said, "have you all had your little drink?"

I explained what had happened.

"Well, Leon," said Jay, "it doesn't matter really."

"No, Leon," said the Act Beauteous, "it doesn't matter really."

"No, Leon," said Zita, "it doesn't matter really, Leon. But it always makes me laugh just the same, Leon, when I see some wise Ike trying to beat the old U. S. Constitution, Leon. Pardon me if I seem to laugh. Ha-ha-ha and a tiger, Leon."

Well, I put on my raincoat, all the time wondering who had got my flask and what had happened to it and practically forgetting that my plan was to get Jay and the Act Beauteous into the taxi and then to have the chauffeur take them out to Daisy Inn while I excused myself on the ground of being sick or something. And while I was wondering and before I could do anything to protect myself, I suddenly found I was being shoved into the taxi and that Zita was climbing in after me.

"Daisy Inn," she yelled to the chauffeur, "and make it snappy."

Then she slammed the door, and as the taxi started, threw her arms around my neck, saying in a low but distinct voice, "Kiss me, Leon."

And right then and there I knew who had got my flask and what had happened to it.

III

I GIVE her an indignant look. "What is the matter?" I said, a little short.

"There is nothing the matter, Leon," she replied in a dreamy voice. "I am floating—just floating, that's all. Kiss me again."

I tried to rap on the window to the chauffeur; but the more I tried, the more she held me back with arms the same as iron bands; and also anybody could see and smell that she was being helped out by all what had been in my flask.

"Leon," she kept saying, "why are you so restless? Don't you know that you are the first and only man that has ever touched my heart?"

Or else she would say, "Oh, Leon, I could ride on like this forever. We belong to each other, Leon, and what is the use of trying to think any different?"

And once when just to say something I ast, "How do you make out we belong to each other?" she merely replied, "Why are you so cold, Leon? Kiss me again."

Well, boy, what could I do? I felt like an escape king that, after the committee has handcuffed him in the milk can, forgets the combination that will get him out. And, boy, you can take it as exact that it was one long sigh of relief I let out when the taxi drove into the court of the Daisy Inn.

Somehow I got her out of the machine and up to one of the tables on the veranda. I couldn't go inside, because through the windows I'd got a peek of Miss Escott sitting there.

And anyhow, at first I had the idea that maybe from the veranda I could make a get-away.

But that little idea was just as foolish as it was simple. Each and every time I started to get up from the table I was slammed back into my seat, with the Melodious Singer of Refined Songs saying, "What is the matter, Leon? Why are you so strange tonight, Leon? Speak to me, Leon, and don't act so strange—so strange."

It was in the middle of one of these affectionate half nelsons that all of a sudden I noticed she had shut her eyes, had fixed that trick smile around her mouth and was getting ready to sing.

"For Pete's sake," I said, "don't start that stuff here!"

All her answer was to open her mouth and begin:

"Beco-o-o-ose I lo-o-o-ofe you—
Beco-o-o-o-o-ose I lo-o-o-o-ofe you ——"

"Stop it!" I said, without thinking. "There are ladies and gentlemen present."

Well, boy, I do not know who you are, because I have forgotten the name you gave me, if any, and also where I met you; and also I am not exactly sure where we are at the present minute; but I have enough intelligence left to know what I am talking about and I will simply state that my life story which I am relating to you here and now is not idle fiction, but the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth; and maybe it will be a lesson to you, because you're a young fellow yet and willing and able to profit by the experience of others, and that is why I am telling you this story.

And I will add that though three years have passed since that terrible night, any time I want to let myself go I can call up the fatal scene and everything which followed that remark I made to the Melodious Singer of Refined Songs.

I had hardly spoken the words when her face changed enough to make you think of a lightning impersonator who walks behind the screen as Babe Ruth and comes out on the other side as U. S. Grant.

The smile had gone and her voice was about as musical as an equilibrist boy playing a mandolin and standing on his head at the same time.

"Oh," she said, "why didn't I die before I had seen this day?"

For a minute I didn't know what answer to give to this question, and when I said, "Well, what's the matter with the day?" I was not trying to be comical, but merely asking.

She caught the tablecloth in her two fists and went on nodding her head like a talking horse that is asked how many children

Continued on Page 62

These far-sighted merchants predicted this. They said that the public would finally buy the tire that cost the least per *mile* instead of the least per *wheel.*

How Right They Were!

THE cost of rubber advances sharply—the price of tires advances slightly.

The great Hardware Merchants, who worked out the National Distribution of Mansfield Tires at such remarkably low cost, give us good news.

To reduce the cost per mile in spite of higher prices per tire, people are buying Mansfields in double the quantity that they ever bought them before in any similar season.

These far-sighted Merchants predicted this. They said that the public would finally buy the tire that cost the least per *mile* instead of the least per *wheel.*

Higher prices have served to emphasize the importance of cost per mile.

It is the determination of the Hardware Wholesalers to deliver in Mansfields the lowest cost per mile ever delivered by tires.

The factory organization is building miles into tires—to carry you farther than tire ever before carried you, and all the way on its original air.

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Balloon Cords Truck Cords Heavy Duty Cords Regular Cords Fabric Tires

Tire Manufacturers Extraordinary to the Hardware Trade

MANSFIELD

Hardware Stores Garages Motor Car Dealers Accessory Dealers

Thin *as tissue* ··· Smooth *as silk* ·· Tough *as steel!*

A MOTOR oil's reputation stands or falls on the kind of lubricating film it forms in your engine. For, in action, only the *film* is in the fight. Singlehanded it must resist the deadly attacks of heat and friction. Unaided, it must keep the flying surfaces apart, and prevent the grind of metal against metal.

Why ordinary oil fails

A film of ordinary oil soon turns traitor to your motor. When hard pressed on long gruelling hills, or thinned out by gasoline that seeps past the piston rings, it breaks, curls up and burns. Your pistons, cylinders and bearings fall easy prey to heat and friction. Damage results.

But there is one oil which forms a film that does *not* fail. It is Veedol—the oil famous for its "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.*

The "film of protection"

Veedol was perfected by Tide Water Engineers after years of experimentation with oil *films*. Now more than 3000 tests a month at the Tide Water refinery keep the "film of protection" uniform and trustworthy.

The Veedol "film of protection" is your motor's most steadfast defender against heat and friction—your insurance against expensive repair bills.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York *(main office)*; Boston, Newark, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City, Columbus, Dallas, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Oakland, Portland, Seattle.

Your extra margin of safety

All oil has a chemical affinity for metal which enables it to penetrate even the highly polished surfaces of your motor and form a semi-permanent lubricating surface.

But this falls short of true lubrication. In dense traffic or in hard pulling, when deadly heat and friction threaten your motor, only an active, unbroken film of oil can prevent damage.

The Veedol "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel,* is your extra margin of safety.

Stop when you see the orange and black sign

Follow this sure route to greater motor protection: Drive to any dealer who displays the orange and black Veedol sign. Let him drain your crankcase and refill with the correct Veedol oil for your car, as specified by the Veedol Motor Protection Guide.

VEEDOL

Economy Oils and Greases

(Continued from Page 60)

the young couple in the box are going to have

"Why have I lived to see this day?" she said again.

"I don't know why," I told her; "but anyhow, if you aren't careful, you're going to tip over that vase of flowers. What is the matter anyhow?"

She did not pay any attention; but wrapping the tablecloth tighter said, "When a girl is on the stage, individuals like yourself think they can say anything at all to her and that she will not resent it."

"What did I say?" I ast.

"Yes," she went on, "but though the stage is my chosen profession, and though I have played all over the United States and also in New York, this is the first time in all my career that anybody has ever had the audacity and presumption to insinuate that I was not a lady."

Boy, for a minute I stood there making motions the same as a buck-and-wing dancer who opens his act with a song but who is drowned out by the orchestra. I tried to ask her again what the matter was; but I had no chance, because the more she said, the louder she said it.

"For months at a time I have been featured on Broadway and also in Boston, Philadelphia, K. C. and all the other great centers, and nobody up to this moment has ever thought of saying that I was not a lady. In Lynn, Massachusetts, I was in stock during two seasons; and at the matinée receptions I met thousands of my admirers, and not one in all those thousands ever said I was not a lady. I have been on parties where there were people you would be surprised if I should tell you their names and never did a single one of them ever so much as suggest that I was not a lady."

I tried to quiet her down, because I was afraid that any minute Miss Escott inside might hear. But it was no use; the monologue went on faster and higher than ever.

"Last summer I was in Benton Harbor, Michigan, and I met all the real people spending their holidays there, and not one single individual among them all ever, ever ventured to say that I was not a lady. They wouldn't have soiled their lips with such an insinuation. Oh, no, they left that for a poor hick out in the sticks."

I was still explaining, but what was the use? It was like trying to open a show with a selection on a musical saw with a fight going on in the balcony.

Getting louder and louder all the time, she begun to run over the places in the United States where she had played and where nobody had ever said she wasn't a lady. There was hundreds of towns on her list, and every time she forgot one she'd wrench up the tablecloth a little tighter and go back over the route until she'd found it.

Sometimes she would be a little confused, not knowing, for instance, whether she'd played Marietta, Ohio, in 1914, with the Green Lemon Company or two years later with Quinlan's Quomedians, and it would take time to start out again at Pittsburgh and work her way down; but she always remembered that when she did play there nobody in Marietta, Ohio, had ever said she was not a lady.

And when I finally did manage to slip a word in and say it was all a mistake, and how I'd known she was a lady all the time, and that we'd better start back, all she done was to open her mouth and blare out the following:

"Yes, that is all you want of a poor girl you do not respect—to get her into an automobile and ride away into the dark night. That is the way you treat a girl you think is not a lady. Oh, I hope for your sake that my father never hears what you said about me, and that nobody ever repeats it to him or puts him wise. Oh, I hope that for your sake, because where I come from it is a killing offense to say of a girl that she is not a lady. Oh, I hope for your sake that my big brother never hears that you said I was not a lady, because he would shoot you down like a dog in your tracks and there is no jury on earth that would dare to convict him for having your heart's blood after hearing you say I was not a lady. Oh, you coward, to pull such a thing on a poor defenseless girl alone and without a friend to aid her! Help, help, help!"

Saying that, she gave a last yank to the tablecloth so that the vase of flowers and the glasses and the plates all smashed on the floor; then backing into the corner, she began to scream.

Boy, I have been in some nasty situations in my life, but never in any quite so bad as that one.

The jazz band stopped, and in about ten seconds the atmosphere was filled with unfriendly faces. In all my life previous I never saw so many. If only there had been somebody present with a smile, I would have felt better; but, no; public opinion seemed to be unanimous.

Well, I will admit things looked against me. All the table stuff was smashed on the floor and the Melodious Singer of Refined Songs was sobbing away in the corner like a condensed version of East Lynne. But that was no reason why a couple of guys who knew me in Paloram should nod their heads and say to each other, "That's the stuff," and "I'll tell the world so," and similar remarks when a man with a red face bellowed out, "I come from Kenosha and I want to state there is only one way to deal with human vermin like this fellow and that is to string them up first and ask questions afterward."

Well, boy, I pulled the best one I could think of at the moment and said, "You will have to excuse this lady because she is a little nervous on account of her nerves."

The red face let out a yelp as though somebody had stepped on him.

"That will be about all from you," he said. "Madam, has this individual been insulting you?"

She raised her head from her hands and said in a hoarse whisper the same as in Dramatic Moments from Great Plays, "Yes-s—yes-s-s—yes-s-s-s!"

The red-faced man turned to the crowd.

"There are some people," he said, "who don't understand the difference between liberty and license. In Kenosha, people like that are not tolerated."

Having got this off his chest he begun edging up on me the same as a trained seal after a piece of fish.

The waiters were trying to quiet things down; but the crowd looked dangerous, and it got worse when the Melodious Singer of Refined Songs threw her head back and said, "Oh, the coward—to insult a woman!"

Somebody from the back of the crowd yelled out, "Get a minister and make him marry her."

The man from Kenosha was reaching out to grab me, and I'd begun to figure that everything was about over when something happened.

"Stop!" a voice said.

I looked around. I couldn't see who'd made the remark, but it had been done in such a commanding way that everything had stopped as per order.

"Take your hands off him," the voice went on. "I'm responsible for this case."

IV

IT WAS Miss Escott who had spoken. I had forgotten all about her, and when I reckanized her voice I couldn't do anything except to stand there all confused like an abbreviated musical comedy.

The red-faced man said, "This individual has gone just a little too far."

Miss Escott stepped forward and caught me by the arm.

"It is an unfortunate affair," she stated, "but I can explain everything in ten seconds. I am a nurse at Doctor Graham's sanitarium and this is one of our patients from the mental ward. He has had a little too much night life, and when he gets a chance he heads for the bright lights. He got away this afternoon; I thought he would land here and I have been waiting for him all the evening."

(Continued on Page 65)

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DU PONT DUCO

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(Continued from Page 62)

She said all this in a firm voice, and it was a surprise to see the way the crowd fell for it. Even the two fellows from Paloram began to nod their heads at each other the same as if they had known all along I was nuts.

"I am very sorry for this lady," Miss Escott went on. But that was as far as she had to go, because at the word "lady" the Melodious Singer of Refined Songs let out another shriek, and throwing herself into the arms of the man from Kenosha went into hysterics.

And while the rest of them were running around trying to do something about it, Miss Escott put her hand on my collar and marched me down the veranda and into her runabout and then turned out through the gates to the County Road.

As we went along she said, "The reason I am here tonight is because of a contemptible anonymous letter."

I felt pretty small, but managed to ask, "Is that so?"

"Yes," she replied; "and what makes it worse is the fact that this letter was written by a man whom hitherto I had esteemed."

I felt so mean I wanted to sink into the ground, but being in the runabout was unable to do anything about same.

"The writer of that letter," she went on, "stated that if I came to the Daisy Inn tonight I would find you here with a lady."

Boy, when I heard that, I was like a Friday night amateur that has forgotten his act; I could look, but I couldn't speak or move.

"Of course, your name was not mentioned; but it was plain who the writer meant, especially because I knew who wrote it and under what circumstances. I had spoken of you to this gentleman perhaps a little too warmly, and he had knocked you. When the letter came there was no mistaking the party responsible, because I knew very well the characters on his typewriter, particularly the 'l,' which is lopsided. I am not going to tell you who it was, though I will say that his first name begins with J."

I was still fighting for air, so she went on with her story.

"I came here tonight not to spy on you but because I hoped that the writer of the letter would also be present and that he would see me in the act of resenting his action by publicly greeting you no matter whether you were accompanied or not. I am glad to have been of service to you, for I realize that things are not always what they seem and that a man in the theatrical world has temptations perhaps not to be found elsewhere."

Talk about relief! Two minutes before, I had given up all hope of Miss Escott; and now I saw that I not only had a chance but a good one.

"And, Leon," I said to myself, "think of being associated with a girl like that who has the energy to make you stick to your career whether you want to or not.

"Miss Escott," I began aloud, "you are certainly broad-minded, and I hope you will believe me when I tell you that all what happened tonight was a terrible mistake, because I value your opinion more than that of anybody else I know."

"Why?" she ast.

I told her.

Half an hour later we woke up a minister and told him we wanted to get married. He said we would need a license first; but he let us spend the night at his house, giving Miss Escott the spare room and fixing me up a bed on the parlor lounge.

Before retiring, Miss Escott said, "In two days I will be twenty-one."

"Many happy returns," I responded, not thinking anything of it.

She gave me a peculiar smile.

"There is a reason," she said, "why my twenty-first birthday makes me happy and will make you happy. Later I will tell you."

Before going to sleep that night I wrote a note to Old Man Flannagan, resigning my job as usher at the New Orpheus; and when I closed my eyes I was calm and peaceful, because I felt that my troubles were over

V

WELL, boy, what you are hearing is an old man's story, for if I am not old in years I am certainly old in experience; and I can give you the rest that happened in a few words, and you are a young fellow yet and maybe it will be a lesson to you.

For three days Miss Escott and I were very happy together, and not once in all that time did I go near the New Orpheus in spite of personal messages from Old Man Flannagan. On the third day, while out walking, I saw a face that looked familiar; and after a couple of minutes I reckanized same. It was the Act Beauteous; but now, instead of looking like a cockatoo trainer offstage, she had the appearance of a character from a refined society skit. I was going to slip down a side street, but before I had the chance she stepped in front of me.

"Oh, Mr. Kendall, I will never forget what you have done for me. You are certainly one Good Samaritan and a friend to all."

I stood there—just stood there.

"Yes," she said, explaining, "and I am not the only one grateful. Zita has asked me to apologize in case I saw you, because she is afraid she was rude to you the other evening. She does not remember what happened, because she was feeling a little faint; but she wants to thank you for introducing her to that wealthy gentleman from Kenosha, as she says it has been a case of love at first sight, and if everything turns out right they will be married shortly."

I couldn't have said anything if I had been paid a hundred dollars a minute. All I could do was to stand there the same as the dumb character in a knockabout sketch.

"But, Mr. Kendall, that is only the smallest part of it. At Simmons' Restaurant I was not feeling myself, and when there was the mistake about the taxi I persuaded Mr. Leighton not to attempt to go out to the Daisy Inn at all. So we simply went back, and over two more cups of coffee had a long, friendly conversation. Yesterday morning he came to see me, looking very disappointed. I cheered him up the best I could and today we are going to be married."

"But what about your act?" I ast, after the congratulations.

"Oh," she said, "Jay does not want me to continue with the stage; and that suits me, because I have always detested the footlights; and the only reason I ever went behind same was on account of having the cockatoos left me by an uncle in the profession. You cannot imagine how glad I am of the chance to make a nice little home for a good man, which has always been my ideal and dream."

She stopped a minute, and then looking at me in a peculiar way added, "And you are to be congratulated, too, Mr. Kendall, because by chance I met your little wife this afternoon and she is certainly one of the dearest girls in the world. You should be proud to be associated with such a fine life partner."

Here she passed me another peculiar look; but as I did not know what it meant, I could only take it and say nothing, the same as the orchestra leader when being kidded by an act that has gone on without rehearsal.

That night when I came home, Miss Escott—I mean Mrs. Kendall—said, "Well, Leon," she said, "I have a little piece of news for you."

"What is it?" I ast.

"Leon," she said, "how would you like to travel and see the world in such beauty spots as California, Florida and similar places?"

"I would like it fine," I replied.

"Then, Leon, I am right in thinking that today is the happiest day of my life—and yours."

"Why?" I ast.

"Because, according to what you said, our ambitions are identical and they are going to come true."

I stood there—just stood there. Something told me that bad news was on the way, but I felt frozen, the way you are sometimes after a trick bicyclist—not knowing whether you hope he will take an encore and do some more or if it would be better to take a chance on the next number in spite of the fact that it is a song writer singing his own compositions.

"What's happened?" I ast finally. "Have you inherited money or something?"

"No," she said; "but do not be afraid to wind up your business affairs, because we will get money as we go along."

"How?" I ast.

"Leon," she went on, side-stepping my question, "you know I have always admired you, because in my mind you have stood as the symbol of a great profession."

"If you think so much of automobile insurance, why do you want me to get out of it?" I ast.

"I don't mean automobile insurance—I mean the theater. Leon, ever since high-school days I have envied you your opportunity to see all those wonderful performances at the New Orpheus, and I have always felt that in all Paloram you were probably the only man who could appreciate a young girl's theatrical ambitions. Yes, Leon, you have always been my ideal and I have had my eye on you from the first. And though I have never seen a theatrical performance in the past six years, because when I came to live with my grandfather he made me promise I would never set foot in a theater until I was twenty-one, I have always been crazy about the stage. Today, Leon, I am twenty-one."

I felt like a artistic posing act with the audience walking out on them and nothing to do but stand still and let it happen. I stood there—just stood there.

"Yes, Leon; and when I saw an ad in this morning's paper saying there was a chance for a young girl without experience to buy a vaudeville act and go on the stage, I investigated; and, Leon, I have bought the Act Beauteous—bookings ahead included. Wind up your business affairs, because our next week will be split between Berryville and Woods Center, and from then on we will be seeing the world, with all expenses paid."

I tried to say something, but all I could do was to make a noise the same as a musical clown.

Well, boy, six long years have passed since that conversation. Jay and Mrs. Leighton are still in Paloram, with three children and a fine home. I am a part of the Act Beauteous, with twenty-four cockatoos, four dog comedians and an educated goat. If you were at the Variety tonight you saw me, though when I am on the stage I wear a fake mustache, because I would go to any lengths rather than be recognized by somebody I know.

When I first begun I used to think of how some day I would get away, but now I know this is an idle dream and I will probably be a part of the Act Beauteous as long as I live.

Tonight I said to my wife, "Things have gone far enough. I have told you a hundred times I was through with vaudeville before I even begun same. I will now give you just ten minutes to decide whether you want to quit with me or go on without me."

Her only reply was to look at me in a cold way and remark, "This is Tuesday night; wash the goat."

Afterward, when I was washing the goat, I wished I had said with a bitter laugh, "Which goat?"

But this idea came too late.

Well, boy, I have got just one ambition left, and that is, if he is still alive, to meet and exchange experiences with Nut McCube, the Eccentric Comic. That man knew what he was talking about. "Marriage," Nut said, "is like playing the grab bag at a church social—you do it to oblige a lady; it costs money; and afterward you wonder why you didn't leave your prize at the church."

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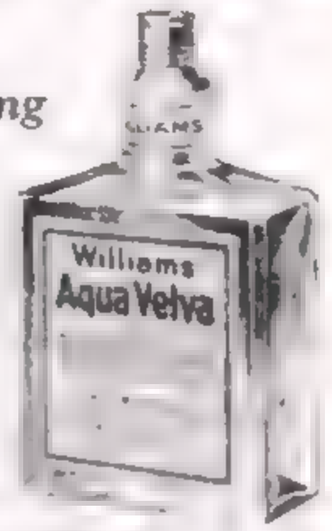

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Genuine Palm Beach Cloth is all of one quality, but suits made from Palm Beach Cloth are offered by clothing stores at prices that usually range about $12.50, $15.00, $16.50 and $18.50. Some styles and makes sell for more. Remember, the more you pay, the more you should get in cut, tailoring and finish.

You can *spend* a lot more for a summer suit, but you can't get better value at any price.

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HOW MUCH FOR THAT?

(Continued from Page 15)

explaining that the furnishings of regal simplicity and the many interesting pictures were all of the period of the palace itself. The splendid tapestries of the great council hall with its four original fireplaces were the ones woven for these very walls centuries before. They had only lately been rehung, however, for Austria had had them in her possession and they were only recaptured during the late war.

There were two or three old palaces in Rome open to the public on certain days, and he visited these too, but he found that he learned most from his books, supplemented by his conversations with two or three expert *antiquaires*. By asking the same questions of all of them in turn, he could compare their answers and come to satisfactory conclusions.

One of the many things he discovered was the difficulty of disassociating furniture from its surroundings. For, of course, he began to buy things. He found out that his table at home, which was undoubtedly Florentine of the sixteenth century, must be an excellent piece, so he began to plan on the sort of chairs that would best suit it, and the sideboard and small tables necessary to make the room a satisfactory whole.

For instance, one of the best shops, conducted without any sign outside, was in the very large apartment of a pleasant young Roman in an old palace. A correct servant answered one's ring, and conducted the customer up to the charmingly decorated waiting room. From there the proprietor escorted them into one after another of his many rooms.

The dining room, which interested the American most, was used daily by the *antiquaire* himself, and so had a pleasant livable atmosphere, even though everything in it—including the silk hangings on the wall—was for sale. Eventually, however, he realized that the furniture seemed so attractive partly because it suited the shape of the room itself, which was quite different from the proportions of their dining room in Chicago. Moreover, the sideboard which he had thought at first he wanted, was admirable here chiefly because it fitted the space between two old doors.

Let the Buyer Beware

At last, before he had actually bought anything, he consulted an expert, who suggested making a drawing to scale of his room and the table which was the nucleus of its furnishing. With this accomplished, he took the expert to Florence with him in order to choose the perfect chairs. At the same time he bought some wall hangings, two low Tuscan sideboards and iron brackets for lights.

"We'll have one good room anyway," he told his delighted wife. Incidentally he has always declared that his ability to discuss Renaissance furniture and decorations with the Roman official helped him greatly in facilitating the business matter which was the real purpose of his trip.

Many tourists, however, have not the time required to make an intelligent study of the subject of antiques, and they are often the victims of all manner of frauds. Nothing is more susceptible to fake and imitation than antique furniture, and sometimes even experts are unable to detect the false from the genuine without making technical tests. For this reason it is sometimes better economy to buy in the more expensive established shops, where the proprietors realize that their reputation for integrity is an asset too valuable to be exchanged for the transitory profit of cheating their customers.

The pitfalls awaiting the amateur buyer can best be realized by contemplating the mistakes made by experienced collectors. An interesting legal decision which well illustrates this point came up not long ago in England. A man of great wealth had bought a very large collection of antique furniture from a big dealer in London. After he had paid a small fortune for it he had reason to doubt its authenticity. Eventually he brought suit against the dealer. At the trial he produced an impartial expert who declared that many of the pieces were fake. The dealer produced an equally great authority who declared that in his opinion the pieces were genuinely old. The case attracted excited interest in collectors and dealers alike, who waited anxiously for the decision. It was given finally in favor of the dealer. The judge said in effect that the burden of proof was not on the dealer but on the purchaser. The dealer had asked a large price, saying that the furniture was genuine; the purchaser declared that it was imitation, but it was not necessary for the dealer to prove it was antique, but for the purchaser to prove it was imitation. This he could not do. Dealers the world around no doubt drew long sighs of relief, and collectors became even more wary.

Safeguards Against Fakes

There is one expedient open to Americans buying antiques abroad which may prove helpful in avoiding fakes. It is to insist that the purchase price shall include delivery in the United States, packing, freight, and, most important, all taxes. The reputable dealer will usually agree to this, but the others will make a hundred excuses to avoid it. If articles coming into this country are really over a hundred years old, there is no duty to pay on this side, although the purchaser is sometimes asked to pay an export tax at the place of sale. If, however, furniture has been repaired during that time, or if the pieces are new, the import tax is sometimes larger than the price paid abroad, as the appraisal is made not on the purchase price but on the market value here.

Many of the reliable European and Oriental dealers have agents in America, and in this way are able to guarantee delivery at the purchaser's house. And even if they have no personal representative here, there is no reason why they cannot name a price which will include safe arrival at the port of entry nearest the customer's home. Experienced buyers do not pay the full amount of the purchase price until such delivery is completed.

Some years ago we bought a set of Canton china from an engaging old merchant in Hong-Kong, and as we were just starting on an extensive trip through the Orient we told him to ship it to us by slow freight. He ascertained the exact cost of this prepayment, and added it as well as the insurance to the bill, which we unfortunately paid in full.

When we arrived in New York six months later, we were astonished to learn that the china had been sent us by express, C. O. D.! Moreover, as it had arrived during our absence, it had been allowed to stand unclaimed in the customhouse, and the total bill for storage and expressage, plus the amount already paid the engaging old merchant for its shipment, brought the total money cost up to an amount more than double its Fifth Avenue price. But I think our indignation at our helplessness in the situation annoyed us even more.

Very often dealers will suggest that they send the purchased articles to some firm of expert packers, who will ship them to America. But the customers should see that no matter who does the actual work, the dealer alone takes the responsibility for the packing and handling of the things, as well as for the insurance. For if the objects are sold by one man, packed by another, and no one person can be held responsible, there is no recourse, even should the things arrive broken to bits.

A friend of mine bought a lovely old lacquer cabinet not long ago in a village in

(Continued on Page 68)

Pledge to the Public
on Used Car Sales

1 All used cars offered to the public shall be honestly represented.

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2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

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4 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used.

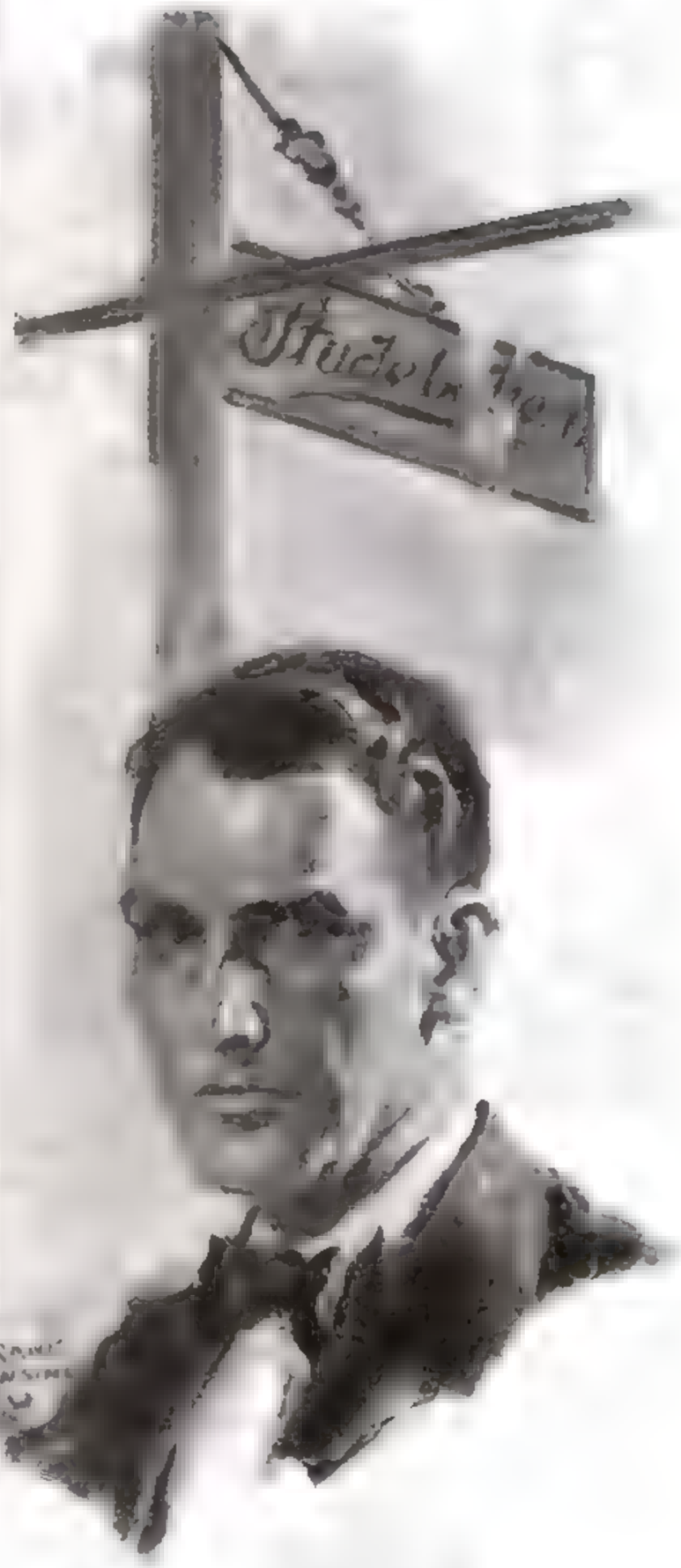
It is assumed, of course, that the car has not been smashed up by collision or other accident in the meantime.

Not only to the public, but also to The Studebaker Corporation of America, whose cars we sell, we pledge adherence to the above policy in selling used cars.

By Your Studebaker Dealer

Look for this pledge

in Studebaker Showrooms. It is your guarantee of satisfaction when buying a Used Car



This Man
offers a unique type of used car service

THIS advertisement is published in the interest of a group of automobile dealers who believe that used cars should be sold in a business-like way.

These Studebaker Dealers look at the used car, not as a necessary "evil," but rather as a substantial article of merchandise. Many years' experience has taught them that sound business principles must be applied to used car sales.

Now, backed by this knowledge, they have evolved a plan that takes all guesswork out of used car buying. Today, in this pledge, Studebaker Dealers offer the used car buyer many definite advantages.

They Sell Reserve Mileage

Unused Transportation is the keynote of the Studebaker Dealer's pledge to the public on used car sales. Instead of selling used cars he sells their unused mileage. He offers you reserve transportation at prices that represent a fair and honest value.

Perhaps you wonder why it is that Studebaker Dealers can make the remarkable 30-day guarantee on Certified Studebaker Used Cars offered in point number two of the pledge shown above.

Reserve mileage is the answer. The stamina and rugged dependability built into every Studebaker make this possible.

Authentic reports show that hundreds of Studebaker cars have given from 125,000 to 400,000 miles of sturdy, dependable service.

One Studebaker Big Six Touring Car traveled 94,000 miles on mountain roads in California during its first 2½ years of service. Then it was sold to a newspaper carrier company, and as a "used car" traveled 400 miles a day for 3 years more, adding another 400,000 miles.

An example of reserve mileage in a used car. Stupendous mileage! And many Studebakers tell the same convincing story.

Buy With Confidence

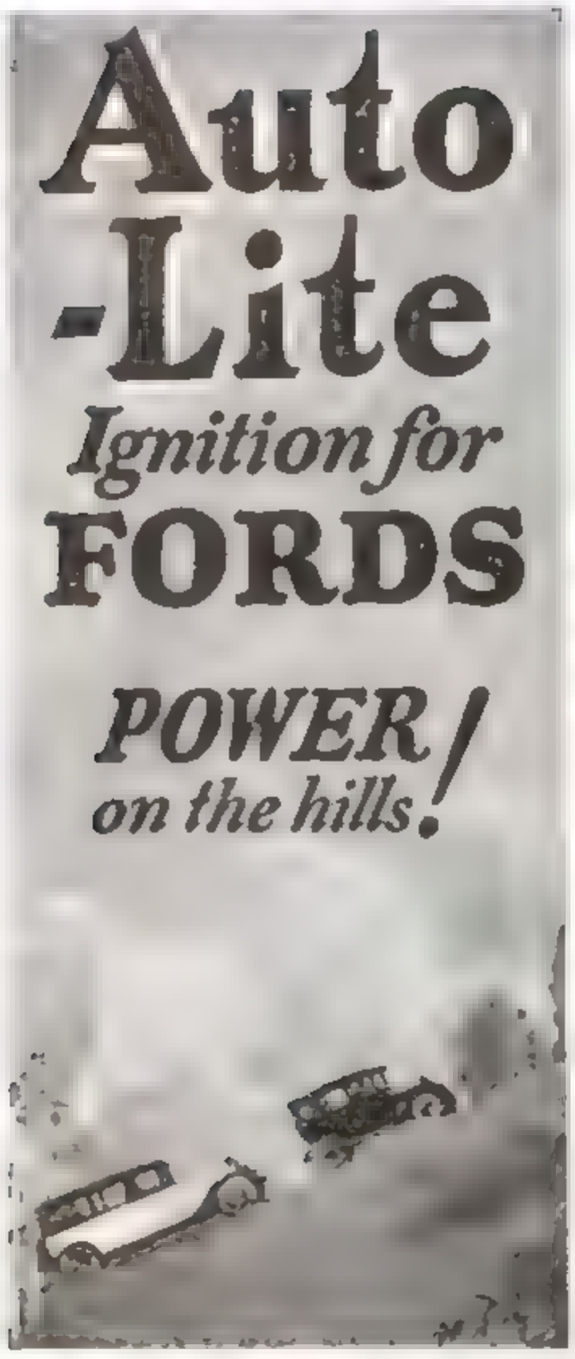
Look for the pledge shown above when buying a used car. It is displayed in the showrooms of Studebaker Dealers and is your guarantee of complete satisfaction.

Regardless of what type of car you are considering—a used car of any make or a new "one-profit" Studebaker—see the Studebaker Dealer before you buy. He is a reliable business man and will sell you an automobile in a business-like way. You can buy from him with the utmost confidence.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

Auto-Lite Ignition for FORDS

POWER! on the hills!



Give your Ford big-car performance with Auto-Lite Ignition for Fords. Skim up the hills—leap ahead in traffic—idle along leisurely without missing or knocking or jerking. Auto-Lite gives a big, powerful, accurately timed spark that keeps every cylinder firing on the dot all the time. Your dealer can install Auto-Lite in a few minutes, or if he can not supply you, write us

$12.00
Complete with Wiring and Fittings

Special Coil $5.00

Sales and Service through authorized Auto-Lite Service Stations everywhere. Look for this sign.

SERVICE STATION

The Electric Auto-Lite Co.
Office & Works Toledo, O.

(Continued from Page 66)

Southern France. It was the only thing of value in the little shop, and she bought it very cheaply. About four months later she received word from the customs officials in New York that it had arrived, so she went down to claim it. To her dismay she found the cabinet broken into half a dozen pieces. The shopkeeper not being used to shipping furniture to America had packed it insecurely, neglected to insure it, and there was nothing she could do about it. She found an expert who put it together again, but she paid him twice as much as she had paid for the thing itself, and it brought the price of the cabinet above its market value in New York.

Particularly when buying glass and porcelain should this rule of delivery in America be observed. Insurance for breakage is heavy on these articles and it should be added to the purchase price, as well as the cost of packing and the duty. Sometimes it will be found that these expenses make a total equal to the retail price at home. But often one is so carried away by the thought of buying glass in Venice, for instance, at half the price one would pay for the same thing at home, that the supplementary cost is not considered at all.

Justified Judgment

Another result of one's enthusiasm in buying things so much cheaper abroad is in overstocking. If gloves in France cost less than in America, who can resist buying many more than they would buy at home? And if clothes for men can be made by the smartest of Bond Street tailors for less than one ordinarily pays, what American in London will not consider it economy to order an extra suit while he is about it"

Women who boast of their wonderful little bootmaker who makes shoes to order for less than one would pay for ready-made ones at home, rarely tell you of the numbers of pairs among the half-dozen lots he makes for them that have not fitted and have had to be given away. They literally forget these failures in their enthusiasm. Many level-headed practical people of the type who when they shop at home buy only those things listed on a businesslike memorandum with a maximum price written opposite each one, so lose their level-headedness in Europe that they would buy extra trunks, extra hat boxes, extra handbags, pay excess fare on trains and porters' fees and custom duty when they returned home, in order to take advantage of the cheaper prices of clothes abroad.

There are two justifying elements which enter into this emotional and often indiscriminate buying which afflicts us all in the presence of bargains. The first is the indisputable fact that occasionally our judgment proves to be right.

Handkerchiefs of sheerest linen can be beautifully monogrammed in two days in London or Paris, and cost less than ordinary unmarked ones at home. Six dozen reduces the price, and one always needs handkerchiefs. They would make excellent gifts to take home, too, and they are so easy to pack. In the same shops there is usually exquisite handmade lingerie.

"Now that Madame is ordering, ought she not to have a supply for two seasons? Oh, yes, Madame intends to return next year, but who knows?"

Madame is convinced by this and by the ease with which the lingerie also may be packed.

In the beginning of a trip everyone plans the packing carefully; as time goes by, one becomes more and more reckless, until at last one carries quite shamelessly pasteboard boxes and queer-sized parcels, conscious only that nestling inside one's expensive Place Vendôme hat is an etched Bohemian glass of deep amber color, genuinely old, picked up in a tiny shop near the Boulevard Raspail for almost nothing.

We all find some bargains, no matter how recklessly or impulsively we buy. And what could add more to our feeling of justification after we have returned home, depressed at having somehow spent much more money than we had planned, than to find in a shop almost the duplicate of something we have bought abroad, priced twice as high? Regardless of whether these things are useful or even beautiful, we begin to feel that despite the cold figures of one's bank's accountant, the trip has really been a great saver of money

Of course there is also the contrary experience. What enthusiastic shopper has not gone through the disheartening occurrence of bringing back in triumph some carefully chosen foreign articles, only to find them in the department stores when he returns home? The quaint earrings of coral and kingfishers' feathers fastened with one pearl, which one buys in the bazaar near the Great Wall of Peking, seem then the perfect gift for the friend who likes original jewelry. But, alas, it is difficult to find a little shop in all New York that does not also feature them. And the lovely pieces of jade that one had thought so remarkable in a tiny stall in Shanghai appear commonplace when compared with the extensive jade collections in the big importing shops in America. In Prague not long ago I nearly missed the only train to Vienna, so determined was I to have some lovely modern colored glass. But last week I found a better assortment for about the same price in a shop around the corner from my house.

We refuse to take these incidents seriously, however, because they concern only the intrinsic value of things bought abroad. And the second and more important reason we treasure our foreign purchases has to do, not with their actual value but with the matter of association and pleasant memory.

The other evening we dined with a group of people who were sailing for Europe at midnight.

One of the men is a true connoisseur who has furnished his beautiful new house entirely with European antiques. To my surprise he said that he had just bought some splendid old Italian chairs in New York that afternoon.

"But you're on your way to Italy now, aren't you?" someone asked.

"Yes," he answered, "but although I've made a good many trips abroad and bought a lot of my things over there, I've also bought a lot of my best things in this country. My belief is that if you've got a definite plan in mind, when you find just the thing that you want, no matter where it is, you'd better get it."

"But can't you get things lots cheaper in Europe?"

"If you're really experienced and competent to judge for yourself, I think you undoubtedly can," he said. "I think I can now, after a good many years of it, and after getting stung a good deal. I don't know that I'd particularly regret that part of it, though, if I didn't want to finish my house, for I've always had a good time buying in Europe, even when I was taken in."

"That's the point I wanted to make," said one of the women. "That's just the way I feel about buying my clothes abroad. People always ask me if I get them much cheaper. I suppose I do. But that isn't my primary reason for stocking up over there. Shopping at home is a good deal of a burden, but over there it becomes part of the fun. I like to practice my French on my modiste and have my *vendeuse* call me mademoiselle when she knows perfectly well that I've been married forever."

Diamond Reflection of Mt. Cannon in Lake McDonald, Montana

When Shopping Is a Pleasure

"Of course you have so much more leisure, too, when you're traveling abroad," said another woman. "You stay in a hotel, for one thing, without any housekeeping difficulties, or any committee meetings or welfare organizations clamoring for attention. You literally have time to go and sit by the hour watching the mannequins parade. I usually get some things I like immensely, and then I lose my head and buy some things I don't want and can't wear after I get home—you know the kind of things Frenchwomen look wonderfully in and we simply can't get away with. But even if I do buy an extra trunk or two and have to pay enormous duty when I get home and then sometimes give away half the things I've bought, I wouldn't miss the pleasure I've had buying them for anything."

No one understands this psychological attitude of American shoppers better than the foreign shopkeeper. Carefully as he may display his material wares and merchandise, even more skillfully does he produce the atmosphere in which buying and selling seem less a businesslike procedure than an amusing game and a friendly interchange. This is not usually a matter of premeditated guile, but truly reflects the attitude of many small merchants, especially those who deal in antiques.

"Look, lady! Look, gentleman! Give you very fine bargain. First sale I make today! Bring me luck!"

Countless times I have heard these words of enticement. Never have I been able to discover whether they correspond to some superstition held by bazaar merchants the world around, or whether they are part of the local color put on to tempt the foreign buyer. I do know that by going early in the morning to the narrow streets bordering on the Piazza Campo di Fiore in Rome, where every Wednesday dozens of booths display their variety of wares, I

Continued on Page 70

Public Servants of the Nation

Gas will be the universal fuel for complete house heating within a very few years.

Common sense demands it. Health, comfort and the national pocket-book cannot overlook the cheapest and most dependable heating element that the world has ever known.

Gas service is a basic need of home life. The producing companies deserve your support and appreciation. They are, in the best sense of the term, public servants of the nation.

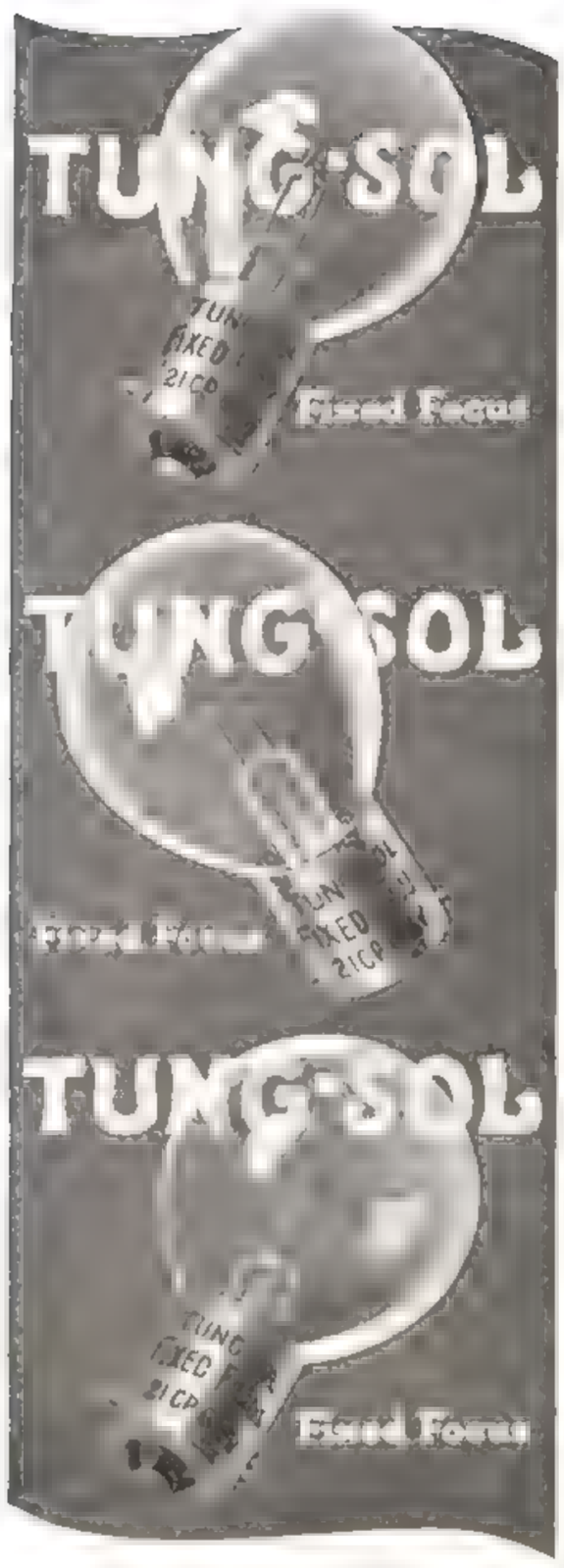
GENERAL GAS LIGHT COMPANY
KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

NEW YORK, 44 W. BROADWAY SAN FRANCISCO, 768 MISSION ST.
PITTSBURGH BUFFALO CINCINNATI ATLANTIC CITY

The HUMPHREY

Radiantfire

TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT. OF



Why You Should Use
TUNG-SOL Fixed Focus

More carefully built than ordinary bulbs. Filaments so accurately placed that when correct focus is once obtained, Tung-Sol Fixed Focus bulbs can be renewed without refocusing. Comply with legal requirements of any State. A beam of driving light *without* glare.

"Let TUNG-SOL Fixed Focus light the way to safety, convenience, economy." Ask your dealer, or write us.

The term Fixed Focus (Registered Trade Mark) designates a distinctive type of Tung-Sol bulb.

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY
Licensed under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

(Continued from Page 68)

have found an occasional bargain of permanent delight. A lovely old Spanish shawl, for instance, which I was unable later to duplicate in Spain for five times its price, came out of an unpromising stall of modern silver in this Wednesday sale. Handsome old silver candlesticks, pieces of antique brocade, and sometimes very interesting rings and necklaces have emerged there to be sold beneath their market value. It requires such a discerning eye combined with a practical nature, however, to find the bargains and leave the tawdry stuff, which greatly preponderates, that I have never seen anyone who could accomplish both of these feats. Many people find bargains, but once they have bought them, their resistance is broken down, and they always go away with an armful of things of no value.

Some of the dealers at this weekly market—commonly called the rag fair—have regular shops where the same merchandise may be seen any day in the week. A great many of them, however, are not shopkeepers, but store their large supplies of fabrics and old laces and altar clothes at home during the week, bringing them in great bundles every Wednesday morning and taking them home again that evening.

"Sell it to you cheap. Last sale today. Give it to you half price, lady. *Bancarotta!*"

This phrase meaning bankruptcy always delights the tourist, although he hears it so often that he eventually loses faith in its literal interpretation.

Suspicious Haste

Then there is always the dealer who tells you in a low and confidential voice that he knows of a wonderful old tapestry or a primitive painting of undeniable authenticity that he would like to bring to your house for your inspection.

This element of mystery gives the purchaser, no matter how innocent, a delightful feeling of complicity. The dealer may explain that these valuable things are at present the property of a person of such distinction that you would know the name at once if he dared to tell it you, but for personal reasons they are to be sold secretly.

"We will sell this *fondo d'oro* at a loss if you will buy it immediately," said one *antiquaire* who handles only those things he terms important pieces. He went on to explain, "There is now a very large ownership tax which we would have to pay our government if this picture gets listed. Therefore we will sell it far below its actual value."

The acquaintance of mine to whom this offer was made was interested in the purchase of a genuine primitive, but he had learned that the tests necessary to determine the authenticity of a *fondo d'oro* require a good deal of time, and the dealer insisted upon haste.

The only proof put forward by the dealer was a photograph in a catalogue of an authenticated collection recently sold. But although the photograph appeared to be a facsimile of the actual picture, the American knew how perfectly these things were copied, so that the photograph might only mean that it was an exact reproduction of a well-known painting. As the price was several thousand dollars he decided not to take the risk.

In the course of the negotiation, however, he learned how pictures of this sort are sometimes smuggled out of the country without detection.

"Yes, we have occasionally evasions of the law here too," said one of the *antiquaires* who, like most men in his profession, had a sense of humor. "In fact we might call it bootlegging not in liquor but in *objets d'art*. For in this country all objects of great artistic value are supposed to be listed with the government. Before they can be sold to any foreigner the government must be given a chance to buy them. And even if the government does not wish to avail itself of the opportunity, there is always the matter of paying a large export tax in addition to the other tax. All these things mean not only a loss of money, but—which is often more annoying to the American buyer—a long delay; months and sometimes years before the things can be delivered.

"The best method I personally have ever heard of," he went on, "concerned some pictures of the second order—not important enough for a museum, and therefore the government would not have really wanted them, but good enough for a private collection, so there would have been much argument and delay. The foreigner who wanted the pictures agreed to buy them only on condition that they were delivered to him in Paris, within two months. My firm did not sell them; they belonged to a private person who had inherited them and badly needed the money. This woman invented a very good idea in order to get these pictures out of the country and into France without paying any duty or having any trouble. She hired a young artist, a boy who spends days and days in the picture galleries copying the masterpieces. His copies are well done and he sells them as copies for a fair price. Now the pictures she had agreed to deliver in Paris had been painted centuries ago by apprentice painters in the studios of some of the great masters, and they all had that authoritative appearance which only great skill imparts, as well as beautiful color. The resourceful owner of these pictures induced the young copyist to make reproductions of each of the three pictures for sale. When he had done this he put varnish over them all, so that they all looked entirely modern, and indeed one could scarcely tell the copies from the originals. When he packed these six pictures he put them into a trunk with copies of other classic paintings.

"At the border the customs people examined his luggage as they had on previous occasions when he had crossed the frontier with his carefully made reproductions. They let him through. He delivered the originals in Paris, sent the money—minus his commissions—back to the owner, and the American sailed with his pictures."

Autographing Your Purchases

The *antiquaire* laughed. "At least the boy swore that he had delivered the originals. I believe that afterward the American had them examined by some expert who said they were very clever copies. But there was nothing he could do about it, even if it were so, without giving the whole thing away. Now I will give you a good suggestion in case you should ever buy something of the sort. Find some place—under the frame if it is a picture, or below a table top, or on a chair leg—where you can write your name yourself in ink on the actual thing you buy. Otherwise, it is sometimes impossible to know whether the things delivered to you in America are the same as those bought. We like our customers to do this," he concluded, "because occasionally they buy things when they are confused from seeing a great number of them, and during the months it takes for shipment and delivery they forget just what the things they finally selected look like; then they write us and say, 'We received a chair with purple velvet and the one we ordered was covered with bright blue.' So it is best for everyone concerned to make quite sure."

One of the things which impresses the tyro as to the genuineness of antique furniture is wormholes.

"Why, of course it must be old! Just look at the wormholes!" someone will declare.

But putting wormholes and even worms into perfectly modern furniture is an art only too easy to learn. This is no test at all; nor are stains, nor small patches of wood which appear to have been put in centuries before. The actual appearance of old wood is indeed different from that of modern wood to the experienced eye. But many pieces sold as authentic are reconstructed from old wood, so even this does not prove the pieces to be genuinely of an early period. Making iron appear old is child's play to the initiated; statues and bas reliefs of marble are often just put out into the open, and the rain and sun with the help of certain acids make them appear antiques within a few weeks. Velvets and brocades are treated in various ways, laces may be yellowed quickly, and old mirrors put into new frames give the desired appearance of age to the whole.

There is no way for the average buyer to be sure that the things presented to him as antique are genuinely so, unless he obtains the advice of some disinterested expert who is not himself a dealer.

Many people who enjoy the process of buying will say, "What difference does it make whether the things are old or not, if I like them?"

The first difference it makes is that the price asked by the dealer is large in proportion to the purported age of the article. This applies to the market value in any country at any time, and although reselling is not considered, most people prefer, when investing considerable amounts of money, to choose things of permanent value.

In addition to this initial cost, there is the matter of duty to be paid in this country on modern furniture. But beyond this consideration of the material value of modern imitations, there lies the indisputable fact that as the amateur grows into the experienced collector his eyes become more and more trained until he eventually is able to distinguish the old from the new, and finds greater satisfaction in the mellowness and beauty of the old.

Priceless Memories

When it comes to purchases of no great intrinsic value, then the matter of association and the pleasure of buying usually far outweigh the mere money cost.

We look at the square box of iron inlaid with silver on our library table. To strangers it is merely a container of cigarettes, but to us it brings back the whole picture of days in Seoul and of the Korean in loose white dress and a high pointed black hat who tried to explain to us the symbolism of the carefully wrought design in silver.

"And do you remember the boy who came running down to the wharf, the day our boat sailed from Yokohama, with this porcelain Kwannon hidden in his jacket, saying it had been looted from the Imperial Palace in Peking and they must get it out of the country at once?"

This impassive lady sits now on her ebony stand on our mantelpiece and, so far as any eyes but the owners' can see, she might have been purchased in any Oriental shop.

She gazes without interest at a low Normandy bench of carved walnut covered with old tapestry. "Do you remember the day we saw it in the window of the antique shop in Paris, and didn't dare go in for fear it would be priceless?"

"Yes, but have you forgotten that day in the pouring rain in Brussels when you insisted upon going from one place to another to buy all that lace you never have used?"

"And the day at the auction in Rome when we summoned our best Italian to bid on the two red-and-gold Abruzzi chairs. And the days you spent afterward motoring over to the Adriatic, through the mountains of the Abruzzi, to hunt for the others to go with them?"

The indelible memories tied up to the things we have found in novel and exciting environments come to mean more to people who buy in this way than the actual things.

Perhaps you can buy the same goblets of sea-green glass in the basement of a near-by department store. But when you bought yours in Venice you bought more than the goblets. You bought with them the memory of the rippling water, and the clear blue of the sky overhead, and the laughter of the old woman with whom you bargained in what your smiling gondolier told you was Venetian dialect. And when you consider all that you bought in this process, you know that whatever you paid was too little.

"Give me the clear blue sky over my head and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me and a three hours' march to dinner."
HAZLITT

Step forth into the Sunlight and on to Wellville!

You who follow habit's ruts with leaden feet, whose cheeks have lost their glow behind dim-lighted walls, step forth into the sunshine! Drink the rare wine of mountain air, and beneath the vault of blue walk down the open Road to Wellville! For happy wayfarers who pass this way there are peaceful sleep beneath the stars and simple, wholesome food to break their fast: vegetables and fruit and milk and golden grain. In these foods are health and vigor. * * * Post Health Products from Battle Creek are made from nutritious grain. They furnish the body with vital elements it needs to build bone and brain and brawn. Eat them every morning and journey on to Wellville, the town of health and happiness.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Michigan

Makers of Post Health Products:

Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes) *Post's Bran Flakes* * * *Grape-Nuts*

Postum Cereal *Instant Postum*

© P. C. Co., 1925

ESQUIRE

(Continued from Page 7)

fairly risen. Breathlessly he struggled to his feet and went after her. She was in her wicked boatlike car before he could reach the veranda. The motor turned over and obediently began to hum its little tune.

"But, Shirley!"

Her face now for some inscrutable reason was all laughter. In the morning sunlight, which set her uncovered hair afire, she sat, alive, alert, beautiful with the witchery of the fleeing woman. "I'm sorry, Grandsir," she called to him. "You will have to get your own butlers."

He tossed up a pair of despairing hands. "Butlers! According to you I shall have to get in the militia!"

"He'd walk right through 'em. You don't know Diggory, I tell you. Single-handed he brought in three guns and I don't know how many prisoners at Loos. And he was cuckoo at the time."

"He must have been."

"No; I mean, that was when he had got his bad bash on the head. He thought he was bringing them home to tea. Tommy says he told the colonel they were bashful about coming! Darling, I'm off!"

"This," grumbled Grandsir as she blew him a kiss, "is the beginning of an imperfect day." The car gathered itself, slipped forward and flashed away.

As Mr. Crewe turned disconsolately back into the house his ears were assailed by a familiar sound. Ogden Crewe might have all the accomplishments common to his class of well-to-do youngsters; he could ride, dance, swim, ski, sail, and drive anything that went on wheels or legs—but beyond all these things, was he revered among his contemporaries for his incomparable method of descending a flight of stairs. No agile footlight favorite beating out a ragtime *pas seul* could surpass the rhythm with which Ogden Crewe could trip downstairs with a syncopated patter and rattle of blithe footsteps. This morning, perceiving his grandsire in a favorable location, he omitted the last three steps in an airy nonchalance and finished his breakdown by making a complete circle around that patient audience, gravely, with staccato precision, coming to a respectful halt before him.

"You seem unduly depressed," said Grandsir Crewe.

"Darling, I am growing old," returned Ogden gracefully. "Where is Shirley? Have you had breakfast?"

"I could do with another."

"Steak and onions!" ejaculated the youthful Crewe mysteriously. He put an arm through his grandfather's and accompanied him to the breakfast table. "You are keeping something from me. Where is Shirts?"

"Gone to Newport," said Mr. Crewe.

"The jade! The harpy! Who is he?" Ogden looked about the room. "Do not answer now. Tell me first, where is William? Where is my coffee? Where are my fruit, cereal, toast, bacon, eggs and waffles? I may surrender, but I will never starve."

"I've got to get another butler. And a houseman," said Grandsir dejectedly.

Ogden flourished his napkin. "What shortsighted wastrel abolished slavery?" he demanded hotly. "Couldn't you train Barlow to indoor work, or would he insist upon using the spray? Why, Anthony Carstarphen Crewe, you know good butlers are becoming rare. There's no closed season on them. I shall write my senator. What possessed you to fire William?"

"Take your foot off the button," said Grandsir. "The maid will fall with what few dishes there are left. You'll have to comb Newport for a couple of men."

"I, Benzonian? Why, Granny, I should be frightfully embarrassed. What has Shirley gone for, if not for domestics?"

"Gone to stay with Betsy. She is avoiding a suitor."

"Well, I know I am not out yet, but there is no use talking to me as if I were a child," sobbed Ogden. The maid, who was not really so inefficient as Mr. Crewe believed, brought in a very passable beginning to the comprehensive meal described by his grandson. "Good morrow, Kate," quoth the irrepressible. "You may be the bonniest Kate in Christendom, you know, but I do miss having a bit of help with the good old riding boots."

"I think you'll have to go to Newport," repeated Mr. Crewe.

"Barry Crocker is hard up; perhaps he would come. Or I might suborn a valet from the Benders. Only I know so little about suborning. Badly brought up, that's my trouble. What's this about a suitor? If Shirts has gone in for avoiding them we shall miss her very much."

"I've got an idea," said Grandsir Crewe, rising suddenly.

Young Ogden transferred the greater part of a pint of marmalade to his plate. "Blood will tell!" he murmured.

"I'm going out to cook my eggs myself!" declared Mr. Crewe, and disappeared in the wake of the maid.

"Lion Heart!" called Ogden cheerfully.

Before he had finished his toast and coffee Mr. Crewe returned with his trophy.

"Expensive!" he said affably, as he took his seat.

Ogden cocked up a sympathetic eye. "Eggs gone up? These hens!" he said, and shook his head

"No," said Grandsir. "I hurt her feelings. Not the hen. Lucretia. Had to raise her wages. It just occurs to me," he added pensively, "what with all these domestic upheavals, I'd forgotten all about the man with the black eye."

"Surprising," said Ogden. "What I like about American home life is its ordered placidity. Not to appear inquisitive, I will wait patiently for you to continue. Who in Hades is the man with the black eye? Not Shirley's suitor?"

"You put in one egg," said Mr. Crewe, "and two minutes later you put in another. No woman can grasp it. Yet it seems simple."

"It's one of those sex problems," said Ogden, rising. "I am going for my usual ride, Granny, but I'm afraid I shall get to brooding and fall off my horse if you leave the man with the black eye unexplained."

"He is J. B. Cotter, Esquire," said Mr. Crewe. "Told me so."

Ogden paused in lighting a cigarette. When the match burned his fingers he flipped it into his finger bowl. Presently he came over to the other end of the table, and drew a side chair near his grandfather.

"What you need, you know, is not a valet, youngster. It's a guardian," he said kindly. "Or at least you might read your paper."

"Well, you know, Shirley has been away. And if J. B. Cotter, Esquire, has no quoted batting average, you would never have brought him to my notice. Was he in the news?"

"Under that and other names," answered Ogden impassively. "He uses several. The police, in their fond fashion, call him The Slinker."

"Poetic," said Grandsir.

"They are known for it. I wish you would unbelt a little."

Mr. Crewe had finished his eggs, and rose, tossing down his napkin. "Come and see him," he suggested. "He is in the garage."

"Great balls of smoke!" said Ogden prayerfully.

III

"MR. COTTER?" said Bill, pleasantly nodding to his employers as they came to a stand in the open doorway of the garage. "He's asleep. I haven't seen a man so dead for sleep since the Armistice. Nearly fell into his plate eating breakfast."

"Where is he?" inquired Ogden. "Upstairs in your diggings?" He gave a glance and a flirt of his whip toward the groom, who was leading out his mount into the quad.

"He's on my sofy," said Bill. "We do have an extra bed, but it was two rooms off and he couldn't postpone it."

Ogden looked at his grandfather. "I'll just waft up and take a bird's-eye view of him," he said softly, turning away from the chauffeur.

"He is not much to look at," demurred Mr. Crewe. "Not in his present condition."

"I fixed his eye beautiful," Bill remarked proudly.

"Yet he may repay a passing glance," Ogden replied to Grandsir. "I shall not wake him, never fear. Worthier hands than mine shall tap him on the shoulder."

"But what good will it do for you to look at him?"

"In telephoning the sheriff," said Ogden lyrically, "I should be in a position to say he answers the description, if not to my fancy."

"This is a most unpleasant day," said Grandsir wistfully. "I liked the lad. What's he been up to?"

"A trifle of bank robbery, you know. What made you like him?"

"He's a gentleman," said Mr. Crewe.

"Tut, tut!"

"Bank robbery," muttered Grandsir. "Why, he hasn't got a penny."

"I shall return anon," said Ogden, and leaped lightly up the stairs.

Grandsir Crewe turned miserably to rest his eyes upon the unmistakable probity of the beautiful mare that the groom had tentatively led nearer. Bill and the horse's attendant exchanged pregnant looks past his unconscious head. There had been some excusable gossip concerning the stranger within the gates of High Crewe, but nobody save Ogden had connected this Cotter with the melodiously named Slinker. Still, one wondered. It were not too much to say that some baker's dozen wondered.

The mare decided to give a little dance expressive of its being a fine day, in contradiction of Mr. Crewe, and pleasantly occupied their attention till Ogden's return. He came down this stairway with no resounding ragtime rattle, but in a light silence, hooked his arm into his grandfather's and led him a step to one side.

"My mistake," he said genially. "He is not a bit like it."

"Well, I am glad to hear it," said Grandsir with a deep breath of relief. "I don't know just why, but I am."

"You are not accustomed to having malefactors apprehended on the premises, you see," suggested Ogden. "Of course it is amazing how Shirts has escaped the arm of the law so long. Well, but—it is funny, his having the name and all."

"Give a dog a black eye," said Grandsir. "That isn't funny. What I regard as extraordinary was his calling himself Esquire. Like dictating a letter in an office, what?"

"Did he? Well, maybe he will sleep it off. My advice to you is, when Morpheus' arms unclose, you take him by the buttonhole and lead him back to where you got him. He may not have robbed a bank, but according to your story he was sitting on one, and you cannot do better than to leave him there."

Ogden produced sugar from his pocket, and the mare's interest in lighter matters came to an end. Grandsir stood by while amenities were exchanged between the hunter and her young master, and watched the latter swing himself gracefully into the saddle.

"I shall make my usual effort to preserve my figure," said Ogden. "As for the houseman, I vote we bore our way through till Shirley comes home. Like as not she just went off to shirk the job."

"On your return you will find me on the veranda, armed to repel invaders," said Mr. Crewe. "I understand this suitor is one of the fire-eaters."

Like any average brother Ogden took little interest in his sister's conquests. "Just push him off the steps," he counseled, and ambled out of the stable yard

"About this Mr. Cotter ——" said Bill, with a little cough as Mr. Crewe started slowly away.

"Oh! Well, let him sleep," said the other. "I will come down again later." He went back through the garden, gazing wistfully at the remote figures of Barlow and his helpers, but, true to his undertaking, keeping on toward his post.

But though he kept his eye upon the portcullis all morning, no flame-consuming suitor appeared. No one appeared. Even Ogden did not return to luncheon, having been gathered into a friendly fold elsewhere, and Mr. Crewe found the time hang heavy on his hands. A telephone message to Bill brought him the information that Mr. Cotter had wakened much refreshed, with an unimpaired appetite, and had gone for a walk.

"His eye is going down nicely," said Bill. "My wife and me are downright proud of the job."

It occurred to Mr. Crewe that Mr. Cotter might never return from that walk, but it did not seem to matter whether he did or no. About four o'clock Shirley called up to ask if anything had happened, and seemed rather dashed by the news that Mr. Diggory Chase had never put in a demand for her.

"You would better come home," said Grandsir. "Like as not he has gone courting another girl. I've given the whole day to waiting for him, and I should have been keeping an eye on Barlow. I am perfectly positive he has not sprayed the hybrid teas. This morning I found three rose slugs."

"I can't understand it," said Shirley.

"He is doing it on purpose to persuade me to use hellebore instead of whale-oil suds," averred Mr. Crewe feelingly. For which Shirley had only a shriek of laughter.

"I don't mean that! I mean Diggory's not showing up."

"You are a vain and conceited chit," replied her grandfather. "And you must likewise be wicked, for you flee when no man pursueth."

"That is a nasty one!" replied Shirley's voice. "I am thoroughly well pursued, never you fear. And Diggory will turn up storming. You'll see."

"Well, then, he can have the run of the house," said Mr. Crewe. "He can look for you in every nook and cranny. I am going out."

"Go along, darling. I never meant for you to sit growling on the gravel. Diggory would walk right through you anyway, as I told you. I'll call you up tomorrow morning."

Grandsir Crewe gave up the vigil with a sigh of content. He sought for and finally found the dilapidated old straw hat, lying where he had last tossed it instead of, as in the dear old days of John, retrieved and hanging on the peg where he ever sought but never placed it. He would go out and find another slug with which to confront Barlow. In the shade at the rear of the house he paused to light a cigarette, and found himself in that occupation musing on J. B. Cotter, Esquire.

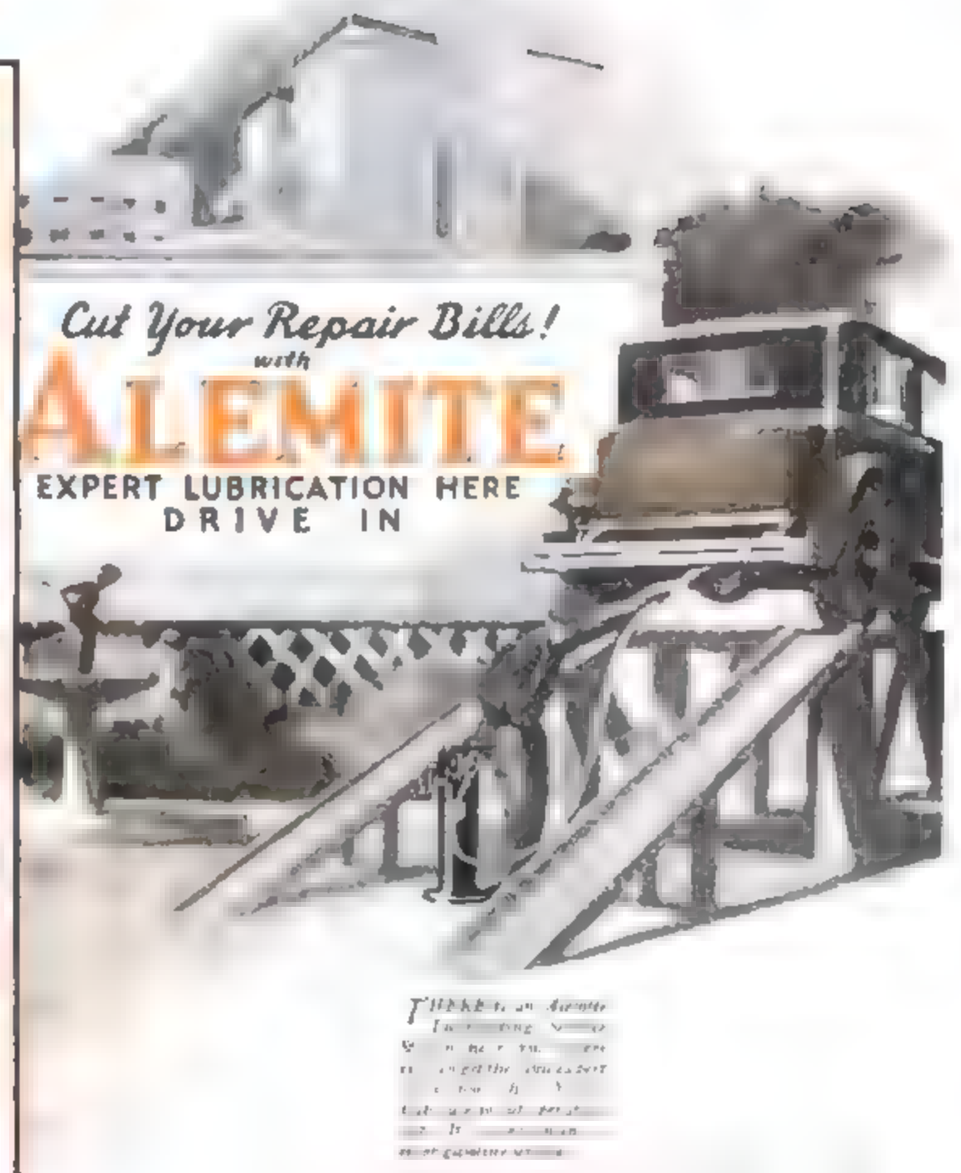
"No," said he to himself, "the man was a gentleman. He lighted his cigarette first, which is a sign. He gives you the benefit of pure wood smoke untainted by chemicals. Dash it, I liked him, black eye and all. I'm sorry he has gone—like that."

But J. B. Cotter, Esquire, had not gone. Grandsir encountered him coming toward the house with a light purposeful stride before he had turned out of the box walk.

Mr. Crewe paused and smiled. "Oh, here you are," he said. He was pleased.

Mr. Cotter's various refreshments of sleep, bath, food and exercise had made

(Continued on Page 77)



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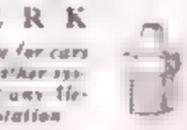

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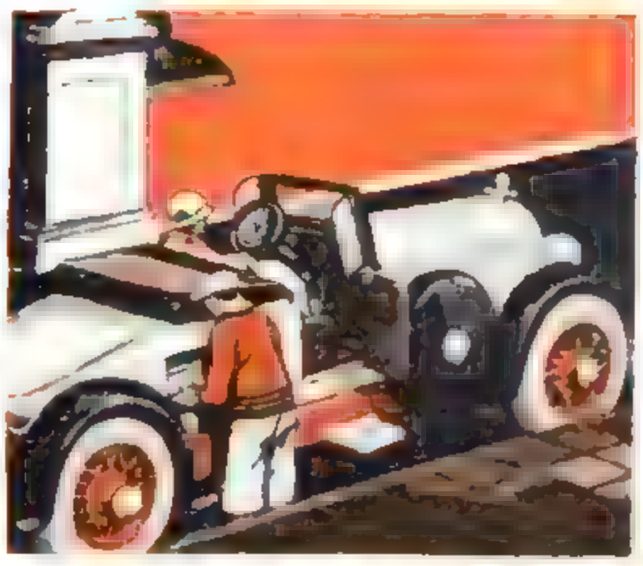

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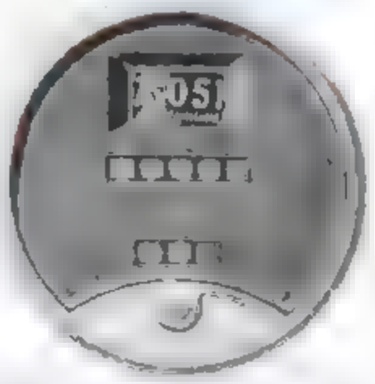

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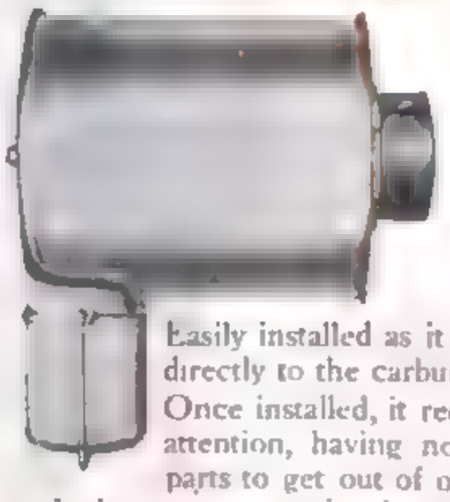

Easily installed as it connects directly to the carburetor.

Once installed, it requires no attention, having no moving parts to get out of order, and its high permanent cleaning efficiency keeps down repair bills

Comes complete with all attachments and is reasonably priced—$5.00 to $7.00 ($7.00 to $10.00 in Canada), depending on the size required

(Continued from Page 72)

considerable improvement in his appearance. Moreover, his manner had completely changed. The vague maundering talk of the morning had altered to a decisive crisp speech. He came to a stand respectfully.

"Here I am, sir," said he. "Might I have a few moments' talk with you?"

"Certainly," said Grandsir Crewe. "There is a seat here, near the trellis."

He led on, Cotter following, but when he had taken his place the man continued to stand before him.

"Thank you, sir," said he. "You are very kind." He passed a hand over his bronze-red hair, and seemed to collect himself. "I believe I told you this morning, Mr. Crewe, that I was unable to think of any capacity in which you would find me useful. I am not a mechanic; and my friend Bill," he added, smiling, "needs no more helpers, anyway. I know nothing about gardening, or that sort of work. But I could earn my keep in the house."

"Eh?" said Grandsir amazedly.

"I say I could be worth my salt indoors," returned the astonishing Cotter. "It is perfectly apparent that I must earn my living, and I am already indebted to you."

"But look here," wondered Mr. Crewe. "Are you a servant?"

For a moment Cotter did not reply. His gray eyes did not waver from the blue eyes that so stared at him, nor did his color change by so much as a tinge. He had not in any way seemed to flinch from the term "servant," yet he had paused as if to fit the word upon himself.

"I understand the duties of a valet and butler, sir," he said finally, "and I am sure you would find me orderly, respectful and attentive." He stopped and faintly smiled at Mr. Crewe's astounded face. "I can give you no other recommendation but my own, unfortunately, so that is why I must sing my own praises. It may be, of course, that you would not care to trust me in such a capacity, or very probably you have all the servants you need. In that case, sir, I shall be very glad to take on any job you think I could learn. I am physically quite fit."

"Well, bless me!" said Mr. Crewe blankly.

"I do not want to appear importunate," said the young man, "but I respectfully remind you that we agreed I should earn my breakfast, and I should like to do it."

Grandsir continued to stare at him. "See here, Cotter," he said, not unkindly. "What is behind all this?"

"As between you and me, Mr. Crewe," was the reply, "there is nothing but what I have openly stated."

"You drop in here with a black eye and ask for a situation—mark me, a situation that, snobbery or no, I know to be beneath you. What is the idea? You don't talk like a servant, Cotter. Did anyone tell you I needed a houseman?"

"Not a soul," said Cotter. "I've had no talk with anyone. When I woke up I went for a walk, thought the matter over, and came straight to you to say what I have said."

"Well, but," said Grandsir—"it is astonishing."

"I admit it seems unusual," replied Cotter. "But once you get past that, I don't see any obstacle. I am honest. I won't steal. Do you say that you need a houseman?"

"I do. But still ——"

"Not one with a black eye?"

Mr. Crewe half smiled. "Your eye is coming on, as Bill says, quite beautiful. Don't you think, in view of the trust you ask me to impose in you, you might tell me how you got it?"

"I regret exceedingly, Mr. Crewe," Cotter made answer, "that I can give you no information on that subject. As I said, if you do not wish to take me on as a footman, valet, what not, I cannot by taking you any further into my confidence make any more successful plea for myself. I can certainly be trusted to do a little rough and ready outdoor work, so that I shall not have to take my leave in your debt."

"John's new livery might fit you," said Mr. Crewe musingly. "He was a very tall man, like you, though not so broad in the shoulder. He never wore it. Cotter, I don't make it out," he added with a sudden change to briskness. "But I will tell you what. I like you. I like your wanting to work for what you get. There's nobody at home just now but my grandson and myself, and if you start anything I guess the two of us against you can finish it. For a few days, till I can get a regular butler, I will let you take the job. We can part quits when my granddaughter returns, whatever day that may be. Will that do?"

"Certainly, sir. I thank you."

"You are a most extraordinary episode in a normally quiet life," said Mr. Crewe. "Come back into the house."

At a leisurely pace Grandsir preceded Cotter through the house and up the stairs to where a door closed away the servants' bedrooms.

"We did have," he ramblingly recounted, "two very good men on this job—old John, whom I miss as a faithful friend, and young William. John died in the hospital last month, and William was unable to manage alone, even temporarily. I hope you know how to clean the silver; he didn't, I understand. Not to my granddaughter's satisfaction. However, she is away for the present. Now, here is John's room. It is all in order for his successor. And his livery will be in that closet. For the rest, you will have to fit yourself out from some of my things. I am quite tall, too, luckily." He stood a moment hesitating in the doorway. "Cotter," he said gravely, "I hope you are going to keep faith with me."

"I give you my word, Mr. Crewe."

"Come down when you have changed, and I will show you about," said Grandsir after a scrutinizing pause.

He went down alone, wondering what would happen next. Ogden would certainly disapprove. Shirley would say goodness knows what. For his part, he could wonder in an entertaining fashion what and who and why was this J. B. Cotter, Esquire, but he was very little concerned with any apprehension. Let the fellow stay a day or so. What harm could it do?

Except for the unfortunate discoloration around his eye and the fact that red-headed men never seemed to have been butlers before in Mr. Crewe's experience, the mysterious Cotter looked very presentable when he came down soon after, in full fig as major-domo of High Crewe. Old John had luckily been a very tall man with no portly rotundity, and, save for a certain snugness in the shoulder, his never-worn livery in all its newness sat very well upon the new incumbent. Grandsir remarked that he stood, his hands hanging at his sides in that natural position which is oddly enough so difficult to maintain, without self-consciousness. He opened the now closed door of the dining room correctly. He no longer looked Mr. Crewe steadily in the eye, but at a given point indefinitely beyond him. He had put on butlerdom with the Crewe livery.

Grandsir personally showed him through the house, and from the pantry to the servants' hall, where Lucretia, Tarry and the maids were being served by a lesser human with afternoon tea. Their rising by their chairs was almost as referable to astonishment as to the respect due such a conductor. Grandsir was interested to see how Cotter bore the introduction.

"Ten to one he's an actor," said Mr. Crewe to himself. "He is a better butler than any off the stage."

Two minutes later Cotter, coatless and girt with a chamois apron, was alone in his pantry, burnishing a coffeepot. Grandsir stole a look at him through the little glass panel in the door, and gave it up with a final sigh. At last he was free to take up again his long-adjourned battle with Barlow on the subject of whale-oil suds.

When Mr. Crewe returned to the house he was conscious of an indescribable change. The presence of an efficient and perfect servant was as evident as it was indefinable. Like a clock newly put in order by a master horologist, the house was running with a smooth precision. Fresh flowers were in every room, no speck of ash lay in the cigarette trays, the dining room was radiant with well-placed gleaming silver, the shades were all adjusted to an even line, and a great tranquillity brooded in the rooms.

"Well, bless me," said Grandsir, looking about him. "You can't say what it is, but it's here."

He went up to his room, cast off the habiliments of day, and sat in his bath reflecting on the mystery of the thing. When he stalked forth from this privacy, wrapped in a terry gown and smoking a cigarette, it was to find his evening clothes laid out upon the bed, in a room otherwise in perfect order. Old John himself had never done better. Cotter had even guessed he did not like to be overvaleted.

He was not there in the way. He did not return to knot his tie or hold his coat. Grandsir dressed himself, as was his pleasure, without interference.

"This, by the great horn spoon, is luxury," said Mr. Crewe, and descended to the library in a blissful frame of mind. There came in Cotter with a glass of sherry on a little tray, for all the world as if he had done it these ten years.

"Mr. Ogden, sir, left word with Kate that he was dining out. He came home to change, it appears, sir. I regret to say I was unaware of it."

"Well, don't let it happen again," crowed Mr. Crewe. "Cotter, how do you do it?"

Cotter let a more human ray shine from his eye, even from his disfigured one, upon his employer. It was only a momentary twinkle, but it was as genial as a grin. "Dinner is served, sir," he said softly, and went out with the empty glass.

And dinner was served. No timid slipping of plates, no waits, no lacks, no errors. Everything was there when he wanted it, nothing when he did not. No hurry, no sound; and, above all, no funereal hush. Steady as a rock the dishes came to the exact place above his left hand where they should; his wineglass was filled when it should be, not later, not earlier; and as a final touch, his fruit knife was as sharp as a razor.

When Cotter had left him to his coffee and cigarettes Grandsir found his soul stiffening within him. No Ogden, not even Shirley, was going to separate him from this perfect creature. True, he could not expect Cotter to stay. But on whatever lark that gentleman might be adventured, he, Anthony Carstarphen Crewe, was going to reap as much benefit as he could. Rob him? The man was welcome. One week of such perfect peace, and he would make him a present of High Crewe with Barlow thrown in.

At eight o'clock precisely the following morning, Ogden Crewe was confirmed in a suspicion that sleep had departed from his eyelids, by the quiet entrance of a man in livery bearing a smoking cup of black coffee. Ogden raised a head, by no means so sleekly smooth as it was known to society, slightly from the pillow and stared. "What ho!" said he. He had not heard that matters were again on a civilized basis at High Crewe. And then another shade of wonderment increased the surprise in his voice. "I say, you're the johnny with the black eye!"

"Good morning, sir," said the johnny, with a respectful reserve.

He put the steaming cup on a small table at Ogden's elbow, and went quietly through another door into the bathroom. Here was indeed a touch of old John. Half the time Ogden had had to ring for William to bring him that matinal stoup of coffee without which the first cigarette was flavorless. William was never sure he was awake. But how and why had the man been transferred from Bill's quarters in his temporary asyle in the garage, and inducted into the

(Continued on Page 79)

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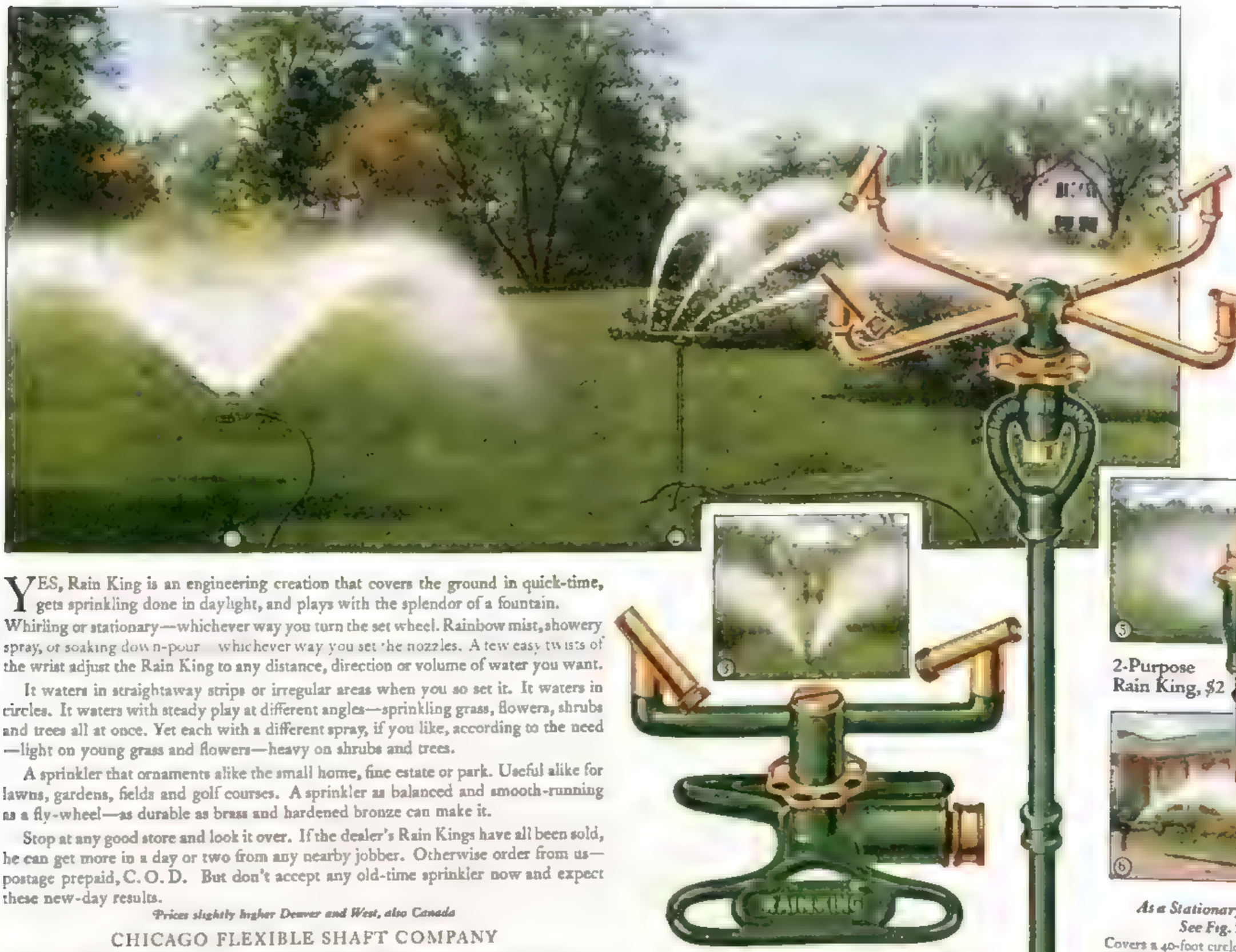

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Fig. 6—As a Portable Nozzle

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Appears this season for the first time. Throws more water and farther than any other nozzle. Solid stream to mist-like spray—a quarter turn does it all. Guaranteed forever.

Giant Rain King Sprinkler Is

adjustable to height as well as to distance, direction and volume of water. Plays like a gorgeous spiral fountain in any circle up to 70 feet (Fig. 4). Easily locked so it won't revolve. Throws water in 1, 2, 3 or 4 directions at once (Fig. 2). Each nozzle works independently, throwing solid stream or any desired spray.

(Continued from Page 77)

Crewe livery? Grandsir was a highly incautious youngster. The man could never have produced credentials! Butlers do not arrive vaguely by way of the old Mill Woods with black eyes and an overpowering desire for sleep! He found this rather a facer for a first awakening.

Through the closed door he heard water rushing into a tub, and mechanically addressed himself to his coffee and a cigarette. Intelligent of J. B. Cotter to have found out the family whimseys! Lucretia knew them all, but it would never occur to her to obey a familiar slogan and come out of the kitchen.

In a few moments Cotter, reappearing from the now silent bathroom, came bearing in his hands a good-sized silver bowl. Ogden Crewe stared. The man approached the bedside, and Ogden leaned on his elbow to look into the presented vessel. After an instant of speechlessness he fell back upon his pillow, gazing helplessly up at Cotter.

"It's frightfully interesting, and yet how simple," he said. "But I've seen the stuff before. If you want me to wash my face I can only say ——"

There was not a twitch of a muscle in Cotter's face. Very respectfully he murmured, "The temperature of your bath, sir."

"Oh," said the recumbent one. Gingerly he poked one finger into the water. "It seems all right."

"Thank you, sir," said Cotter and began a retreat to the door.

"No, dash it," said Ogden impetuously. "Are you going to do that every day?"

"Hereafter I shall know, sir," returned Cotter. "I made inquiry, sir, but could get no information on the point."

"You don't mind my asking," said Ogden weakly, "but is this customary?"

"Oh, quite, sir."

"Well, it is a bran-new one to me," averred Ogden, and lay a moment supine. "You must have read the whole book. I'll tell you the rest. I shave myself, and I usually put on riding kit in the morning. You can help me with my boots."

"Thank you, sir," breathed Cotter, and, disposing of the bowl in the bathroom, began laying out the desired costume.

"Your eye is better," said Ogden suddenly.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"This is a rum world," announced young Mr. Crewe, and flung himself out of bed.

The man did not seem communicative, and even as irrepressible an inquisitive as Ogden felt that it were more dignified not to quiz him, but to get his information from his grandfather. He dressed his lithe young person in beautiful buckskin breeches, letting Cotter give him a general shove into his very comely boots, and then let him go with a blithe "Breakfast, Cotter."

He tied his white stock with sundry motions of strangulation, musing the while on the rumness of this new addition to the staff at High Crewe. He slid into his coat, and went down the stairs with an accelerando of his usual imitation of a ragtime drummer. But if he expected to find Grandsir bursting with news to impart, he was disappointed.

Mr. Crewe sat in his place at table in a blissful content amounting almost to trance.

"What's it all about? What's it all about?" Ogden peered at Grandsir from one side, transferred himself to the other and peered again. "Nirvana?"

"For the first time since old John died," said Mr. Crewe, "I have got a hard-boiled egg and a soft-boiled egg mixed in my egg cup."

"Well, explain, explain!" urged Ogden. "Is it magic? Who is he?"

"It's Cotter," said Mr. Crewe.

"I fully understand. Who is Cotter? Cotter is Cotter." He paused a moment and burst out, "May I not, Anthony Carstarphen Crewe, appeal to you, as a man justifiably known to have a humane heart, to tell me more? How does he come to be buttling for us?"

"I hardly remember. He felt indebted and said he wanted to work for me, and this was the only thing he knew how to do."

"Then he has buttled for some prime mandarins in his day," quoth Ogden. "Maybe he got that knock-out dropping from the sky on us in our extremity."

He broke off and fell into his seat facing his grapefruit as Cotter came in with his coffee. Beside his plate lay the morning newspaper folded over at the baseball news. No, it was marvelous.

At this moment the telephone rang in its closet in the hall, and Cotter went out to answer it. Grandsir was eating his eggs, and cared for no outside interesta. But Ogden cocked an ear. He could hear only Cotter's respectful voice, but the unheard voice at the other end betrayed some extraordinary emotion.

"Hello," heard Cotter. A woman's voice.

"Hello," said Cotter. "This is Mr. Crewe's residence."

The voice gasped. "Hello! Who is that speaking?"

"This is the butler, madam."

The voice gasped again. Truly a lady easily astonished. There was so long a silence that Cotter murmured respectfully, "Are you there?"

"Ask Mr. Crewe to come to the phone," said the woman.

"Mr. Crewe, or, Mr. Ogden Crewe, madam?"

"Mr. Crewe," said the woman, so shortly that she seemed to have swooned away from the instrument at the other end of the wire.

"A lady on the telephone, sir," announced Cotter.

"My granddaughter?" inquired the blissful eater of eggs.

A faint look of shock on Cotter's face was interpreted by the unconscionable young gentleman at the other end of the table. "Tut, tut, Grandsir! One never asks a lady's name when she's calling up a man's diggings! Where's your manners? If it is Shirley, tell her she need never come home."

"She wants to know about that suitor of hers," said Mr. Crewe, and finished his eggs. But when he got to the phone he was assailed by a different question in a tone quite frantic.

"Grandsir, who was that speaking on the phone?"

"That was the new butler, my dear," replied Grandsir smoothly, and shut himself into the closet.

"Butler!" repeated Shirley. "What's his name?"

"His name is Cotter," said Grandsir patiently. "A very good man. I got him yesterday. Your suitor never turned up, my dear. After all, Narragansett is rather a large tract of land."

"Don't you be a malicious old gentleman," said Shirley half absently and yet in a tone more like herself. "If you knew Diggory you'd understand my running away. But I suppose you will always twit me now. Where did you get this butler?"

"Shirley, I haven't finished my breakfast. I'll explain when you come home. Ogden says you need never come; we are thoroughly comfortable."

"I am coming home at once, on the contrary. Why not? I only came away because "

"Yes. Well, come along."

"I will be back for luncheon, then."

"Right," said Grandsir. "That's prime. Good-by, my dear."

But Mr. Crewe's coffee, in spite of his efforts on its behalf, was destined to cool. As he came out of the telephone closet Cotter was standing near by.

"A gentleman to see you, sir. He is in the drawing-room."

Mr. Crewe tossed up his hands. "Lord bless me, I have done it now! Is his name Chase?"

"No, sir." Vexation vanished from Grandsir's face, to be replaced by utter blankness as Cotter added without a flicker of inflection, "His name is Gray. He is the county sheriff."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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BEYOND PANAMA

(Continued from Page 4)

South German in particular beyond the equator. In consequence there are three provinces in Southern Brazil—Santa Catherina, Rio Grande do Sul and Paraná—that in many respects are little slices of Germany transplanted across the seas. Thousands of people here speak only the language of the fatherland.

What most people do not know is that if the German arms had triumphed in the Great War, every effort would have been made to annex this area to the Teutonic empire. Just how the Monroe Doctrine would have functioned in the face of this imperial Hohenzollern ambition would have been a matter of interesting speculation. Fortunately, it remains one of the many interesting might-have-beens of the long tragedy that scarred civilization.

Less speculative is the German commercial comeback in South America. Her shipping in the ports of Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro is almost back to prewar tonnage. Until the stabilization of the mark, she underbid nearly all her competitors, especially with electrical and other machinery. At the moment she is finding it more difficult to fill orders because of the new gold standard, increased wages, heavy taxes and sharp British and American competition.

Despite these handicaps the German is still at his old game of price cutting. While I was in Brazil one of the great steel establishments of the Ruhr bagged a big order for rails at exactly 20 per cent less than the American offer. Incidentally, ours was f. o. b. New York while the German offer was c. i. f. laid down at Santos. The illuminating fact about the procedure, however, is that the German firm had only a short time before got a loan in the United States. This is only one of several instances that came to my observation in which Teutonic producers had been able to expand their South American markets with the proceeds of securities floated in New York. In other words, we have been financing our competition.

One trouble has been that we have been so absorbed in the spectacle of a reviving Europe—or rather a Europe that merely made the gesture of reconstruction until the Dawes Plan got into action—that we have not realized how intimately South America is linked with the whole procedure or how busy our trade rivals have been under our very noses.

Take the vital matter of raw materials. As those older countries, such as France, England and Belgium, become more and more industrialized—and the United States is no exception to the growing absorption of suburban life by urban endeavor—new areas must be plotted out to feed the hungry maw of a production speeded up as never before to efface the wounds of war.

This is why—and I give only one concrete example—the British are fostering cotton production in Brazil on a scale that few save those in the industry itself comprehend. Her animating desire is to make herself as independent as possible of the United States output. It is part of a world program that includes Egypt and other portions of Africa, as well as Australia.

No man can make a survey of South American business—and when all is said and done, this is our particular objective—without realizing that the world has become one vast promotive and competitive

Safety at the Crossing

The increasing safety of railroad work and of railroad travel is strikingly shown by the records of the Safety Bureau of the New York Central Lines.

Twelve years' intensive effort by this bureau, with the active coöperation of the men of the New York Central Lines, has resulted in nearly a 60 per cent reduction in the number of casualties to employees and passengers.

But automobile accidents at railroad crossings have greatly increased. Seventy per cent of these crossing accidents occur in daylight—63 per cent in the open country where approaching trains can easily be seen. Last year 14 per cent of these accidents were due to automobiles running into the side of trains, and this percentage is increasing.

Crossing accidents could be practically eliminated if the railroads could enlist the same coöperation from automobile drivers that they have from their employees, and if drivers would obey this safety rule: *"Don't attempt to cross the tracks until you are sure it is absolutely safe."*

Cross crossings cautiously
and save human life.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY—MICHIGAN CENTRAL—BIG FOUR—PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

market. We delude ourselves, for instance, with the idea that Italy's principal exports are immigrants and macaroni. Go to Brazil and Argentina and you discover the Italians masters of a considerable portion of the industrial situation, and with colonies that vie with the German settlements in numbers and outstrip them in wealth and prestige. Both in trade and in production they are among our strongest rivals. The visit of the Crown Prince of Italy to the principal countries of the east coast last year had two distinct purposes. One was to refoster a sense of the home nationalism in these overseas Italians, while the other was to stimulate interest in Italian goods. In this Italian penetration you have only one patch on the larger quilt of commerce that makes the spectacle of South American commerce colorful, diverting and picturesque.

Nor are the British lacking in an enterprise that recruits royalty to its service. With most of the public utilities, especially the railroads of Argentina, owned via London, and a new Yankee-penetration menace growing more potent every day, there is no illusion about the advent of the Prince of Wales there this summer, though the centenary of the Anglo-Argentina Treaty may serve to camouflage the trip of this debonair and indefatigable young traveler. He is not likely to do what the former German Kaiser did on one of his expeditions to Italy. His entourage lavishly scattered samples of soap. A month later German salesmen came along and took orders for it. There is no doubt, however, that a fresh British trade offensive in Argentina will follow in the princely wake.

First Aid to Exporters

New life and a keener competition than has hitherto existed quicken the South American economic scheme of things. With England and Italy hotfoot on the job, we have had to bestir ourselves, and we have not failed to quicken our step. In 1913 the three leading South American countries—Argentina, Chile and Brazil—received 29.7 per cent of their imports from the United Kingdom, 19.7 per cent from Germany and 13.5 per cent from the United States. In 1923 this situation was entirely changed. The United States had overtaken the United Kingdom, each having 24 per cent of the trade. Germany had fallen behind. Last year we not only held our own with the British in Argentina but during the first four months of 1925 we went to first place in Brazil. It means that so far as the most important South American markets are concerned the United States has nearly doubled its relative trade strength.

This has been made possible by the complete reorganization of our trade machinery. It has not been so many years since the American merchant, arriving, let us say, at Buenos Aires, had to step from a British liner, seek his credit information at an English, German or Italian bank, ship his goods on alien vessels, and trust to God and foreign institutions to collect his money.

Today he steps off a vessel flying the American flag, goes to his own branch house or to the establishment of an American firm for his data, transacts all his financial affairs through well-equipped North American banks, and lunches or dines at an American club.

Take shipping. For years there was a fallacy that we were incapable of operating a merchant marine, especially to South America. British lines practically monopolized the east-coast business. John Bull's supremacy is now shaken. Shipping Board vessels, with their eighteen-day schedule between New York and Buenos Aires, which is three days faster than the British, have not only wrought a revolution in transport but have been a distinct first aid to our exporter. In the first three months of this year these vessels carried 71 per cent of the passenger traffic between New York and Brazilian, Argentine and Uruguayan ports. During my South American trip I traveled under the American flag the whole way save for the short gap on the west coast between Antofagasta and Valparaiso, and I have never been more comfortable.

Everywhere are signs of a larger trade stimulation which must be comprehended if we are to visualize the South American phase. During 1924, Latin America, Asia, Oceanica and Africa—I refer to the more or less unfamiliar highways of commerce—imported goods valued at $6,000,000,000, or more than twice the annual prewar average. We now have $3,000,000,000 invested in productive enterprises in Latin America as compared with $1,000,000,000 in 1913. We have trebled our purchases of raw materials since 1914. We buy seven times as much rubber and two and a half times as much cocoa, sugar, vegetable oils and silk. These are straws that indicate the shifting winds of world commerce and how we affect them.

In this matter of expanding purchases we get at the crux of our part in the international business game because it is only in late years that we have realized on a big scale that you cannot sell overseas without buying overseas. It means, of course, the establishment of foreign credits in the United States, which in turn spell efficient and economic purchase of American commodities.

Thus it came about that I set forth for new lands and varied adventures. For four months I traveled in countries that for me, as for so many others, had merely meant spots or names on the map. I visited Peru, Chile, Brazil and Argentina, the big four among the South American countries as far as our economic interests are concerned, and also Uruguay. In personal contacts I ranged the whole gallery of human and fiscal interest from president to peon.

I was in Santiago, for example, when the Tacna-Arica decision was handed down. At Buenos Aires I encountered President Alessandri of Chile on the very day that he returned in triumph from exile in Europe. I had the last interview with President Leguia of Peru before he faced one of the most acute crises in his stormy career. In Brazil I caught the aftermath of a revolution that is still a menace to the political peace and commercial integrity of the republic.

Even Nature contributed to timeliness, because the frigid Humboldt current which for years had softened the climate of the west coast suddenly changed its course and precipitated torrential rains that made rivers in the Peruvian desert.

The Coast of Adventure

In this and in the succeeding articles of the series an effort will be made to reveal the principal South American countries as they stand at the beginning of the most momentous commercial expansion in their histories. Each has its individual problems. Whereas Chile is unhampered by question of race or blood, Brazil, on the other hand, is a color scheme in which the dash of tar, due to the old-time imported African slave element, is becoming a disturbing factor. Despite picturesque distractions both of place and person—and they rise up wherever you turn—the narrative will evolve in the main about our economic interests and possibilities.

What is the Yankee stake in South America? How has our trade penetration fared? What is the future of those sister nations not only linked to us geographically but bound also by the ties of a common heritage of hard-won freedom?

First, the trip. Nowhere on the globe can you get a more fascinating play of romance and realism than on this journey to and through South America. The marvel is that more people do not make it. From the Caribbean almost to the Cape you tread the historic path or sail the storied sea. You skirt the Spanish Main, haunting and haunted coast of adventure, with its vanished glamour of sea hawk and pirate gold. You follow in the wake of Pizarro, Balboa, Drake, Hawkins, Morgan and all the rest of

(Continued on Page 82)

The PLOW under the WAGON

A GOLD nugget as big as a water bucket picked up in a California creek. . . . A rifle traded for a pile of beaver pelts reaching from butt to muzzle, the standard price in the old Northwest. . . . Merchandise selling on the San Francisco docks for fifty times its cost in New England. . . . No wonder that the West of the golden 40's swarmed with adventurers from every part of the world. But even before all the rich gravel was washed and before the fur trade vanished, the men who had skimmed the cream of the country had gone. A few took root, but the most moved on.

Only later, when the huge wagon trains crawled along the half-marked trails, did the real prosperity of the West begin. For these new people were settlers, builders, stayers. They knew how to build homes and roads. They knew how to weave and bake, to plant and harvest. Their wagons carried not only the patient and courageous families, but also their furniture, seeds of old-fashioned flowers, recipes, looms, books. And under each wagon hung the ancient symbol of land-hungry, home-seeking people the world over—the plow. . . . The valleys bloomed under it. The solid present-day wealth of the West is founded on it. It has developed illimitable waste spaces into productive and valuable fields.

Now and then an opportunist flashes into a new market with a hastily constructed campaign of advertising. Sometimes he cleans up and gets away. More often he simply gets away. Sometimes not even that. He neither values nor cultivates the good-will of the public. He lays no foundations for future business. He takes the quick money, the easy profits, while he can. And in a few years his name, his product, his trade-mark have utterly disappeared.

But the largest and most successful businesses are those who have deliberately kept their names and products in the public mind *as a part of their selling plan.* Who cultivate and plant and sow their markets each year with the same old facts and advantages of their merchandise. Who keep everlastingly at the job of making people think about, and buy, their goods. For just as the plow must go to the fields, the seller must go to the buyer. Advertising simply takes him there over the shortest route—every year, every season, or better still, every day.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

- - so adaptability is most important. If you operate only one truck that truck should be a White.

A White salesman is talking to a buyer.

"There are thousands of White Truck owners who operate only a single truck. It serves them in all sorts of ways. It builds up and expands their business. It keeps right on paying them dividends in *money-earning miles.*"

"But I'm not figuring on putting much money in a truck," says the buyer. "One's all I need."

"All the more reason for buying a White," says the salesman. "Your one truck must be a flexible unit, readily adaptable to whatever job comes along—and absolutely dependable. You cannot afford the facilities a fleet owner can to service your own trucks. But with a White you are always certain of quick service well done at low cost. White service is readily accessible everywhere.

"A White will give you dependability, adaptability, and profitable, uninterrupted service over the greatest number of miles. Among the owners of 4,251 Whites that have run 100,000 to 300,000 miles and more there are many owners who have only one truck."

"I've been getting along pretty well with one of these cheaper trucks," the buyer says.

"And you've been buying a new one every year or so," says the salesman. "One White Truck will outlast three or four trucks like yours, cost you less to own and operate over a period of years and give you back *more money-earning miles* for every dollar you invest. You have experimented long enough. You need a White."

• • •

Let us send you the booklet, "100,000 Miles and More." We have booklets, too, on the use of Whites in various lines of business. Write The White Company, Cleveland. Let a White salesman show you how White Trucks are adding to profits in your line of business. There is a White Truck model to meet every transportation need. Truck chassis, $2,150 to $4,500; Bus chassis, $4,950—f. o. b. Cleveland.

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 80)

those bold buccaneers and cruel conquistadors. Over it gleams that familiar "peak in Darien" where Cortes stood in the Keats poem, while beyond brood the mighty Cordilleras, majestic and as full of awe as they are packed with mineral wealth. Everywhere you touch the tragedy of extinct Spanish civilizations, call back departed dreams of empire and rekindle traditions of conquest.

Contrast seems to have marked this west-coast domain for its own. You haggle with taxi drivers outside the halls where once the Inca kings held forth, and you fox-trot on floors that long ago resounded with the clink of armored feet.

More alluring in the strictly modern sense is the Atlantic side and its environs. You have Paris reincarnated in bustling Buenos Aires. There is Montevideo, the city of roses, and not ill-named. At Sao Paulo, Los Angeles growth and Chicago push meet in a marvel of commercial and industrial advance. Rio de Janeiro, with a bewildering beauty of sea, sky and hill, sits like a jeweled queen enthroned.

The element of strangeness is not lacking. You linger in lands that look south instead of north toward the Pole. As a result of reversed seasons, you swelter at Christmas and freeze on the Fourth of July. You discover, among other things, that the llama is not the creation of the caricaturist, but a living denizen of the Andes—a sort of automatic scales, because, though perfectly willing to carry 100 pounds of freight, he will lie down if you add a single extra pound.

But that Colossus of a continent discloses far more than these vagaries of life and climate. Its area of about 7,500,000 square miles is more than twice that of the United States, including Alaska. Putting it in another way, within her confines could be placed all of Europe, as well as the United States. Brazil alone could contain our entire connected territory, with Spain and Portugal thrown in. Either Bolivia or Peru, slight alongside their neighbors, is larger than California, Oregon and Washington twice over. All our states east of the Mississippi River could be parked in Argentina, with room for a considerable portion of the first tier of commonwealths to the west.

Heroes and Holidays

We fondly believe that we have first lien on bigness as related to farms, but compared with Argentina we are pikers. Down there the ranges are measured not by acres but in terms of leagues, and you need those proverbial seven-league boots to traverse them. When one of the cattle kings died the other day—an Irish immigrant, by the way, who rose from peon to plutocrat—it took nearly a month to count his herds.

Nor have we any exclusive rights on the cradle of liberty and its by-products. The American Revolution is paralleled by the gallant struggle for independence which overthrew the Spanish rule and not only produced a chain of republics from Panama to the Magellan but a complete assortment of heroes and holidays. The South Americans can match Washington with Simon Bolivar; Grant with San Martin; Lee with Sucre; Sherman with Bernardo O'Higgins, with whose name we first established contact with the astonishing intermixture of foreign bloods with the Latin. Getting down to more recent times, the late Theodore Roosevelt has his counterpart in President Leguia, the live wire of Peru.

Napoleon, it is worth recording, also has a mate in San Martin, whose passage of the Andes was in many respects a more hazardous achievement than the famous crossing of the Alps. Bonaparte went over the top at an altitude of less than 8000 feet, while San Martin's intrepid host scaled the peaks at 13,000, where the men and the beasts of burden not only suffered the rigors of cold and hunger but also from soroche, the mountain sickness which is more devastating in the Andes than in any other part of the world.

So much by way of prelude. But there are other preliminaries that may contribute to a better understanding of what is to follow. To begin with, South American civilization differs fundamentally from our own. Though, as with us, it represents an astounding mixture of bloods, the result of a long and continuous immigration, the dominant strain is Spanish. This makes for a certain politeness, a hair-trigger temperament and a pride which is a highly sensitive plant. Paradoxical as it may seem, the South American is both volatile and languid. This is why he is not what salesmen would call the perfect prospect. He must be wooed in order to be won commercially. The alien nationals who make the best salesmen in South America are those who study the families and learn the birthdays and feast days of the people with whom they deal.

Any analysis of South American character discloses illuminating revelations not without their element of humor. With a few concrete illustrations I can perhaps best show how the Latin mind works.

Government by Permission

In the incomparable harbor of Rio de Janeiro is the island of Caju. For some years it has been used as the official depository for inflammables and explosives. Most of its available area is covered with warehouses and sheds and there are many piers. One day early this year a consignment of gasoline loaded on a barge caught fire. Almost before people realized it, the barge and a large lighter alongside, similarly loaded, were ablaze. It would have been a very simple matter to detach the burning craft from their moorings, tow them out in the bay and let the flames do their worst without further menace.

Brazilian harbor regulations decree that no vessels can tie up or depart from Caju without special official permission. The Anglo-Saxon would have cut red tape in the face of such an emergency as I have described. Not so with the blue-coated and brass-buttoned gentlemen who run the port of Rio. Formalities had to be observed and it was not until the next afternoon that the all-important consent was obtained. Meanwhile the barge and the lighter were consumed.

But there was a far more serious consequence. Stored on the island was a huge quantity of explosives, including dynamite. The regulations dictate that three days must elapse between the application for removal of explosives and the final order. No one could be found willing to order the explosives shifted, and within twenty-four hours after the fire on the barge started, the flames had spread to the explosives area and Caju was rent by an explosion.

This costly process of government by permission represents only one kink in a character that must be understood if you are to make any accurate measure of the South American peoples.

The fascinating metropolis of South America is warm in their mid-summer, yet the Argentine males flatly refuse to wear white clothes. They persist in sweltering in dark woolen garments. There are two reasons. One is that they regard white clothes as frivolous. The other lies in the fact that apparently nearly everyone is in mourning. Like the French, they cling to the habiliments of grief. The fact that they could wear a black brassard, the universal sign of mourning, on their sleeves apparently has never appealed to them.

From magnate to mendicant, it is not considered good form to appear anywhere

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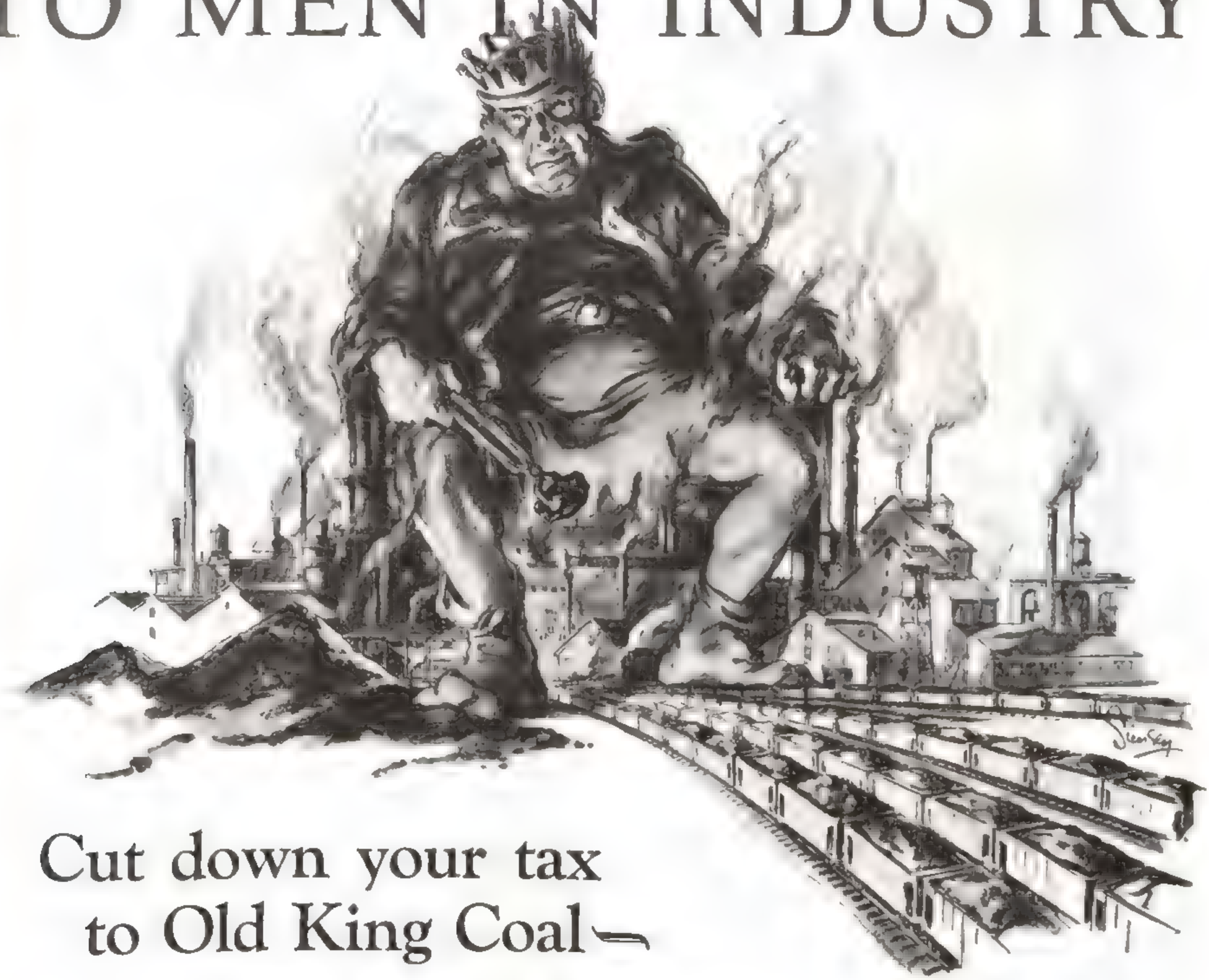
TO MEN IN INDUSTRY



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Johns-Manville wants to show Industry all the ways and means of cutting fuel costs, power costs, and production costs by the proper use of asbestos.

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Among them are insulations to keep heat where it belongs; packings that save power and prevent costly shutdowns; refractory cements that save fuel in the heart of your power generator, the fire-box; and steam traps that save steam after it has been generated and efficiently conveyed.

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SAVES POWER

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BRANCHES IN 63 LARGE CITIES FOR CANADA: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

Above—PLATE GLASS
Below—ORDINARY
WINDOW GLASS

THE upper sashes are glazed with Plate Glass—flat, polished, perfectly accurate and clear.

The lower sashes are glazed with ordinary window glass, whose distortions and eye-straining irregularities are so plainly evident.

Yet the manufacture of Plate Glass is so efficient and highly organized that Plate Glass costs but little more than ordinary window glass, no matter where used. In all homes, large or small, Plate Glass is an economy. It invariably pays for itself in increased selling or renting value. Its total cost averages about one per cent of the total cost of the house. Plate Glass conserves heat. It reduces sound. It is easily cleaned. And it enhances the appearance of any building as nothing else can. Your architect will gladly give you comparative estimates and figures.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS of AMERICA
First National Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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without a coat. Yet no member of the male sex has the slightest hesitancy about walking or driving in a pajama coat, which one foreigner once dubbed "*saco del pais*"—"coat of the country." The whole pajama suit comes into action when the weather is especially hot. On the dining car of the train that carried me from Mendoza to Buenos Aires half a dozen of my male fellow passengers ate their breakfasts in the passionately striped clothes in which they had slept.

I do not make these disclosures with any desire to ridicule South Americans. The exact reverse is true. They are presented merely as a detail in the larger attempt to show that temperamentally and otherwise they do not see life eye to eye with us. A knowledge of such national idiosyncrasies is a helpful asset in whatever social or business relations you establish.

Then there is the eternal—most unlinguistic travelers call it infernal—stumbling-block which is the language of the country. Throughout South America, Spanish is the speech, with the exception of Brazil, where it is Portuguese. Inability to speak these languages was a serious handicap to our commercial advancement for years, but happily this oversight is being remedied; more especially since the branch house, which demands a Spanish-speaking staff, has superseded the casual traveling North American salesman. The more you see of our widening commercial influence in South America, the more you appreciate the necessity of having Spanish taught in all our public schools on a par with French and German.

A Medley of Races

Few stop to realize that this language business—or rather the lack of language—has done more to create false and misleading impressions of foreign countries than almost any other agency. Most tourists to South America assume that because the Brazilian, the Argentine or the Peruvian servant cannot understand them, they are stupid. They storm about, complain to managers and indict the whole nation, when they themselves are really at fault.

Any effort to analyze the South American character would be incomplete without considering the tremendous part that immigration has played in shaping it. Though immigration and colonization will be dealt with in a subsequent article, there must be a brief reference to the high spots here. Once more you find a North American illusion shattered in the countries beyond the equator. The real melting pot of the world is not the United States but in Brazil, Argentina and Chile. In the hotel where I lived in Buenos Aires, I had Swiss and French floor waiters, an Irish maid, a Portuguese valet, an Italian tailor, a German manicure and a British stenographer. Nowhere can you find such a bewildering blend of bloods or such striking results of intermarriage.

Upon the primitive inhabitant of South America, the Indian, the counterpart of our noble red man, has been grafted a medley of races. First came the conquering Spaniard, and then the Portuguese, the German and the Italian. Save in the case of the German, these aliens practically lost their original nationalism and everything that it implies with the advent of the second generation. In other words, there has been a more complete assimilation than has obtained in many parts of the United States. There are no hyphenated South Americans.

I except the swallow immigration, which is the movement of Italians to Argentina to sow and harvest the crops. These immigrants literally follow the swallow, because they plant and garner their own harvests in the Italian spring and then make their flight across the Atlantic for the South American season. They never feel the pinch of winter.

Argentina will serve to show the extent of the alien movement. In comparison with the total population, there are twice as many foreign-born there as in the United States. Between 1857 and 1918 5,000,000 Europeans came into the country. One-half were Italian and one-third Spanish. The rest were mainly French and Russian.

No phase of immigration in Argentina is quite so remarkable as that brought about by the Celtic invasion. The so-called River Plate Irish were immigrants from Spain, because they were the descendants of those sons of Erin who sought protection under the Spanish flag after the Battle of the Boyne. This is why you hear the Irish brogue from men and women in Buenos Aires who have never seen the shores of the Emerald Isle.

Incidentally, we can learn a helpful lesson from the Argentine immigration system, which represents the last word in selection. Under the new regulations no immigrant is eligible for admission except an agriculturist. The segregation of a proletariat class is prevented and an automatic barrier set up against Bolshevism. In consequence, there is less real radicalism in South America than in any other section of the globe.

Chile does not lag in the matter of picturesque population. Here the Irish, from the days of O'Higgins down to the present time, have impressed their influence; but it has been more military and political than commercial. To the south lies the German stronghold, with Valdivia as the capital. As in those Teutonic bailiwicks in Brazil, you see cross sections of life that for atmosphere, color and speech, to say nothing of beer consumption, might be taken from the Rhine region.

In South America surprises in racial origins are constantly being sprung on you, as this incident will show. At a luncheon at the American Embassy at Santiago I noticed a man of imposing appearance dressed in the uniform of an admiral in the Chilean Navy. His face had an Anglo-Saxon cast, but he spoke Spanish so fluently that I set him down as a Chilean. Later on I found myself alongside him at the table and addressed him in French. To my astonishment, he replied in excellent English:

"My name is Ward and my father was born in Brooklyn."

Most of the Chilean names of prominence are foreign. One of the national heroes is Arturo Pratt, an Englishman who distinguished himself in the war with Chile. Another is Admiral Thomas Cochrane, who put the Spanish fleet out of commission. Until a few months ago, the Chilean minister to Great Britain was Agustin Edwards, great-grandson of a Scotch surgeon who hung out his shingle at Coquimbo on the west coast after his retirement from the British Navy. A leading banker of Valparaiso is Carlos Van Buren, who speaks English with a Spanish accent and who is the great-nephew of a former President of the United States.

West Coasters

In Chile—and to a lesser extent in Peru—there is a type that is really a commercial caste, not directly attributable to immigration, but reflecting a dominant foreign element. I mean the so-called west coasters. For generations they have been conspicuous in the shipping and in the import and export trade. Most of them have been British, but they have also included some North Americans. "Once a west coaster always a west coaster," is a familiar slogan, because they seldom shift their base of operation.

This influx of hardy races, together with the opportunity that new lands held out, has wrought wonders in human achievement that vie with the best samples that we can set out. South America has no Fords or Rockefellers, but she presents some amazing instances of self-made success.

In Sao Paulo I met Francisco Matarazzo, whose life is a real romance of advancement. Scarcely forty years ago he left

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IN *one of the most daring aerial exploits ever attempted—Sgt. Bose recently dropped 1800 feet through space before opening his parachute*

From a record-breaking Parachute Jumper —an unusual tribute to *Keds*

SURE footwork! Tremendously important in every athletic sport—but even more so when walking on the wings of an airplane three or four miles up in the air!

That's why the following letter from Sgt. Randle Bose—who two years ago broke the world's altitude record for a parachute jump—is a remarkable tribute to Keds.

"I FIND that Keds are better for aerial wing walking and parachute jumping than any other shoes I have worn, due to the fact that they will not slide from underneath you while climbing about on the wings of an airplane. Not only are the Keds remarkable for their strong ground-grip, but they are at the same time unusually light and a great support to your ankles. In short, Keds are absolutely the best shoes I have ever worn when making parachute jumps."

An unusual tribute! And when you combine this remarkable ground-grip with such amazing wearing quality as Keds have—it is easy to see why Keds are the standard sport shoes today.

Built with springy soles of the toughest rubber—and uppers of canvas carefully selected for strength and durability—no wonder Keds stand the games, hikes, camping trips and other hard uses of vacation time.

They are the ideal shoes for every-day summer wear on the active feet of growing boys and girls.

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Be sure you get *real Keds!* This is an important point because not all canvas rubber-soled shoes are Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company—and the name Keds is put on every shoe.

Keds come in all the popular styles and at prices from $1.25 to $4.50.

An attractive oxford Keds model—designed for general wear as well as for sports.

A Keds model with crepe sole. Crepe sole Keds are remarkable for springy lightness, unusual ground-grip and long wear.

A sturdy athletic-trim Keds model—designed for the hardest sports and vacation wear. Athletic-trims come with crepe soles, corrugated and suction soles

Look for the name *and accept no substitute for Keds!*

Free for Boys and Girls

The Keds Hand-book of Sports contains information on games, sports, camping, woodcraft, vacation suggestions and dozens of other interesting subjects. Sent free if you address Dept. A-90, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

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Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THEY ARE NOT KEDS UNLESS THE NAME KEDS IS ON THE SHOE

Progress in the Electrical Industry

Nothing better indicates the strides which the Electric Service Companies are making toward greater efficiency and greater usefulness than their record of economy in Coal consumption in 1924. In that year the Electric Service Companies consumed on an average only 2.56 lbs. of Coal per kilowatt-hour of electrical energy produced—a reduction of 1.04 lbs. from the average in 1923.

In this progress consumers of Consolidation *Clean* Coal were among the leaders. Four of our Electric Service Company customers who recently gave us their 1924 statistics, averaged 1.69 lbs. of Consolidation *Clean* Coal per kilowatt-hour. This record testifies alike to the engineering skill of these Electric Service Companies and to the cleanliness and high heat content of Consolidation *Clean* Coal.

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Italy in the steerage to make his fortune in Brazil. His first money was earned peddling vegetables in the streets of Santos. Today he is the Hugo Stinnes of South America, which means that he is a field marshal of finance and production.

Yet he is only one among many. Another Italian immigrant, Francisco Pugliese, began as laborer in Sao Paulo and now owns the biggest chain of cotton mills in Brazil. His full brother in industrial stewardship is Rudolpho Crespi, who turned up in Santos a barefoot boy from the Lombardy hills. He is one of the arbiters of Brazilian sugar fortune. Even more picturesque is the rise of Giuseppe Martinelli, the Crœsus of Rio, who started as a stevedore and who became dictator of Brazilian water transport, to say nothing of varied enterprises on the side.

Italians are not the only stars in this fascinating narrative of men and money. The German has contributed his share. Typical of their part was the late Francisco Schmidt, who was the coffee king of Brazil. It grew out of his ownership of forty-eight *fezendas*, as the plantations are called. He sailed from Hamburg with empty pockets but with a determination to get rich, and succeeded beyond his fondest dreams.

Nearly all European lands have contributed to the record. In Valparaiso, for instance, I talked with Pascal Barbaruzza, whose story vies with that of Matarazzo. He is a Czech—they are numerous and successful on the west coast—whose first job in Chile was as clerk in a hardware store at Antofagasta. Now he is the head of the combine that controls more than 30 per cent of the entire Chilean nitrate output. A countryman of his, F. Mahanovitch, turned up in Buenos Aires less than four decades ago without friends or funds. Somehow he borrowed the money with which to buy a rowboat and began to ferry passengers to and from ocean steamers. From this modest beginning he evolved what is practically a monopoly on the local passenger traffic between Buenos Aires and Montevideo.

Dixieland of Sao Paulo

A kindred adventure is that of Michael Duggan who brings the River Plate Irish into the picture. He landed penniless at Buenos Aires. His initial job was as peon on an *estancia*, as they call the ranches in Argentina. When he died not long ago his estate was appraised at many millions of pesos.

One more detail not lacking in romance or in interest for us will round out this immigration section. It relates to colonization, which has been developed in Argentina and Brazil on a scale not generally appreciated in this country. Not only are there German, Italian, Spanish, Russian and even Japanese settlements, but in Argentina there are half a dozen Jewish colonies, recruited from Russia, Poland and elsewhere, that originally sought to revive the Biblical tradition of the Hebrew and return him to the soil.

Few people know that in the dark days after the Civil War, when the terrors of reconstruction and carpetbagging sapped the life, courage and patriotism of our South, a gallant band of men who had fought under Lee and Jackson went to Brazil and set up a little replica of Dixieland, including the watermelon, which they introduced into the country, in the state of Sao Paulo. Then, as now, it was known as Villa Americana. The Texas and Alabama drawl blended with the Portuguese patois. There are scores of descendants of those migrating Confederate soldiers who cannot speak a word of English.

Now for that revolution complex. To the average North American, revolutions seem to be a favorite sport in some Latin-American countries. The general assumption is that if a rainy day comes along, and there is nothing more exciting to do, the president is deposed and a new régime set up. The question therefore arises, Why so many revolutions? To get the answer you must probe further into the South American character and its relation to politics.

The root of the trouble lies first of all in the failure of democracy in South America. At this statement most Latins will rise up in protest. They talk about their kinship with the glorious institution of liberty, and point the parallel that exists between their constitution and our own. Textually, they are akin, but in interpretation they are far apart. There is scarcely a republic south of Panama—and this is the territory with which we are concerned—where the real popular will has been permitted to exert itself in the naming of a chief executive.

Democracy fails to function simply because the average Latin mind does not comprehend it. Nor does it seem willing to accept it. The cause is not difficult to find. Lack of education is the fundamental difficulty. Tradition is also a factor. The original South American was an Indian, with a considerable degree of civilization, as the Inca régime shows. Art and education flourished in Peru and elsewhere. But he was a plastic soul.

Latinized Tammany Halls

Along came the conquering Spaniard, who reduced these people to vassalage. The Indian was the victim of the cruelty and the rapacity of a tyranny whose cupidity was its own undoing. Yet the idea of subserviency to strong rule has persisted since the decline and fall of Hispanic rule. This is why dictators can get away with it in most Latin-American republics, and why a benevolent despot seems essential to their peace and prosperity, certainly until education is more widespread than it is at the moment. Diaz—whatever his faults—confirmed this theory in Mexico; and Leguia, whose fist is less mailed, is doing it in Peru.

The vanished Spanish viceroy has his successor in the present-day president, who, as a rule, is merely the mouthpiece or the agent of a little oligarchy which really rules the land. These oligarchies not only literally have the power of presidential life or death but likewise control economic destinies. As in no other part of the world, politics is good business and vice versa. If the man who happens to be wearing the presidential sash, which is the symbol of office, antagonizes the oligarchy or ventures to indicate his successor—a long-established prerogative—he is deposed.

The more you study South American politics the more you realize that the principal method of getting rid of a president is through revolt. Many national elections are farces. There is a Latinized Tammany Hall in every capital.

In Chile, to illustrate, presidents were named for years by the ruling caste composed of the rich old families and the army and navy. Arturo Alessandri broke in upon this sacred preserve, made a campaign which appealed to the average man and his needs, and became the first middle-class president. Yet revolution had to get its annual exercise and he was deposed through an army coup and sent into exile. Less than six months later, through a counter coup engineered by the rank and file of the army, he was brought back in triumph. A side light on the vicissitudes of South American presidential rule is in the fact

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The index finger in the picture above shows you how your jaw is curved. Note how the Pro-phy-lac-tic, in the curve of the bristles and in the curve of the handle, conforms to this formation.

All your teeth need the tooth brush as much as you need *all* your teeth

The most effective guard against decay . . . a brush that reaches every tooth

A GOOD brush cleans your teeth thoroughly. It reaches all your teeth. It sweeps off the film of germs and mucin from every tooth. It leaves no tooth endangered by the acids of decay.

Skilled men studied the contour of the jaw. They made a brush to fit. The bristles of this brush curve; the picture shows you how. Every tooth along the length of the brush is reached and cleaned.

They put a cone-shaped tuft on the end of the brush. This helps you reach your back teeth. They curved the handle. That alone makes it easier for millions of tooth brush users to reach and clean every tooth in their mouths.

Think of what help these features of the Pro-phy-lac-tic could be to you. No more trouble trying to make a flat brush clean a curved surface. No more awkward stretching of your mouth by brushes with the wrong shape of handle. No more fear that ALL your teeth may not be thoroughly clean. Consider this tooth brush of yours. Is its bristle-surface concave? Does it fit the shape of your jaw? Does its handle curve outward? Is it easy to reach your back molars with it?

The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets in between teeth. The saw-tooth bristles pry into every crevice, break up and sweep away the mucin, and dislodge food particles which otherwise might hide away and cause trouble.

The big end tuft helps in this work and also performs another very important task. With it you can easily reach and clean the backs of teeth, even the backs of hard-to-get-at molars.

free—

to one lucky reader each month—free tooth brushes for the rest of his or her life.

Below — This picture shows how the Pro-phy-lac-tic fits the contour of the teeth. You can see how much more cleaning area each tooth surface has on the nose curve. The Pro-phy-lac-tic fits the prominent curves of each tooth and penetrates deep in into the crevice between.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.

free Tooth brushes for one to the reader who helps us with a new [illegible]

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PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass. Dept. [illegible]

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Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware

"Did you ever see such easy-working windows?"

THEY rise as if by magic. Quickly they respond to the tug of a child or the touch of a woman. And not one irritable complaint do they make about their daily ups and downs.

No wonder. They ride upon considerate pulleys of Good Hardware—Corbin. Corbin window lifts that believe in being useful besides beautiful, raise and lower them. And sturdy Corbin fasteners securely bar outsiders.

Not only for "easy-working windows" but for every hardware need of every kind of building there is Good Hardware—Corbin. In great office and public buildings you will find it—in humble cottages and magnificent homes, in schools, hotels, stores and factories.

Perhaps you are building, planning to, or just thinking about it. If so, make note of this: Good Hardware—Corbin—is a joy to live with.

"Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware" is considered the most interesting and readable booklet yet issued on hardware. Perhaps you would like to receive a copy. If so, write us.

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
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that in three years Alessandri had exactly thirteen different cabinets.

The spectacle afforded by President Arturo Bernardes of Brazil is almost without precedent. Since 1923 he has weathered two revolutions. When I saw him on the first occasion that he had received visitors since the last revolution, he looked harassed, nervous and run down. But he was still on the job.

Bernardes has one of the finest economic minds in South America. His plan to diversify exports so as to lessen the country's dependence upon coffee and his insistence upon budget reform were sound and constructive. Yet they raised a flurry.

The reason was that curtailment of public waste, to say nothing of any effort to frustrate the favorite sport of president baiting, interfered with the divine rights of the politicians, who, in Brazil as elsewhere, like to follow the line of least economic resistance. They would prefer endless borrowing and the constant issuance of new money.

One detail must not be overlooked. It is the close kinship between South American revolutions and railways. Take a bird's-eye view of the history of the past forty years and you find that revolt is always more persistent in countries with inadequate transport than where there are ample traveling facilities. Where towns are isolated, it is easy to raise the standard of revolt and get a campaign under swing, because the established government cannot rush troops there. In other words, the per capita of revolution depends on mileage.

The Yankee Influence

Summed up, mercurial statesmanship, combined with what is nothing more or less than economic illiteracy, has done more to retard the commercial expansion of South American countries than almost all the other causes combined, and these include the chronic revolutions.

With this glimpse of the South American character and background, we can now make a quick and final summary of what is of more vital moment to us—namely, the Yankee influence. How has it exerted itself?

To dwell on the traditional kinship between North and South America about which so much sentimental speech, both uttered and written, is expended seems futile. More than one keen observer has pointed out that the United States and South America are not spiritual cousins. We have far more in common with the British, Germans, French, Italians, Norwegians and the Dutch. The real Latin-American mental and temperamental affinity is with Spain and Portugal. If you get under the surface of most loose hands-across-the-Panama talk, you discover that emotionally and otherwise most South Americans lean more toward Europe than toward us. Paris sets the fashion for their styles and their pleasures. For every one Argentine who visits the United States a thousand go to the French capital.

Tradition and heredity have, of course, helped to shape the South American attitude toward us, but we also are to blame. We like to proclaim that we are the big brother of the nations south of the equator and that we want to help them. As a matter of fact, the South American who is sincere with you resents this superiority complex. He will tell you that he does not want to be big-brothered or helped, except where that help spells distinct economic advantage. He believed idealism and Yankeeism were strangers until we entered the World War. He still resents Roosevelt's Panama Canal coup, because no matter where he lived he felt that it was an encroachment upon his nationalism. He did not stop to consider the immense practical advantage that the gash across the isthmus would eventually mean to him and his posterity.

The plain frank truth is that the most effective Pan-Americanist is the person who establishes that most permanent of all relationships, which is good business. Utility is the tie that binds. This brings us to the analysis of what we have done and what we are likely to do commercially. It is an inspiring perspective that stimulates your Americanism and intensifies your pride in Yankee enterprise and performance. From that eighth wonder of the world—the Panama Canal—down almost to the tip of the continent, you can follow the march of our men and our money.

Railway Pioneers

First, historically, comes a romance of achievement written in steel in the well-nigh impregnable ramparts of the Andes. Not many in the United States remember the name of Henry Meiggs; but it was he, back in the 70's, with an engineering heroism almost unmatched, who built the Central Railway of Peru, one of the construction marvels of modern times. Scarcely less dramatic was the feat of another pioneer North American, William Wheelwright, who built the first railroad in Chile.

Today, in those identical snow-peaked Cordilleras, we are maintaining the same tradition of courage and conquest in the hunt for copper. We are moving the mountains not with faith but with energy and perseverance. The American mining investment in Chile alone is nearly $400,000,000.

In Peru, Bolivia, Colombia, Argentina and Venezuela the American oil man is drilling for the most precious of all minerals, and is setting up, as he always does in foreign lands, a little civilization amid the wilds.

Until this year, the British, Germans and the Chileans were masters of the vast nitrate wealth of the western coast. We have begun to dispute that supremacy not only with the conventional agencies of penetration but with a new process of extraction that may revolutionize the industry.

No less impressive is our advance on the east coast. In Argentina alone our stake in meat packing is $80,000,000 and we dominate the industry. The finest office building in Buenos Aires bears the name and is the property of the First National Bank of Boston.

Before the World War the European-owned cables in Latin America totaled 2),-000 miles, while our mileage was only 14,000. Today it has increased to 24,000, while the European cables remain at their prewar figure.

In wireless, if not otherwise, we have joined a league of nations, for we are now part of the powerful international radio group operating in South America which includes besides ourselves the leading British, French, German and Italian companies. It is known as the A. E. F. G. I., these being the first letters of the countries incorporated. In the Argentine and in Brazil this organization is erecting two of the most powerful sending and receiving wireless plants on the globe.

Closely allied with communication is the all-important matter of news, since people form their impressions of countries largely from what they read about them. For years the reports of all happenings in the States, whether a negro lynching or a national political convention, went to Europe first and were filtered for South American consumption by the Havas Agency, the official French news bureau, which had clients beyond the equator. Then the United Press got busy, established direct service from New York to the leading papers of Brazil, Argentina and elsewhere, with the result that South America knows not only from day to day what is going on in our midst but gets it free from any foreign flavor.

I have already spoken of the tremendous vogue of the American movie. I can give no better illustration of South American familiarity with our leading cinema stars than to say that the American cowboy employed to patrol the roads during the construction of the A. E. F. G. I. plant near

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"... but didn't he leave any insurance?"

A wife suddenly left to face life's battles alone. Swift, stabbing glimpses of the bitter years ahead .. first moving out of her home .. then a long struggle for bare necessities .. the crushing denials for both herself and children. .. How mocking is the old friend's tender inquiry! .. What pathos in that spontaneous phrase: "But didn't he leave any insurance?"

ÆTNA-IZE

HAVE you ever paused to think who is taking the risk if *your* life is not adequately insured? If the great emergency should come tomorrow, would *your* family have enough to meet the bills through long years just as they are met now?

Investments in property and securities may yield your estate but little when suddenly thrown on the market. Business holdings often fade away when the master hand is withdrawn. Let the Ætna-izer show you how an Ætna Insurance Policy in an adequate amount will guarantee to your dependents ample funds for life.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company and affiliated companies issue virtually every known form of policy—Life Insurance in all its branches; Group Life; Group Disability; Accident and Health; Automobile; Compensation; Liability; Burglary; Plate Glass; Water Damage; Fire; Marine; Transportation; Fidelity Bonds, Surety Bonds, etc.

Ætna-ize according to your needs—as you prosper and as your obligations increase.

1850 - 75th Anniversary - 1925

GET acquainted with the Ætna-izer in your community. He is a man worth knowing. The accredited representative of the Ætna Life Insurance Company and affiliated companies—the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world.

For seventy-five years, the word "Ætna" has been a synonym for worthy insurance honestly sold. Today, in every community, an intelligent Ætna representative is prepared to furnish every person with dependable protection against every form of financial loss. Meet the man worth knowing in your town—today!

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

ETNA CASUALTY AND SURETY COMPANY. STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Hinges that grow old gracefully

A McKINNEY DEVELOPMENT! A hinge that gathers new qualities and new charms with the passing of time. Here is finely wrought steel hardware that will delight the lover of bronze.

There is a richness which comes with age to those things which can withstand wear. Numbered among them is this finely made hinge. The beautifying work of Time on bronze has long been admired. Now, the same result is obtained by this unusual hinge. It is subject to the same subtle colorings. And it is always in harmony with its solid bronze companion-hardware.

By name, it is McKinney Antique Bronze finish—dull rubbed. There are many other styles and finishes. From such an array of fine hinges as you will find displayed by the McKinney builders' hardware merchant, any plan of decorating can be matched. Make your hardware selection early. Do not let shortness of time deprive your home of the hinges it should have.

A Gift for Those About to Build

McKinney Forethought Plans consist of little cutouts of your furniture made in proportion to your plans. With them you can arrange and rearrange your furniture right on the blue prints until you are certain the wall space, fixtures, doors and base plugs are as you want them. To aid you in your home building McKinney will gladly send a set of these plans. Just write

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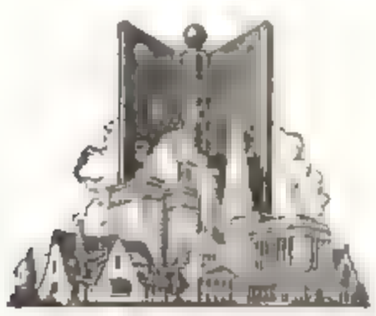

McKINNEY HINGES

McKinney Hinges harmonize

(Continued from Page 88

Rio de Janeiro has been dubbed Tom Mix by the natives.

Not only have we influenced South American purchase and production but to a very large extent we are the determining factors in the marketing of Brazil's great coffee crop. Last year we bought 1,500,000,000 pounds, which is more than half the entire output. Incidentally, we paid $60,000,000 more for it than in the preceding year

Nor is this widening sphere of North American influence all on the commercial side. Through the Rockefeller Foundation we are helping the health of great countries like Brazil. Largely because of its research, the hookworm, yellow fever and malaria have lost their terror. Beggars cured of the hookworm have renounced their calling and become useful citizens of the republic.

Two other evidences of Yankee influence, widely differing in scope and importance, but linked in far-reaching significance for the future of South America, remain to be noted. The first is the Panama Canal, which Lord Bryce called "the greatest liberty that man has taken with Nature." But it is more than a stupendous triumph over dirt and disease. It is the embodiment of the vision and the capacity of the North American race.

Hands Across the Canal

Nothing that you read can convey an adequate idea of its impressiveness or the amazing ease of operation. The sphinx and the pyramids are majestic ruins of a romantic past. The Great Wall of China is a mighty symbol of imperial decay. The canal is the animate and thrilling dramatization of the spirit of today. Uncle Sam's many-millioned investment on the isthmus is making good as a business proposition. During the last fiscal year there was a profit. On the day before I made the trip, twenty-seven toll-paying ships went through, which is a record.

Tolls, by the way, are levied on the net tonnage, which is the interior space which can be devoted to the carriage of cargo or passengers. Each net ton is 100 cubic feet. The rate for laden ships is $1.20 per net ton, while the price for ships in ballast is seventy-two cents per net ton.

Few realize the immense saving of distance at sea that the canal makes possible. Between New York and San Francisco, the distance of 13,135 nautical miles by way of the Strait of Magellan has been reduced to 5262 miles by the canal. The saving is therefore 7873 miles, or three-fifths. From New York to Valparaiso the reduction by use of the canal is 3747 miles; to Callao, 6250 miles; to Guayaquil, 7405 miles; to Wellington, New Zealand, 2493 miles; to Yokohama, 3678 miles.

The effect on our exports to the west coast of South America can scarcely be estimated. The combination of the canal and a line flying the American flag has been a vital factor in enhancing our commercial prestige in Chile and Peru.

The second and concluding phase relates to President Coolidge's decision in the Tacna-Arica controversy, which has been the political storm center of South America for nearly forty years. The main issue, briefly stated, grew out of the War of the Pacific waged between Peru and Bolivia on one side and Chile on the other. By the Treaty of Ancon, which ended the war and which was signed in 1883, the provinces of Tacna and Arica, formerly Peruvian and Bolivian soil, were placed under Chilean rule for a period of ten years, when a plebiscite should determine by popular vote whether the territory would remain under the domination and sovereignty of Chile or revert to Peru.

When the ten-year period expired such acute differences arose between Chile and Peru that no satisfactory basis for a plebiscite could be established, nor did one develop. Each subsequent decade widened the breach, and diplomatic relations were severed.

The Tacna-Arica Settlement

The failure of the long series of conferences that sought to establish some degree of settlement induced President Harding to invite the negotiators to try to get together at Washington. Both governments responded favorably and the result was a protocol, formulated at Washington in 1922, submitting all the questions arising from the unfulfilled provisions of the Treaty of Ancon to arbitration by the President of the United States. This document declared that the decision rendered by the President should be final and unalterable. It also provided that if the decision was in favor of a plebiscite, the arbitrator should have full power to determine the conditions for holding it.

Last March President Coolidge, who inherited President Harding's responsibility in the matter, decided that the question of permanent sovereignty of the two provinces involved in the dispute must be determined by a plebiscite to be held under the supervision of a commission of three members, one to be named by Chile, one by Peru and the other, who will be chairman, by the President of the United States. General Pershing has been named as the American member.

The Chileans construed this as a vindication, since they had urged a plebiscite all along. The Peruvians assailed it on the ground that the long rule by Chile, among other things, precluded adequate suffrage representation by them. In Lima and elsewhere there were anti-American demonstrations and President Leguia's enemies sought to capitalize the unrest into a movement to depose him, but without success. Equally futile was the Peruvian official request that the whole matter be reopened. Thus the way has been cleared for the settlement of a dispute that has been going on for years.

Taking the larger view, President Coolidge's decision bears the same relation to the political stabilization of the west coast of South America that the Dawes Plan does to the economic reconstruction of Europe. At the moment Peru is animated more by wounded national vanity than by actual grievance. In the end these rancors and resentments always subside in the face of that unfailing antidote which is national prosperity. Inevitably a new era of accord will develop between the republics and our prestige will be enhanced.

Such is the picture of South America in transition. A great continent with vast but partly undeveloped resources, and a varied people ready and willing to do their share in the work of the world, stand at the break of a new day of tremendous advancement. A large part of our economic destiny is bound up in its future. We can now see in detail to what extent we are rising to the opportunity.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson dealing with South America. The next will be devoted to President Leguia of Peru.

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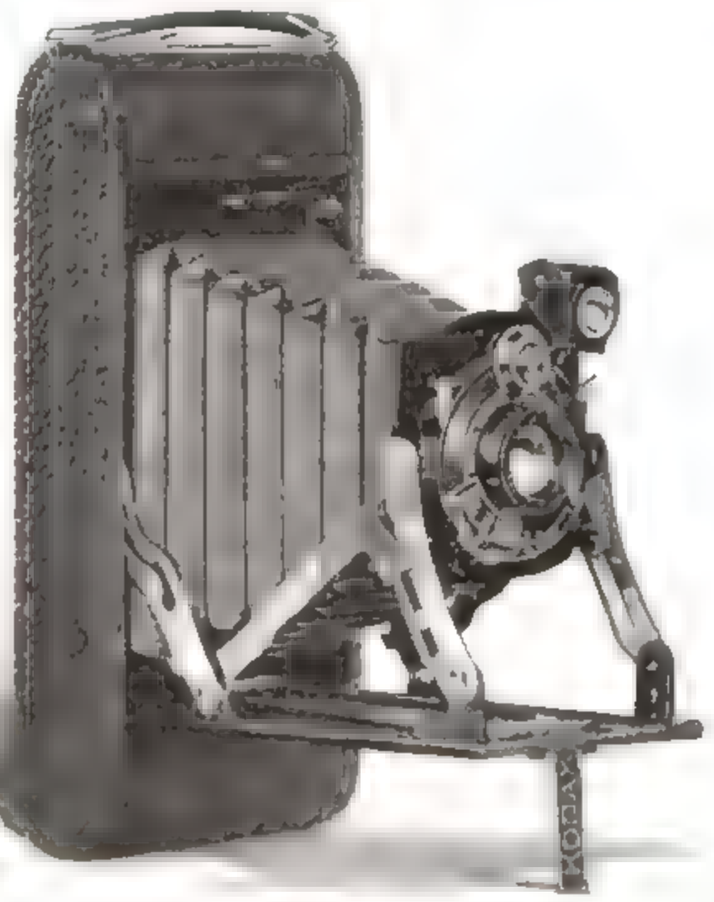

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BOLSHEVIK

(Continued from Page 17)

"Then sit where you are, and don't jaw," said Private Lucas. "Are you hungry?"

"I am famished."

Private Lucas leaned forward and groped in the web haversack of the nearest dead man until he found the little bag in which were his iron rations.

He tried to open the tin of bully beef with the opener, but the metal broke in a V-shaped piece. He swore.

"Never can manage those things!" he said, and reached for his jackknife.

He and his prisoner were eating slices of bully and biscuits when a wounded sergeant of his own battalion limped by.

"Hullo, Sandy," he called. "Where did you rake him in, eh?"

"Found him in a trench, sergeant."

The sergeant rested on his rifle.

"You'd best hand him over to me. I'll take charge of him. You must get back to the battalion. They're in a bad way up yonder on the hill."

Sandy sighed and rose to his feet and gave his heavy equipment a hitch forward.

"Right!"

And then the sergeant coughed and fell on his knees and slowly dived over on to his face and lay sprawling in three inches of water. When Sandy bent over him and lifted him up he was dead.

Herr Schmidt slid his arm through Sandy's and led him toward a small coffee shop. In the window were steaming hot joints of beef and mutton and pork, with slices cut out of them, in dishes swimming with gravy; and dishes of sausages, sizzling; and liver and bacon, and steak and onions. A man in a white jacket and apron was carving. The place was crowded with customers.

"You will come in here and eat," said Herr Schmidt, "and afterward you will talk to me."

Sandy shook his head.

"No, Jerry, can't be done." He rubbed the toe of his right shoe against his left heel. "No, don't ask me, or maybe I'd say yes, and be sorry afterward."

"But you are hungry."

"That's right too." Sandy's awe of the fur collar and cuffs and the big cigar and the diamond pin had gone. This was only old Jerry, whose life he had saved—a man no better than himself. Richer, perhaps, but no better. Not a hap'orth! "You see, Jerry, I got a wife at home. See? She's had a hard time; buried a couple of kids this last three months, see, and it's kind of give her a knock-out? And she ain't strong anyway, see? She needs food more than I do, Jerry."

Sandy stopped abruptly, feeling shy and ill at ease and afraid that Jerry, who, after all, was only a blasted bourgeois, would laugh at him and leave him.

But Herr Schmidt merely nodded his head and looked grave and said, "Gott! And she is hungry too! Do I understand that you have lose your two little young ones?"

Sandy nodded.

"Listen, friend, I will buy you food, and you will take me where you live. And we will have a feast, a celebration, a fête—how do you call it?—a reunion! For, in the war, you have save my life and never will I forget! I must help you."

"That's kind of you," said Sandy. "We could do with a feed, of course." He spoke gruffly to hide his emotion. "It ain't all lavender in this country, I can tell you! I'm flesh and blood, Jerry, same as you, and I can't stand no more of it. I'm a Bolshie, that's what I am! A ruddy Bolshie—out to get what I can from them that's keeping me in the gutter."

"You make the revolution, *hein?*"

"Ah! Like they done in Russia! The poor man's on top there, living on the fat of the land. That's what will happen here. Revolution, Jerry, that's the trick! Revolution!"

Sandy Lucas ended in a deep-throated growl. He hoped that what he had said hadn't been entirely foolish. It was difficult to remember all that he had heard from the funny dark-faced little man with the beard and the spectacles who'd talked of the red flag and the red blood of the martyrs. It was difficult to remember anything very much when you were half starved and hadn't eaten since the day before. And those damn motorbusses making that noise, and the fog choking you! What a mess!

The stout German looked at the little man by his side and smiled.

"You will make the revolution," he said. "Ja! I have a belief you will do as you say."

"And why not? What's this blasted country done for me, eh?"

Two well-dressed, prosperous-looking young men, talking and laughing, walked in the same direction as Sandy and Herr Schmidt.

Sandy glanced at them sideways under the light of a lamp, and wondered why their voices made him so angry. They halted to let a man carrying a big crate pass to his lorry at the curb.

"We'll just have time to change and get back to town again before dinner," said one of the young men.

"What are we going to do afterward?" said the other.

"Dance, I suppose—dance and supper!"

Sandy turned and spoke.

"Beg pardon, sir, but you couldn't help an old soldier, could you, sir?"

The young man hesitated.

"An old soldier?" he said.

His friend said, "Oh, come on, Tony, or we'll be late." He said to Sandy, "I make a point of never giving to beggars in the street."

Sandy grinned at Herr Schmidt.

"Did you hear that, Jerry? Those two, they're what they'd call the upper classes! Me, I belong to the ruddy lower classes! And why? They've got the cash, I haven't. I'm the mud under their feet. Did you hear how they spoke to me?"

Darkness in the village street where the company had formed up. A heavy rain falling. Mud. It'd be mucky in the trenches, digging. In the distance, from beyond Philosophe, the rise and fall of gunfire.

The platoon sergeant was calling the roll.

"It's always our battalion for working parties," said the man on Private Lucas' right.

"It's not fair, dragging us out our billets night after night," said the man on Private Lucas' left.

The company sergeant major said sharply, "There's someone talking in the rear-r rank! Who is it?"

There was no answer. A man in the front rank chuckled. The platoon commander came out of the dark doorway of the little house which was company headquarters.

"That was Lucas, of course," he said. His slow and drawling voice seemed to cut you through and through. "Lucas, you're a disgrace to the battalion! You're no good! I'm sick and tired of hearing you! Why the hell can't you try to make a soldier of yourself? If the rest of the company was like you, God help us! Sergeant major, bring him up to the company orderly room tomorrow."

Private Lucas' cheeks burned. Damn him and that you-be-damned accent of his! A ruddy toff! What right had he to talk like that to a man who'd done no wrong?

He never had been brought up at the company orderly room, either, Sandy reflected. The company sergeant major got a bullet through the shoulder within the hour and was sent down the line. The officer—blast him!—must have forgot.

Herr Schmidt uttered a little laugh.

"My friend, you are melancholy."

Sandy Lucas choked.

"'I make a point of never giving to beggars'! sez he. Me!"

Herr Schmidt clucked his tongue in sympathy and went into the little coffee shop. Sandy waited outside, his back to the lighted window and the steaming joints of meat, and stared with heavy eyes at the traffic of motors passing in the wet fog and the glowing headlights and the people on the sidewalk.

"Poor devils!" he thought. Men and women going home after working all day long, earning money for other people no better than themselves, but luckier! Slaves! Wage slaves!

And, reflected Sandy with sudden envy, lucky themselves to have wages to work for!

But that was wrong. He was mixing things up.

Herr Schmidt was by his side again. With him was a boy from the coffee shop who wore an apron and carried a holder with four covered dishes, one above the other, and a coffeepot. Herr Schmidt had a loaf of bread wrapped in an old newspaper under one arm.

"And now you will take me to your home and we will eat and then you will tell me your troubles."

Sandy opened the door of his room, lit only by the light of a lamp in the street outside almost level with the window. The girl who sat at the table, her cheek resting on the palm of her hand, raised her head.

"Why, Sandy!" she said.

"I've brought a friend," he said. "We're going to have a feed. Jerry, here's the missus."

The girl stood up. She was very thin. Her face was white and peaked. Her skin seemed transparent. Her hair was black and her eyes blue. She wore an old black dress, very shabby, but clean and neat. She coughed as she looked up to Herr Schmidt.

"Pleased to meet you, sir."

Sandy frowned at her use of the "sir."

"Won't you sit down?" she said. "It isn't much of a place." Her voice faltered. "I'm sorry." She struck a match and lit a candle.

The room was poor and plainly furnished with a deal table and two chairs, an old chest of drawers, and a bed with two legs at the head and the foot supported on two wooden sugar boxes. A patchwork quilt of faded blues and reds rested on the top of what seemed far too little bedding for the time of year. There was no fire and the air was damp. The wall paper was stained.

Herr Schmidt, bareheaded, hat in hand, stood by the table and looked about him with troubled eyes. He spoke to the boy from the coffee shop:

"Put the things on the table. Come back in an hour's time." The boy went out. "Is there no way of having a fire?"

"There's a meter," said the girl in her low voice. "But we've no coppers."

Herr Schmidt laid six pennies on the table.

"When the first supply is finish, we must have more."

Sandy put three of the pennies into the slot and turned the handle each time as far as it would go, and struck a match and lit the gas with a pop. The pale-blue flames changed gradually to a red glow. The room grew warm. The girl brought plates and knives and forks and three cups to the table.

"We ain't got nothing very good," she said.

"No," said Sandy, "or else we'd have pawned 'em, eh? But the day's coming, Bess, when you and me will live in Piccadilly or Park Lane, where the nobs live now, and then you'll have what you want—everything."

The girl sighed.

"Who said so?"

"I say so," said Sandy.

"I'd rather you had a steady job," said the girl.

"Good!" said Herr Schmidt. "Mrs. Lucas, you have discretion. And now you must eat. Sit down, the two of you."

"Won't you eat too?" said the girl.

The stout German smiled.

"No, thank you. I am not hungry."

Not hungry! Bessie was bewildered. How could anyone not be hungry, however rich, for beefsteak and sausages and mashed potatoes, gravy, cabbage, apple pudding, bread and cheese, butter and hot coffee? What was the use of refusing to eat because one didn't happen to be hungry?

"Wake up, Bessie," said Sandy. She dropped on a chair. Sandy drew out a box from under the table. "Take the other chair, Jerry," he said.

"Thank you, I will. Do you mind if I smoke, Mrs. Lucas?"

She shook her head shyly. She was almost horrified. Sandy was calling the gentleman with the fur-lined coat and the diamond pin "Jerry!" It wasn't right! All very well talking about equality, but the rich were rich and the poor were poor. Bessie had little faith in her husband's revolution. What was, was; you couldn't change things.

"Why don't you eat, Bessie?" Sandy said. "Don't be afraid."

For a long time no one spoke. Herr Schmidt smoked his cigar and stared at the fire and the damp stained wall paper and the broken bed and the bare floor boards and the foggy evening, visible through the torn window curtain; and then when supper was at an end, he sighed.

"An imperial people," he said. "Gott!"

Sandy was startled. What was the matter now? Jerry looked like he'd looked that day at Loos; kind of sad and sorry for himself.

"My friend, I owe you my life. My wife and my little young ones, they are in your debt."

Wasn't that what he'd said when they'd sat side by side by the smashed house?

How funny the dead men looked! All stiff and lumpy! And their faces swollen, yellowish white, and their eyes shut! The blood was black on their khaki and the mud was drying like chalk!

No, never would they answer to their names when the roll was called! Never any more would they climb on the fire step at stand-to and stare into the gray at the German trenches! For them there'd be no more war!

The stout German sighed.

"What's the matter, Jerry?" said Private Lucas, gazing dreamily toward the black shell bursts on the slag heap.

"It is the war! At home, my friend, my wife and my little young ones, my children, will be praying for me today. Perhaps their prayers have been answered, hey? They are at home, and I am here, a soldier! Gott! What is to become of them if I am killed, hey? Listen!"

There was a sharp whine and a clang of shrapnel bursting over the houses lower down the street, and a patter of steel on the road, and broken bricks.

"Look there!" The prisoner stretched out his arm and pointed toward the dead men that lay in the mud. "Look there! You see that! One of the little splinters of steel struck the dead Highlander! And if that had struck me I would be dead! We are helpless, you and me! Pawns of the machine! Helpless against the lust of civilization!"

Going mad, that's what he was, of course! Private Lucas rose to his feet briskly.

"Here, Jerry, come on, we've got to be moving."

The stout prisoner in the muddy field-gray uniform rose too.

"A miracle to be alive," said Herr Schmidt.

Sandy glanced at the white face of his wife and nodded.

"Even if you're half dead," he muttered.

(Continued on Page 97)

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(Continued from Page 92)

"Half dead?" said the German.

"Me and Bess—we're not wanted. You understand? Too many people. The rich got the money and they ain't got any to spare for us, see? That's the situation, Jerry. Me and Bessie aren't wanted. We ain t had a chance, have we, Bess?"

The German sighed.

"My friend," he said, "you are mistaken. We have our chance, all of us. But I sympathize."

From the street there rose a shrill wailing music. The German lifted his chin.

"What is that?"

Sandy smiled.

"There's a feller lives round here, used to be in the Black Watch, who plays the pipes bagpipes. Rakes in quite a lot of money too!"

"Ach, the bagpipes! Terrible!"

Sandy resented the tone.

"Maybe you'd reason to think them terrible, if you heard them same as I did, that day at Loos! Listen! The Barren Rocks of Aden! That's the tune. If he plays Blue Bonnets I'll howl!" He laughed harshly. "We didn't give you fellers much chance when we took your trenches, did we, Jerry?"

The German went to the window and looked out into the fog. Across the narrow street lights shone in the windows of small rooms.

He said suddenly, "And what good did it do you?"

"The pipes?"

"The everything! The battle, the war, the taking of trenches—what good did it do you?"

"None," said Sandy. "That's the reason I've gone Bolshie, same as they done in Russia."

"So!" Herr Schmidt nodded. "You saved my life and I return to my wife and my little young ones."

"Ours died," said the girl quietly. "Two of 'em, one after another."

Sandy patted her on the shoulder. Herr Schmidt sat down once more on the unsteady chair and put his hands on his plump knees and frowned. The music of the pipes tormented him.

"I remember one thing that you told me that day in the village of Loos. I said you were losing the war—do you remember?—and you said no, you would win -you would win the war! Do you remember?"

"Didn't we win?" said Sandy.

"You won the war and you starve, hey?"

The bagpipes had come nearer. The music had a swing and a lilt that sent Sandy Lucas' thoughts drifting away from the little room and Bessie and Herr Schmidt. His foot tapped the ground.

Left—left—left, right, left!

"Pick up the step, there! Left—left—left, right, left!"

The battalion was marching along the white road under the hot August sun. The pipes skirled and the dust rose in clouds. Men of other divisions stood at attention by the side of the road and watched. Presently there came into view the red brick tower with the leaning Virgin bending over the battered town. The hot smell of leather and sweat. The weight of the pack. The heavy rifle bearing down on one's shoulder. The ammunition. The steel helmet.

"Hoo many mair bludy miles are we gaun?"

"A long way."

"We're to go into the line after dark."

But that wasn't near Loos or Hulluch or the Hohenzollern Redoubt, but down on the Somme.

"You got out of that business in time, Jerry," said Sandy. "You were lucky."

"Lucky!" The German flung out his arms suddenly. "Tell me, my friend, why are you Bolshevik? Do you think you will improve your prospects?"

"You're right I do! Why shouldn't me and Bessie have chicken and champagne when we want it, and a motor car and a box at the opera, eh? Why should I have to work like a slave?"

Herr Schmidt, the employer of hundreds, nodded.

"Ach, why? Listen, friend, there was a time when I was poor, but I work. I work hard. I scrape and I save. And now—now I have prospered."

"You wouldn't have prospered in England," said Sandy.

The thought of his wrongs made him curse.

"You hate England," said Herr Schmidt.

"Hate it? Yes! England's no good and never will be! Not till we get our rights! England's no good, Jerry, and that's the truth."

"You are right! England is no good!" Herr Schmidt rose to his feet. He seemed to have grown larger, stouter, taller. His voice boomed out. "No good! No, that is the truth."

Sandy and his wife stared at him and said nothing.

"I tell you, friends, England is no good! I walk in your streets; I see the people, and my heart bleed for them. An imperial people! The imperial people of my youth! You starve, you have no money! I am not surprise. The last effort was too much. The twilight of the gods! England, she has for too long been the monster that eat and eat, that gorge on the blood of the weak, so that she is replete, lazy, incapable of exertion. The next war of which we have heard so much is here! Germany, Russia, the United States, Japan—the virile peoples of the world—they know! The day of the colossus with the feet of clay and the head of brass and the belly of rubber is finish! It is the twilight of the gods."

"I dunno what in hell you're driving at, Jerry," said Sandy; "but if it's anything to do with smashing the ruddy capitalists, I'm with you—yes! Only"—he hesitated and thought—"you're rich. Won't do you any good, will it?"

Herr Schmidt smiled a funny little smile. He waved one hand to and fro solemnly.

"That is all right. Do you remember when you save my life, I tell you never will I forget?"

Sandy gave a shrug of his shoulders.

"You said so! I didn't do anything, really, Jerry."

The stout, pale-faced German with the scared eyes and the muddy gray uniform and the funny little round cap, blood on his forehead, blood on his high-waisted tunic, stood on the chalky road, hands outstretched. A couple of redcaps, the stretcher bearers, the wounded, the other prisoners, all of them were grinning.

"Good-by, my preserver! Never, never will I forget what you have for me done today! Good-by, and may Gott go with you!"

He had insisted on his shaking hands with him.

One of the redcaps said, "Don't you let him kiss you, Jock! They bite."

Sandy had felt no great surprise when he found his platoon commander by his side. He didn't like him. He never had liked him. There was that voice of his and his manner! He condescended. That stamped him. He condescended. He didn't talk to a feller, man to man; he talked down to you! Always had and always would!

But now—now it was different! His face was gray, his eyes were bloodshot, he'd lost his bonnet, his right arm was in a sandbag sling, his right hand was a mass of blood-soaked shell dressings.

"Come on, Lucas," he said. "We've got to be going back."

Private Lucas blinked at him and nodded and lifted his rifle to his shoulder. They moved off down the white wet road along which wounded men were straggling.

"Are you hurt, sir?" said Private Lucas.

"Got a bit of a scratch and some lunatic tried to put me on a stretcher."

Private Lucas considered this for some time.

"You've no right to be going into the line again," he said.

The officer said, "The division's fighting like hell! I'd be a pretty poor kind of a man if I deserted my own crowd now, wouldn't I?"

Unwillingly almost, Private Lucas was impressed.

Neither said anything else. They tramped down into Loos and through the village all the long, weary, muddy, blood-stained way to Hill 70, where they fought the long night through, waiting for reënforcements that came and vanished.

In the morning the officer was dead. Private Lucas had thought him crazy. His hand, he learned afterward, had been blown to pieces. What on earth had he wanted to go back to the line for when he might have been on his way down to the base?

Yes, Jerry had been lucky! He'd spent the rest of the three years of war in England! And now he was rich, Jerry was, and smoking of fat cigars!

"I tell you never will I forget!" said Herr Schmidt. After a pause he went on, "Listen, you can do here no good."

"Not till there's a revolution and we've hoisted the red flag over the House of Commons and Buckingham Palace—no! But after that, Jerry"—Sandy chuckled and screwed up his eyes—"after that ——"

"No!" said the German sharply. "No! Not even when the revolution comes! No! You are too good a man. You must go away."

"Go away!" said Sandy. He laughed, then, loudly. "That's what the doctor at the infirmary said to Bess here. She must go away, out of London, if she wanted to get rid of her cough. How can we go, eh? Might have, all the same, if I'd pinched your wallet tonight, of course. Ought to have said I was sorry for that, oughtn't I? That's the first time I tried that kind of game; maybe it will be the last, maybe it won't."

"You must go away," said Herr Schmidt. "Out of England! Listen attentively! This is my offer: I am rich. Ja! Rich! I have big interests in America! You must go there! Because you are the best man and the bravest man I have ever seen. You save my life and now you starve and are in embryo Bolshevik, all of which is bad for the soul of man. No good will be gained by you, personally, here to stay. I will pay your expenses, for you and your wife. I will set you up on the land—on a ranch. I will finance you till you have found your feet. A great country, Texas, a young country, a rich country."

Into the little estaminet, where Private Lucas and four other men of his battalion sat at a little table and drank coffee laced with rum, there came a young American.

"Hullo, Yank," someone said. "Sit you down."

Soon the American, fair-headed, young, a medal ribbon showing on the breast of his tunic under his overcoat, began to talk of home.

"God's country I come from! All I pray is that I get out of this hell alive and see it again!"

Sandy asked him about Texas, which was where he lived. The American talked about the blue sky and the sunshine and the sparkling air and the cattle and horses and the live oaks and the sagebrush and coyotes and the open stretches of country, thousands and thousands of miles waiting to be settled, and the chances a man had to get a home of his own and some land and a life worth living.

"A great country, Texas, a country worth fighting for," he said.

A country worth fighting for! Private Lucas considered.

"And where do you come from?" said the American. "Scotland?"

"London," said Private Lucas. "I was born in Edinburgh, but London's my home."

The American grunted.

"I'm just back from leave. Ten days, without seeing the sun once!" Then he said, "I'm homesick! That's what's the matter with me—homesick!"

Private Lucas thought for a long time.

He said, "Could a feller like me have a home of his own, a bit of a farm like, out there, if he hadn't no money to make a start on?"

"Texas is a long way off," said Sandy. His voice was steady, but he tingled all over with excitement.

"That is all to the good. Go while you have the chance. Here you have no hope. Hope! You do not know the meaning of the word. Hope! Ach! To succeed to the seats of the mighty! To live a life of luxury! My friend, it is impossible! The end is in sight! The virile peoples of the world, they will destroy the English! It is the punishment of civilization on the uncivilized! The last war, I tell you, it was nothing! This is the end of England! The twilight of the gods!"

"Jerry," said Sandy, "I don't get you." He frowned. "We won the war, didn't we?"

"You lost the war!" Herr Schmidt flung out his arms passionately. "And you starve in this alum! Listen! I pay for you to go to Texas, I fix you up on a farm, I finance you, you and your wife, because you are a good man, a brave man, and you saved my life for my wife and my little young ones! And to show that I am in earnest—here, you will take these, and tomorrow you will come and see me at my hotel."

He laid two five-pound notes on the table in front of the girl, who sat listening, round-eyed, her lips parted, her hands in her lap. Sandy fingered the notes almost timidly.

He stared at the German, whose face was red and damp. "This money now—it's ours?"

"It is yours. Tomorrow we arrange your passage to America. You must escape before it is too late, before the most crushing defeat in the history of the world."

Sandy frowned. Jerry was telling him to go before—before what? Defeat! He put into words, haltingly, the thoughts that oppressed him.

"You mean we're going to be smashed?"

"That, friend, is exactly what I do mean. Ja! Get away from here! Out of England! Out of this hell upon earth! The war that we have seen, you and I, it is nothing! The real war, the war that will see the end of this rotten country, is here! You are already smashed, but you do not know it! Already you can see the writing on the wall! Great Babylon is fallen! You must go, my friend, while there is time."

Sandy rose to his feet, choking.

"You say there's to be another war?" he said. "We'll be fighting you again—is that what you say?"

"Yes," said Herr Schmidt. "That is so."

"Then take your Judas money out of here, you swine! Do you think I'm coward enough to turn and run when the—the line's broke like and there's every man of us needed? No, you're no good, you bloody Germans, and you never will be! Bribing a man to go back on his own folk! You ought to think shame on yourself!"

Herr Schmidt had drawn away from the thin-faced man with the blazing eyes and was watching him in amazement, breathing hard. He waited until the torrent of words stopped. The light of the fire was waning. The music of the pipes in the street seemed to rise up, pagan and melancholy, yet triumphant.

"I do not understand," he said. "I do not understand. What you say is impossible."

"That's where you're making a mistake!" said Sandy fiercely. He laughed. "You didn't understand the last time and we mopped the earth with you! You don't understand now!"

"But you have tell me you will make the revolution! You are Bolshevik, you tell me!"

Sandy met the German's perplexed gaze stolidly.

"You put that money in your pocket, Jerry, and clear out! There's going to be another war, is there? All right! I'm in it! And God help all you Germans!"

Herr Schmidt bowed stiffly. Then he said, "I salute you! You are a brave man and a foolish man! The war that is being fought is not with rifle and machine gun, or

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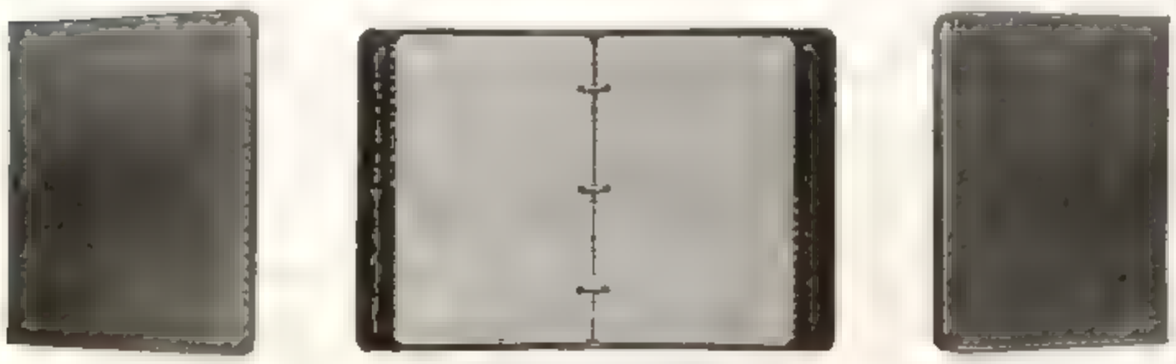

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Minenwerfer or gas and shell! No, my friend, it is the war of the survival of the fittest."

"That's me," said Sandy. "Me and Bessie here and all the rest of us! And now you'd better go."

Herr Schmidt went slowly down the narrow stairs and out into the street. He did not understand even now. He sighed. The poverty of his surroundings frightened him White faces, sick and degenerate and drink-sodden, seen in the light of the lamps, sickened him.

A strange people! An impossible people! A great people. He said it to himself reluctantly—a great people!

The piper, an old straight-backed man with a gray mustache and fierce eyes, stood in the gutter playing a dirge, a lament, that made Herr Schmidt shiver. His thoughts leaped back through the years.

He was a prisoner of war. With other prisoners of war, worn out, dirty, exhausted, stupid from lack of sleep and shell fire, he sat in the mud behind barbed wire and awaited the word to fall in to be marched away from the battlefield of Loos. It was gray evening. On the other side of the narrow road were Highlanders in kilts—a few. They, too, sat in the mud and rested.

A piper stood a little apart from the other Highlanders and played his bagpipes. The music rose and fell sadly. Horrible music. Discordant music. Shrill. Piercing. You heard it and you felt sick. Something stirred within you. You wanted to shed tears because men had died in battle. Brave men! You could not see, because your eyes were dim. Only barbarians could love music like that! Barbarians! Soldiers! Yes, it was the music of soldiers! Soldiers lamenting their dead, slain in battle!

Two Highlanders in khaki were talking outside the barbed wire.

One said, "That's all that's left of the battalion."

Scotchmen! Barbarians!

"Aye," said the other, "that's all! What for do they let that piper play the Flowers of the Forest? They ought to hae mair sense."

Private Schmidt, prisoner of war, wondered.

The piper ended his lament with a long-drawn, quavering cry of agony; or so it seemed to Herr Schmidt, listening in a kind of dream.

"Can ye gie a puir auld Royal Highlander a penny, sir?"

Herr Schmidt put a sixpenny bit into the Glengarry held out to him.

In the little dark room, Sandy Lucas, Bolshevik, late of the Royal Scots, stood and stared at his wife, who still sat at the table, her eyes downcast, her hands still folded in her lap, her face white and drawn.

"Bess," he said, "did I do what was right?"

She raised her eyes and looked at him.

"Yes, Sandy, you did what was right."

He was glad she had said that. A weight was lifted from his mind.

"We couldn't take money from a swine like that, could we?" he said.

The girl got up from her chair and went to him and flung her arms about his neck and kissed him.

"No," she said faintly, "we couldn't have taken his money."

She hid her passion of grief and disappointment, her despair, under a wavering, wistful smile.

An hour later Herr Schmidt sat in his private sitting room at his hotel and talked with his London agent. He was tired. His thoughts tormented him. Not even the knowledge that in the near future vast profits would swell his already vast fortune could cheer him. He listened mechanically to what was said, nodded his head in agreement, read and initialed several papers, and all the while struggled against a feeling that his visit to London, now drawing to a close, had been disastrous.

A long silence was broken by the agent, bland, smooth, plump and respectful to wealth, to potential millions, millions sterling, saying, "Well, Herr Schmidt, if that's all you want, it's easily managed. We'll get things put in hand immediately."

Herr Schmidt frowned. He spoke English as well as any Englishman, he knew; but it wasn't easy, he discovered now, to say what he had to say without revealing more than he should.

He said slowly, "But that is not all I want. I have a debt to pay."

His London agent inclined his head and reached for his scribbling pad.

"You'd like us to deal with it?"

"Ja! There is in London a man of the name of Lucas—here is his address—whom I have met in France in the war. He did me a service that I will never forget. You will send him a message in the morning, first thing, to say that there is for him a job in the country, by the sea. His wife is sick and she must have the fresh air. He is to be put in charge of the pier and the warehouse that we have purchased. Do you comprehend?"

"Yes, Herr Schmidt, of course. But there's no warehouse built yet; you know that, don't you?"

"Ja! It make no difference. He will be watchman—anything! There is a cottage on the property. That is not to be pulled down, as we contemplated, but made habitable. Money is no object. You will tell Lucas that his salary—shall we say, four pound ten a week, to begin with? No, five pounds—his salary, five pounds a week, will commence from today. And the sole stipulation I make is that he shall never know who it is who is his employer. He is an employe of the company."

"There's just one thing," said the agent: "This man Lucas you're sure he's a sound man, Herr Schmidt?"

"The most soundest man in the whole world," said Herr Schmidt.

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MIKE SIGNS OFF

(Continued from Page 29)

Bull, that Mike's a lonesome lad that doesn't make any friends; and the radio's the only company he's got most of the time to talk to him. He told me the other day that he wasn't doing so well in the field on account of missing his set so much."

"I suppose," sneers Grogan, "we'll have to put one of those dinguses at every base pretty soon to keep the boys amused. I wonder if it'd be all right with Trist if we hired an orchestra or a fife and drum corps to march around the field with him?"

"Don't worry," I advises Bull. "He'll get over this bug pretty soon. They always do. Besides, Mike's got a gal that's beginning to cut in on his radio time."

"That's trading the measles for diphtheria," growls the chief.

Just then Trist slams one down the right-field foul line for three bags, scoring two runs, and Grogan's silenced. I makes Bull promise not to say anything to Mike and let me handle him. That evening I drifts over to the kid's room for a straight up-and-up talk and finds him dancing around with a wild look in his eyes.

"I've got it!" he yells, when he lamps me.

"Fine," says I; "but how I'll miss those old statics! There was one of those things that I ——"

"This has nothing to do with statics," cuts in Mike. "I'll get them later. Look at this."

Off the table back of him he takes a sort of wide leather belt, with loops in it that look like they were intended for oversize cartridges. There are, besides, a lot of metal what-nots stuck into it and a pair of straps that I figures go over the shoulders.

"What is it?" I inquires. "A new kind of life-saving stunt or a big-game kit?"

"Those cartridge sort of things," explains Trist, "are batteries, and ——"

"This a radio set?" I interrupts.

"It is," says Mike; "and one that you can just throw around you and tune in wherever you are and whatever you're doing. The whole belt weighs less than five pounds, but it'll pick up anything within three hundred miles."

"I suppose," I remarks, sarcastic, "a trick hat with an aerial goes with the layout."

"The aerial's inside," returns Mike. "Here, try it on."

Before I can kick up a fuss he's got the whole outfit over the shoulders and around my waist. Then he gets a pair of fielder's sun glasses and hands 'em to me. They're regular cheaters, but where the loop goes over the ears a couple of round businesses like the mouth of a telephone have been soldered on. Strands of thin wire—so thin you can hardly see 'em—hang down from each of the disky-looking affairs.

"What's the big idea?" I gargles.

"You'll find out in a second," smiles Trist. "Put on the glasses and let the receivers go over your ears."

I does so and Mike fastens the ends of the wires to the belt of batteries. Then he monkeys with some of the metal dingbats and the next thing I knows I'm listening to some Jemima spieling off a recipe for making noodle soup.

"All right?" asks Mike.

"It is," I answers, "if you care for that way of making noodle soup. What are you going to do with this mess now that you've got it worked out?" I asks, taking off the contraption. "Peddle the patent?"

"No," says Trist, "not for the present. I got it up especial to keep from getting lonesome out in right field."

"You trying to tell me," I gasps, "that you're figuring on wearing that while you're working?"

"The figuring," replies Mike, "was done a long time ago; the fact that I'm going to I'm telling you tonight. I'll have it on me tomorrow."

"If it's on you, you'll be off the Blue Sox," I howls. "The team's a joke as it is; what do you want to make it—a spasm?"

"You might as well get this now," shoots Trist, "and it goes for Grogan too. I'll do as I please, and if the boss don't like it, he can go out and get himself another piece of fly paper."

"But listen," I pleads. "How you going to play ball carrying that noise box around your waist? How you going to run bases? How you going to chase fast ones? How you going to keep the fans from razzing you off the lot? How you going to keep your mind on the game while listening to some nut broadcasting a mess of merry mucilage? How you going to stop Bull Grogan from hustling you quick into a covered wagon and shooing you off to the booby hatch? How ——"

"In the first place," answers Mike, calm, "the set weighs less than five pounds, and that little added weight's not going to slow me up any. Unless you spread the news, nobody, not even Grogan'll know that I'm carrying a radio outfit around. The wires and the ear pieces can't be noticed twenty feet away; and when I come in to bat, all I have to do is stick them in my shirt front, where they'll be all the time I'm not tuning in. As for the broadcasting taking my mind off the game, it's the lack of it that's made me so rotten out in the field lately. What's wrong with the scheme now?"

"Nothing," I snaps, "excepting that it's all cuckoo and I'm even cuckoo for listening to you. How is it you weren't lonesome in right before you ever had a radio to play around with?"

"A guy that's never sniffed coke," says Trist, "don't miss it, does he? Well, the radio's like dope with me."

"Where," I asks, "are you going to get anything to listen to between three and five in the afternoon? Don't they shoot out all the hop at night?"

"Most of the stations do," admits Mike, "but PKT always puts on a swell program between four and six."

"PKT, eh?" I remarks. "I didn't know you were so keen about hearing Harry Green's nifties."

"I'm not," frowns Trist; "but outside of that empty can, all the stuff from that station's great. How'd you like to have some music now? The receiving's fine this evening."

"Everything," I snorts, "that I've received this evening so far is rotten, and if I stuck we'd probably tune in on Bloomingdale or Matteawan just to make a perfect day of it. Here comes Myrtle. I hear her footprints."

"How are the statics acting up this evening?" is her entrance speech.

"Terrible," says Mike. "How'd you like to take in a vaudeville show this evening, sweetie?"

"What have they got there, sweetie yourself?" asks Myrtle.

"I don't know," replied Trist, "but I hear there's a spiffy radio sketch on the bill and I'm crazy to see it."

"You are," says I, "even if you don't."

III

TRIST doesn't show at breakfast and I don't get to see him until a little after noon. Being as the boarding house is only a block from the ball grounds, Mike and I've been dressing at home; so when I spots him he's in his uniform. Naturally, my eyes leap right away at his waistline. Sure enough, there's a bulge, but not such a one as would be noticed by anybody that wasn't looking for concealed radio sets.

"So you're going through with it," I remarks.

"Did you doubt it?" comes back Mike.

"I even doubted my senses when I left you last night," I barks. "Where are the wires and the specs?"

Trist opens the two top buttons of his shirt and yanks 'em out.

"Remember," I warns him, "if your act flops and you get thrown out on your ear, I don't know anything about it."

"All right," agrees Mike. "It'll be easy to prove that you don't know."

That has all the sneer marks of a nasty crack to me; but I'm too worried to be my best at a comeback, so I lets it go. Mighty few words pass between me and the kid on the way to or at the ball grounds. It doesn't make me feel any better, either, to find Bull Grogan on the job.

I watch the chief close while Trist's out in the field catching fungos, but apparently he's noticed nothing. Mike seems to get around as fast as usual and I'm beginning to figure that Trist's stunt might go through O. K. for one game, when suddenly Bull turns to me.

"Mike's taking on weight, isn't he?" he asks.

"I don't think so," I mumbles. "He's just got his shirt stuck in loose."

Nothing more's said on the subject and the game begins. My lamps are glued on Trist, and I never saw the boy so frisky in the field. He's jumping around like a two-year-old, plucking grass and doing the rest of the frolicsome stunts.

Trent, the first man up for the Jackals, catches one of Hastings' spitters on the mean end of the bat and shoots a burner over the first baseman's head, just high enough to miss his finger tips a few inches. It was the sort of wallop that's good for two bases in any man's league, but it wasn't good for anything in this man's league this day.

Mike starts with the crack of the wood, ten-flats it to the right-field foul line, takes a running dive and lands flat on the sod; but there's a regulation national-commission baseball in his left hand that never had hit the ground in its whole young career.

"Gosh!" gasps Bull. "What a play that was!"

"Gosh!" I gasps inwardly, noticing that Trist's still flat on the ground. "There goes a radio set and a couple of choice ribs."

In a little bit Mike walks to his position with a slight limp, but apart from that he seems to be all in one piece. From the bull pen, it's too far to see what's going on in right and I can't tell whether the boy's wearing his hitched-up sun glasses. As soon as the inning's over I makes a dash for him.

"Anything busted?" I asks.

"Not a thing," smiles Trist. "I figured the set'd have to stand a lot of rough wear and I built it according."

"You been listening to any concerts?" I goes on.

"No," Mike replies. "There's nothing doing till PKT opens up at four o'clock and then I'll tune in. I can hardly wait."

Mike gets to bat in the first inning and draws a walk on four umpire's choices. He takes a big lead off the bag and on the next throw scoots for second, beating the heave by a whole flock of feet. Believe me, I take an easy breath. I've had two chances to see that the radio belt hasn't slowed the lad up any and I'm beginning to bet myself even money that we'll get through the day without any rash acts.

There's some fast ball played in the next two innings, four of the Jackals getting from the plate to the bench through the assists of Trist, two of them being tough chances that Mike would have foozled the week before. A triple by the boy in the third stanza sends a run across the pan and we're leading one to nothing when the fourth canto opens.

I look at my watch. It's four o'clock on the dot. Then I walk to the first base coaching line and look at Trist, and my heart goes put-put. I see Mike open up his shirt front, drag out the sun glasses and clap 'em over his ears. Even from where I am, there's nothing unusual about his appearance, so I turn my attention to the game proper.

Hastings gets the first Jackal on three pitched balls and then loses control. He hits the next visitor in the middle of the back and lets the third baby reach out for a bad one and drop an easy sacrifice in front of the rubber. That's two out and a man on second. There follows a single and an infield error and the bases are too full for utterance.

Rogers, next up for the Jackals, is a right-field hitter, and I look for Mike to make the put-out that'll end the inning and save Hastings' hide. With the call two and three, the visiting slugger wraps his bat around a roundhouse curve and loops one to right as I expected. It's headed straight for Trist, about as soft a catch as ever came his way.

He's got his hands extended for the ball, when all of a sudden I see his arms drop to his side and he staggers a bit. By that time the pill's passed him and rolled to the fence, but there's not a move from Mike. Bull and the benchers look on kind of dazed, but not me. I call out the old legs and take them on a run to right field. The first thing I pipes when I get there are the ear phones and the next thing I does is to pull 'em off his head and slap 'em inside his shirt. I puts my arms around his neck and starts leading him off.

"What's the matter?" I asks.

Trist just looks at me with a dazed, blank expression. His face is green-white and he's sort of shivering.

"Kid have a stroke?" inquires Bull, coming up to where we are.

"He's sick," I tells him, brief, "and I'm taking him home."

We're outside the ball park before Mike says a word.

"She's married," he mumbles.

"Who?" I comes back. "Myrtle?"

He nods weakly.

"How do you know?" I demands.

"It came over the radio," he says brokenly. "There was a new announcer. He explained that Green got married suddenly that morning and was away on a wedding trip."

"And all of that," I moans, "had to happen with the bags full and a fly ball headed your way. Cheer up, boy," I goes on. "The woods are cluttered with 'em."

"But she practically promised last night," mutters Trist.

By this time we're at the boarding house, and instead of fumbling for a latchkey, I rings the bell. The door's opened by Myrtle! Mike stares at her with a swoon in his eyes.

"Hello," says I. "Back from your wedding trip already?"

"Is he sick?" she asks, paying no attention to my question. "Help me get him up to his room."

Between us we totes him upstairs, Trist just acting dopy. After we dumps him in an easy-chair, I turns to the girl.

"Aren't you married?" I demands.

"Take your jokes outside and dust 'em off," she snaps.

"But Green is," I goes on.

"What of it?" comes back Myrtle. "I don't have to play straight bride to his comedy groom, do I? He eloped with a perox they've got working up at PKT."

"You poor simp!" I yelps at Mike, who's beginning to sit up and take notice.

"Don't you call him names," blazes the chick. "He's a dear, sweet boy." And she plops down on the floor with her head on his knees.

"Love me, honey?" cooes Trist.

"Try and make me not," says Myrtle; "but I'm afraid I'm only your second-best girl."

"How?" asks Mike.

"Aren't you fonder of the radio than you are of me?" she goes on.

"Jim," Trist calls over to me, "want a good set with five tubes and ——"

"Sure," I cuts in quick, and makes a dash for the window seat.

"Look out below!" I shouts. "There's a big heavy belt coming down right after this box."

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"On my Packard is one of the ... Goodyear balloon tires sold ... territory. They have made ... and they look good for 5,000 ... the Northern Lake Country last ... with the greatest comfort, and have made several trips through the Ozark Mountains where the sharp flint rocks usually eat a cord tire up in a short time, without a single sidewall cut."—W. M. FLEETWOOD, *Tulsa, Oklahoma*

"My Goodyear balloon-tired Hupmobile is used in driving to the mining camps, which means that ... of the time the car is used on rough roads, bad grades, and under conditions very hard on any tire. My Goodyear balloons have now run 11,802 miles. Where 200 miles in one day used to tire the driver out pretty badly, he now returns from these same trips feeling perfectly fresh."—BURT B. BREWSTER, *Salt Lake City, Utah*

"I have driven my Goodyear balloon tires 10,000 miles, driving all winter, regardless of the weather, and a great deal of the time on next to impassable dirt roads. At no time have I found it necessary to use skid chains. I did not believe it possible for a car to ride so easy and comfortable, and have had practically no tire trouble. The tires are still in excellent condition."—R. H. MCGAVOK, *Chicago, Ill.*

"The successful results which I have obtained from my Goodyear interchangeable balloon tires in the last year are certainly worthy of the highest commendation. I have traveled 12,127 miles on these tires without any punctures, and from all appearances the tires are only slightly worn and look as though they will go many thousand miles more."—C. P. LEWIS, *Bridgeton, New Jersey.*

"My set ... covered 8 ... tain road ... make of ... never last ... tires are ... judgment ... with the ... car depre ... operatin ... *Burns, O*

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1925, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

No Balloons but Goodyears have *SUPERTWIST!*

That headline contains a thought which every buyer of balloon tires should firmly fix in his mind.

No balloons but Goodyears have SUPERTWIST!

The significance of this is reflected in the unique position Goodyear balloon tires now occupy in the approval of motorists everywhere.

This position has been earned by matchless performance—performance notable for long wear, great comfort, freedom from trouble and outstanding economy.

Easily the greatest single reason for such Goodyear performance is SUPERTWIST.

This remarkable new cord fabric, developed in Goodyear mills, exactly meets the special requirements of the low-pressure flexible-sidewall tire.

It does this because it was designed directly to this purpose.

No other cord fabric hitherto available answered in equal measure the new needs.

The paramount advantage of SUPERTWIST is its superior elasticity.

It far outstretches the breaking point of standard cord fabric.

When the tire made of it strikes a stone the SUPERTWIST cords yield under the impact like rubber bands. Their stretching absorbs the shock and resists breaking.

Thus greater protection is afforded against stone bruises, carcass breaking and similar injuries.

Tests and actual service prove that SUPERTWIST adds immensely to tire life and usefulness.

Because of the extra security it gives, users say they get longer mileage from Goodyear balloons than from any tires they have ever used.

You want this superior service in the balloon tires *you* buy—so remember: *No balloons but Goodyears have* SUPERTWIST!

Yet Goodyears cost you no more.

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L. LOWE,

"I really do not know which feature of my Goodyear balloon tires appeals to me most. Possibly traction has been their outstanding feature, as they have given me a feeling of absolute security on that steep hill leading up to my place, during the sleet and ice we had so often this winter. So far I have driven these tires about 6000 miles, with but two punctures, and they look good for many more thousands."—B. A. WILLIAMS, *Roanoke, Va.*

"Goodyear balloon tires on my Hudson have delivered over 12,000 miles of service and the treads are not yet one-half worn. I expect to get approximately 25,000 miles from them. Much of my driving is over mountainous roads. With balloon equipment, I can now roll thru the sand and mud, up or down steep grades with little or no effort. The car rides 50% smoother."—R. W. GOODMAN, Goodman Oil Co., *Boise, Idaho.*

"I have been using one set of balloon tires on my Ford for more than a year. Have had only two punctures and have run at least 8000 miles. The casings look almost like new. This I think is due to the fact that they are Goodyear. I have never had to use chains with them on country roads during bad weather. They are the most comfortable and economical tires one could buy."—W. C. BAILEY, M. D., *Decatur, Ala.*

balloon tires have given me
sfaction. After you have used
you simply would not do
n. I find the mileage given
r balloon tires to be prac-
double that which I have got on
any other tire. I am sure the depreciation on my car has been reduced at least twenty-five per cent. They absolutely will not skid."—SANDERS CORTNER, *Decatur, Ala.*

Good tires deserve good tubes—
Goodyear Tubes

"BALLOONS"

Made with SUPERTWIST

A beautiful *russet brown* color—

that's the newest Barrett Giant Shingle

SOMETHING new in shingles! The Barrett Giant in rich *russet brown*—the warm, mellow hue of an autumn landscape. This is a color that home-builders of discriminating taste have been waiting for. It's new—it's unusual—it will harmonize beautifully with practically every type of dwelling.

Here is a beautiful roof, a fire-safe roof, a better roof. A better roof because Barrett Giants are extra heavy and extra large. Their weight gives artistically correct shadow lines, an individuality to *each* shingle.

Giant Shingles are also vastly economical. Being so much larger (12″ x 14″) than ordinary asphalt shingles, they reduce the number of shingles and nails necessary for a roofing job. Actually 196 fewer shingles and 392 fewer nails to drive per 100 square feet—a saving of practically one-half in application costs.

On reroofing—their low cost is even more surprising. For Barrett Giants can be applied right over the old roof, without ripping off the worn out shingles. This means great economy in time, labor and money.

See these new Barrett Giant Shingles. Your hardware, building-supply, or lumber dealer will show them to you.

If I had to do over again.....

I WOULD never let any material that will rot be used on the roof of my house.

I would never let anything that will rust be used on the roof of any building, not even an old shed.

On my house I would have a roof that *would not catch fire* if a burning ember fell on it.

I would have a roof with an *attractive color* that will not wash out or fade.

In short, I would not let myself in for trouble and expense for repairing, for painting or for staining to keep my roof weather-tight and colorful.

When a man talks like that, he must know about Barrett roofing materials. Ninety-five out of a hundred men will also say: "I don't want to spend a large amount of money to have an attractive, enduring, expenseless roof." And on that point, also, Barrett mineral-surfaced shingles, and roll roofing, in various colors are just what is wanted.

Only minerals of natural, fadeless colors are used. The colors are: russet-brown, moss green, blue black, and soft red. Two or more shades can be mingled in a roof to produce various colorful effects.

Barrett ROOFINGS

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector Street New York City

IN CANADA
The Barrett Company, Limited
2021 St. Hubert Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

SPANISH ACRES

(Continued from Page 27)

miles up it. That's where they're headed." To the Tasao he said, "Ride hard and bring us out into that bottom a half mile or so ahead of 'em at some point where it will be handy for us to waylay them."

Another period of hard riding and the Tasao led them out at a point where the bottom narrowed to a width of some twenty yards. The sides were steep and studded with eroded sandrock.

"Hop across, Slack, and we'll have 'em between us," Hollister instructed.

The Tasao had dismounted and was engaged in unfastening the rawhide thongs that held his rifle, but Hollister laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"None of that! I know you want to. But any time a Tasao takes a hand in the shooting, right then the powers that be will herd the whole tribe back to the reservation under guard and our playhouse is wrecked," he said. "Sutanak say no shoot—you recollect?"

The Tasao nodded, and at a signal from Hollister he remounted and led the horses of the two others back out of sight in the brush.

There was a brief space of silence, then the sound of walking horses, a murmur of voices. When the strangers neared the spot one of their mounts nickered and received a prompt answer from off in the brush. The trio halted.

"Mustangs," one conjectured.

"No wild horses hereabouts since the sheepmen closed off all the water holes," another contradicted. "Tasao cayuse, likely."

They resumed their course and when they were almost abreast of Hollister he barked a command. One of the men instinctively elevated his hands, only to drop them swiftly and emulate the example of his companions, reaching for his gun. Another of the trio fired a shot at the spot from which Hollister's voice sounded and the ball struck a puff of splinters from the rock behind which he crouched. The three horses jumped forward as one, but the right-hand animal went down in a heap at a shot from the far side of the gulch. Its rider landed on his feet and sought cover among a patch of sandrocks. The two other members of the trio crowded their mounts into a juniper clump and halted.

"Hit?" one of them called.

"No; horse down," the dehorsed raider announced.

Hollister spoke again: "There ain't a jack rabbit's chance to get off. After your shooting one of my men down in cold blood, I'll see that you don't. So you'd better come out."

The only reply was a shot from the man in the cluster of sandrocks. The red spurt of his gun brought an instant response from the far side of the gulch as Slack tried for him. This, in turn, called forth a shot from one of the two in the junipers, another from Hollister as he shot down at the red splash that streaked the velvet black shadows of the bottom.

The two men had dismounted and sought cover. There was a protracted silence save for the restless movements of the two horses in the junipers. Then the night-prowling folk of the desert began to converse. Owls hooted on every hand and coyotes lifted their falsetto quavers from far and near. Hollister called across to Slack.

"There's thirty-odd Tasao bucks closing in on this point. You can hear 'em, I reckon. They'll break cover and hunt these marauders down like coyotes. I don't want that to happen. We'll do the job ourselves. Start picking 'em off if they don't come out in ten seconds."

That space of time had scarcely elapsed before Slack, his eyes now accustomed to the black shadows, his gun long since trained on a dark object close to the base of a sandrock, squeezed gently and at the report of his gun a hoarse grunt sounded from the bottom. Two raiders poured a swift fusillade at the spot from which Slack had shot, but at the instant of firing he had withdrawn his head and shoulder behind the rock which sheltered him and the heavy balls flattened harmlessly against it.

Hollister held steadily on a dark figure revealed by the flashes in the bottom—fired twice, and there was a floundering crash among the junipers. One raider replied to his shots, but Hollister, too, had withdrawn behind his sandrock at the instant of firing.

From off in the night a Tasao raised his voice in a quavering yelp of exultation. A horse stamped restlessly in the junipers, and snorted. Heavy, labored breathing sounded from the cluster of sandrocks in the bottom

There were tiny metallic clicks as one of the raiders reloaded.

Slack fired again; then Hollister. Some heavy metallic object clattered among the rocks.

"Got him in the gun arm," Slack conjectured, and fired again.

There were two answering shots. Again the quavering yelp, high-pitched, savage and exultant, sounded from the night; others answered.

"We'll have to finish this ourselves, Slack, and real sudden," Hollister called. "I can't have the Tasaos dipping into this. Finish 'em off if they don't come out."

He closed his utterance with a shot. Slack fired twice.

"Wait!" a voice called from the bottom. "Thorpe, here, is dead, and the two of us are nicked aplenty. What's in store for us if we give up?"

"A fair trial," Hollister offered.

"I'll take it," the voice replied. "You can pot us like rats from up there. You win for tonight, but by this time tomorrow the boys will have laid your hangout in waste and dragged you out heels first."

"All right," said Hollister. "But tonight, starting right now, you can come out hands first. Time is short, so get at it."

XII

TINCHER and Sharp, the two youthful captives, glanced about the spacious living room of the old Castinado mansion in the gray light of dawn.

"And what's the program for us now?" Tincher inquired. "As long as you didn't shoot us down offhand, I expect we'll be given a trial with a sheepmen's jury."

"No," said Hollister; "you'll be given a trial in Rolavi Wells with a cowman's jury."

"What?" Sharp blurted in sheer astonishment. "You might as well issue us full pardons and bow us out the door. They'll throw us loose in an hour."

"That's what I surmise," said Hollister. "The pair of you, being our first pick-up, will be used in the nature of an experiment. I'm eager to find out just how the new Rolavi County Court will perform. If its work is too loose to suit us, we'll open up a court of our own."

Tasao couriers brought in reports throughout the day. Forays had been launched at widely separate points during the night, as Hollister had anticipated. Two bands of sheep had been badly cut up before any of Hollister's men had arrived to give help. Another pair of raiders had escaped in a running fight during which one of Hollister's men had been shot through the shoulder. Another had been shot through the leg in a similar affray.

Slack came in at noon with the two wounded prisoners taken by Hollister and himself in the fight at the gulch. Two other prisoners, one of them slightly wounded, were brought in somewhat later.

Tincher and Sharp were Bar Z Bell hands. The others were strangers in the Sink.

At noon of the following day Sarah Lee Langford rode up to the Castinado hacienda and requested immediate audience

Spur Tie

PAT. JUNE 13, '22; JAN 29, '24; AUG 26, '24; REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

all tied for you 50¢ and up

At the left is a diagram of the H-shaped Innerform, the patented, exclusive feature that keeps the Spur Tie from curling, rolling or wrinkling.

Below at the left is the Square End style of Spur Tie.

At left is the French Pointed End style of Spur Tie.

At the right is the Butterfly Bow.

If a bow tie is worth $500 a week—what is this tie worth?

"ANY man who can wear spats and a bow tie correctly, can find a $500-a-week stage contract awaiting him." That's what the New York Times says that Ina Claire says in the Harvard Crimson.

If anyone knows what style and smartness are, this beautiful, vivacious theatrical star does. But—if a bow tie is worth $500 a week with spats, the Spur Tie is worth more than that *without the spats!*

A Spur Tie is tied correctly. It stays that way. The H-shaped Innerform that makes the Spur Tie look more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie makes it stay that way.

The bow tie is smart and youthful, and the Spur Tie is the smartest, most youthful bow tie that ever fluttered a feminine heart. Find it on smart shop counters. Know it by the H-shaped Innerform you feel in it and the red Spur label that you see upon the back.

Above is shown the Spur Dress Tie, in black for wear with the dinner jacket. It is also made in white for wear with swallow-tail coats. The Spur Dress Tie is made with a silk band. It is the one dress tie that does not roll, wrinkle or curl

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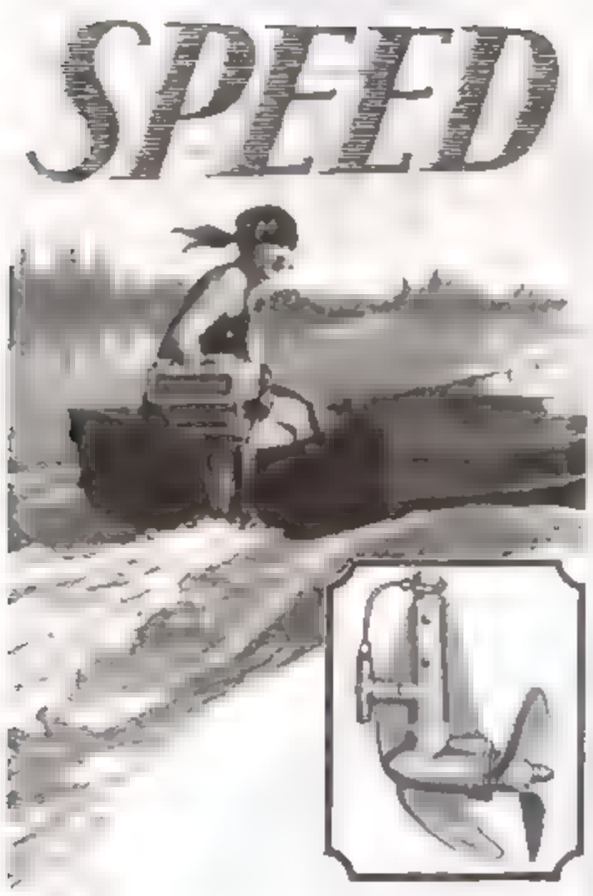

—from Power put where it Counts!

POWER! Not the power developed at the flywheel nor the "pencil-and-paper" power of piston displacement—*but actual power at the propeller blades.* That's what counts!

You know that. Therefore, you know what a real step forward the Evinrude Power-Focus Drive represents. Sealed in its water-and-sand-tight housing, (shown above), is the only ball bearing transmission used in any outboard motor. Precision-cut gears run in a constant bath of oil. Less friction, more power-at-the-propeller from the same motor.

In a rowboat, the new 1925 Champion EVINRUDE Sport Twin gives you 6 to 9 miles an hour. With a canoe you get the sensation of a high powered speed boat.

Complete weight is only 40 pounds—an easy, one-hand carry. Twin cylinders practically eliminate vibration and the motor's explosions are muffled to a low purr. The Easy (rope) Starter eliminates cranking—one pull shoots four hot sparks into the cylinders. Exclusive, automatic reverse (just a lift of the tiller) makes your boat handle better than your car and easier than a launch. Weather-and-water-proof Super-Power magneto. Columbia Hot-Shot battery ignition if you prefer—and at a lower price.

Study out the facts. Write for free copy of the new 1925 Evinrude Year Book. Beautifully illustrated with pictures of all Evinrude models and color plates showing Evinruding on the picturesque waters of ten foreign countries. Mention if interested in our popular, easy payment plan.

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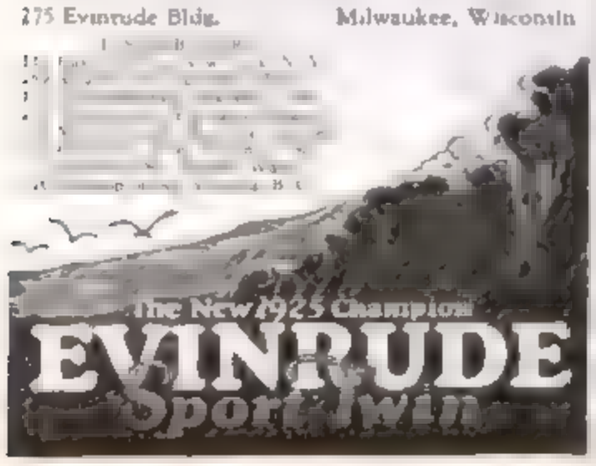

with Hollister. She was hot and tired, having been in the saddle since midnight, halting only to change mounts at a Tasao hogan.

Hollister came in from the compound, his face alight, but there was no answering response in the tense face that looked up at him. She placed both hands against his chest, shaking her head as he would have swept her into his arms. She studied his face, read the gathering concern and solicitude in his eyes as he looked down at her.

"What is it, Kitten?" he asked. "Trouble of some sort?"

For a space she regarded him steadily, then essayed a shaky little laugh.

"I still seem to do all the calling," she said.

He sensed that her tension had suddenly relaxed, as he gave her time to collect her thoughts, and stood smiling down upon her without speaking.

"I'm so relieved," she stated surprisingly. "But all the time I knew, some way, that there wasn't a word of truth in it. That sort of thing isn't in you."

"Sure not," he smiled back at her. "Nothing like that wrong with me. Suppose you tell me just what it was."

"They've been raiding your sheep," she said. "Suppose you tell me all about that."

"One of my men killed—murdered, rather; three of 'em set on him in cold blood—and two wounded a trifle. Something over a thousand head of sheep killed," he summed up. "The Tasaos have likely dressed out every carcass and saved the pelts and every shred of meat."

"I'm sorry. Why must men always fight and kill? It was something like this that I meant when I told you what I did the day when we watched your sheep and your fighting men coming into Spanish Acres. I knew it would narrow down to a feud between you and the Bar Z Bell, so that there could never be anything between us."

"Um," he murmured doubtfully. "Now it's just possible that this fracas ain't as much of a straight-cut issue between your brother and me as it appears on the surface. There's some features about it that I aim to lay before you today. But first off you tell me what was upsetting you when you landed."

"A rider, a stranger to me—I thought he was one of your men—galloped up to the ranch in the night and told me that I had better call off the raiders, because you had captured a number of Bar Z Bell hands and were going to hang half of them without trial as a warning and hold the rest as hostages, to be summarily executed before a firing squad whenever another move was made against your sheep."

He stood looking down at her, pondering this bit of news.

"That yarn is a most deadly concoction. It would stir this country to a pitch where every man who could straddle a horse and crook his gun arm would be out after my scalp," he explained. Then his seriousness gave way to mild amusement and he chuckled. "There was only one flaw in their scheme."

"What?" she asked.

"It was most ideal to have that yarn emanate from you. It would have set this country afire. They assumed that you'd share the Langford hostility to a certain extent, at least sufficient to resent most strenuously any wholesale execution of Bar Z Bell hands without trial—which you would. But the slip-up lay in the fact that they didn't know how things were between you and me. Instead of your performing according to expectations and appealing for help, which would have brought every man in the territory down on me, you just came posting over here to see me in person and make the rescue yourself."

He broke off to chuckle again.

"I've got two Bar Z Bell hands confined back there in the old Castinado guardhouse. I'll parole 'em to you till they're tried in Rolavi, which is equivalent to freeing 'em now. That will let this hanging-bee yarn fall real flat."

"But I was told you had more," she said.

"There's four others—outside gunmen imported for the occasion. They're not just straight fighting men like the Bar Z Bell hands, but plain hired assassins. I don't like their breed, so I'll hold 'em here for a while. They've been drifting into the Sink for two weeks now, and loafing round Coulard's. Their business was secret, but they did let enough leak out, accidental-like, so that whenever a Bar Z Bell hand dropped down from the Palo Verdes for a night's relaxation, he'd hear that there was to be a big raid launched on a certain night and that all Bar Z Bell hands was to swoop down from the Palo Verdes and join in. He would be dead sure to hear, too, that Langford had been hiring these parties and shoving them in here to harass my outfit. I'll gamble my last shirt that Langford didn't do it."

"No, I don't think he'd do that; at least not unless he was here to manage things himself," she said. "But when he comes back he'll deny that they were sent in here by him. Where will they be then?"

"They'll be gone," Hollister predicted, "and a first-rate sheep-and-cow war in full swing between my outfit and the Bar Z Bell. He'd deny it anyway, now wouldn't he? No one would expect him to come out and admit that he had hired them. Likely they don't know themselves where the money came from. They don't care. It's even possible that the parties who secured them and handed them their price let it be understood, confidential-like—which would be dead certain to become public property overnight—that Langford was back of it all, but didn't want it made public. I'll bet considerable that your brother don't know one thing about this fracas to date."

He led her to a chair and sat down facing her.

"Let's have this thing out," he urged. "Spanish Acres is a sizable plot of ground, an empire of sorts in itself, forty miles by sixty. One day soon it will be worth upwards of a million, a prize worth a lifetime of effort. Except for what all's happened in here to give this country, and particularly Spanish Acres, a bad name, it would bring that figure now. Just let's suppose that six or eight years back there was some party with visions of empire—and the forethought to look ahead a short space to where the Castinado Grant would be worth upwards of a million—who conceived the ambition to acquire the whole of the Rolavi Sink and set himself up at the head of it. He'd aim at Spanish Acres first. But the ambitious party didn't have sufficient funds to pay what it was worth even in those days. If he had, it wouldn't have helped him, for Al Porter wouldn't sell for any price whatsoever."

"Yes; well, go on," she urged as Hollister paused.

"After Al Porter was drug to death by his horse, right on the heels of exiling the Tasaos, his estate sold off his cows for whatever they'd fetch, come as they run on the range. Slaven bought 'em, you recollect, and they say the price was dirt cheap, and set up for himself over on Solado Arroyo, buying out the homesteads of the Mormon settlers for a home ranch. Spanish Acres was sold, unstocked, to Cates for somewhere round four hundred thousand dollars. The price was due to keep going up, unless, mind you, something should happen to keep it from mounting, until the ambitious party could acquire assets sufficient to catch up with the price. He was acquiring 'em fast.

"Cates came from a wealthy family back East and he played at the game, kind of, and only part way stocked it. After a couple of years he got tired of that and mapped out a plan to break the grant up into tracts of a few thousand acres and sell it off piecemeal. The ambitious party couldn't have that. About then Cates died—snake-bit, it was said. His estate put a foreman on to run the place, but being only part way stocked like it was, it was running downhill fast and losing a right smart of money. They sold off what few cows was left and the place stood here idle.

"They stirred up a few buyers—four or five, maybe—to come in here and have a look at it. Each one, as soon as he landed, was apprised somehow of the sinister history of Spanish Acres. It was whispered to them that Porter had come into the grant by disposing of the two Castinados, father and son, as soon as he'd married the daughter; how the Tasaos had laid a death spell on the place and that Porter and Cates had both passed out under right queer circumstances, and that each time the Tasaos had tuned up their tom-toms in the hills. They learned that on top of that they were due to feel the heavy hand of the Langfords if they bought Spanish Acres.

"There's something depressing about a dead village, like a deserted house that is said to be haunted, only amplified by a considerable margin. I know. I've stood down there in the village and it got me to wondering how soon those drums would be sounding for me. That, along with the certainty that they would be acquiring the enmity of a whole tribe of Indians and a bitter feud with the Langfords along with Spanish Acres, didn't make the proposition loom up very attractive. None of 'em bought it."

"Briggs' family did," she contributed.

"Yes; Briggs had sold his old brand in Texas and he came poking in here. He offered somewhere round three-quarters of what Cates had paid for the grant. The heirs wanted the cash and they sold it. Briggs started in easy, and only stocked up with round three thousand head of cows to start off. Of course, he soon got snarled up in a wrangle with Langford, who wanted to buy him out for half what he'd paid. Briggs was some stubborn himself, and announced that he'd never sell till he died of old age. He died, but it wasn't old age that killed him.

"You remember what happened then. After he'd been holding on for right at two years, his stock took to dying off mysterious, all over the range. Briggs figured they were being poisoned, but he couldn't find the source of it. He knew it wasn't strychnine. That throws a critter into convulsions—speeds up the heart till it hammers itself to death. This acted just opposite, slowing 'em down till the heart just quit ticking and gave 'em a chance to get away from wherever they'd found it. Folks began whispering round about that Tasao curse. This had only been going on for maybe a week before Briggs acquired a touch of the malady himself, or so it was reported—no one knows for sure—and sat himself down and died."

"Yes," she said; "go on."

"Sutanak is a mighty shrewd Indian," Hollister said. "He knows all about spells, and he hasn't any idea that this one would work out so proficient, so it came to him that someone was out to grab Spanish Acres and was using that Tasao spell for his own ends. If this kept up, the Tasaos would fall into disrepute and be confined to the reservation under guard. He didn't want that. He asked the Indian agent to have a marshal come in. Garcon didn't, so Sutanak got suspicious of Garcon along with the rest. Later, during a rainy spell, a Tasao was lounging around near a water hole in a sandrock gulch. He observed a steer licking away industrious at a little hollow in the rock about the size of a washtub. The steer wandered off a half mile or so. Directly it staggered round and bogged down, tried to get up and couldn't. Inside of a half hour it died. The buck told Sutanak and the old chief came up to have a look-see at that little erosion-worn hole in the sandrock, himself. The rock was still wet from the rain and he scraped out a pound or so of it and had a prospector get it analyzed for him. It showed heavy of potassium cyanide. That's a white crystal. Whoever had done it would mix a few ounces of cyanide with four or five pounds of salt, put his medicine in a little vat in a sandrock and fill it with water. It would go into solution and the evaporation made a brine you could hardly tell from the rock

(Continued on Page 110)

THE QUALITY RAZOR OF THE WORLD

THE shortest distance between the lather and a smooth, comfortable shave is the Gillette Blade. It is the shaving edge of precision, of safety, and of ease.

The finest of blade steel, a manufacturing process perfected by years of patient and resourceful research and experiment, and a system of inspection in which there is no weak link—these are the factors that give the Gillette Blade *the finest edge that steel will take.*

In a New Improved Gillette, it returns you a morning dividend of good nature and a well-shaven appearance, not just now and then, but *every* morning.

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In gold plate, $6.
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Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD shave will become a PERFECT shave if you read "Three Reasons"—a new shaving booklet just published. A postcard request and we'll gladly send you a copy with our compliments.

"Gum-Dipped Balloons Helped Me Break World Record"— Says Peter De Paolo. The plain facts are that without Firestone Balloons I could not have put it over. I felt safe on those big tires—on the turns as well as the straightaway. And it was the higher speed on the treacherous turns that made it possible for me to finish the race with the average for the 500 miles of 101.13 miles per hour—breaking all track records from 10 to 500 miles. What's more, I finished without the usual physical exhaustion—in fact it was the most comfortable race I ever drove on the Indianapolis track.

Peter De Paolo

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With practically no change in cars or drivers from last year, and over the same rough, uneven brick track, laid sixteen years ago—Firestone Balloons, racing under a blazing sun—beat last year's world record made on thick-walled, high-pressure tires by a wide margin.

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—all on Firestone Full-Size Gum-Dipped Balloons

Position	Driver	AVERAGE Miles Per Hour
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2	Lewis-Hill	100.82
3	Shafer-Morton	100.18
4	Hartz	98.89
5	Milton	97.27
6	Duray	96.91
7	De Palma	96.85
8	Kreis	96.32
9	Shattuc	95.74
10	Bordino	94.75

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These wonderful Gum-Dipped Balloons that stood this terrific grind will give you additional safety and comfort—and thousands of additional miles—on bad country roads—over sharp stones, worn-out macadam and broken concrete.

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(Continued from Page 106)

to look at it. Critters would lick the salt and wander off somewhere to die. In a few days it's all gone. But in that particular pocket enough of the stuff had seeped into the porous sandrock so that it went into solution again when the little vat filled up with rain water."

Hollister leaned over, tapped a forefinger on the table.

"You see, the ambitious party now had assets in plenty and was prepared to pay a good price for Spanish Acres. But Briggs wouldn't sell. Even his stock dying off thataway only made him more determined to hang on. So Briggs had to go. If he wouldn't sell, it was likely his heirs would sell—probably cheap. Briggs died. Then this came up; Briggs had an only sister and she was his only heir. She had it fixed firm in her mind that someone had played it low down on Briggs to try to get Spanish Acres. She had money aplenty and wasn't going to see anyone get the place that might have had a hand in Briggs' death. So she just sat tight and refused to sell out. So there the party was, all set to buy it, and couldn't even get a price."

"But she did sell, eventually, to Gillfoyle," the girl pointed out.

"Gillfoyle never owned an acre of it. He came in as her agent to track things down. The best way to draw fire, he decided, was to pose as the owner. He drew fire, but from behind, while he was watching the wrong party."

"And who was he watching?" she asked.

"Your brother was the logical candidate. Then the other party discovered what Gillfoyle was up to—and Gillfoyle lasted about half a day after that. Your brother is real headstrong. He's been dead set to own Spanish Acres, and has performed according, staging an acrimonious debate with every succeeding owner. He's battled with each one in turn, right down to me. This present ruckus looms on the surface like a straight-out sheep-and-cow war between me and the Bar Z Bell, with every other outfit sitting back neutral. Now take any one of those mishaps to various owners of Spanish Acres, or if anything should happen to me, and there'd be an investigation, just who would be the logical candidate for chief suspect?"

"Art would, of course," she said. "By which, I take it, you're conveying your belief that the logical choice would be wrong."

"Just that," he said. "No man, if he's planning to have some party executed in private, is going to advertise the fact to the world way off in advance. So instead of watching Langford, like Gillfoyle did, I watched everyone else. Take this ruckus we're in now. It'll weaken us both, maybe wreck one of us, without harming anyone else. Either way it comes out, win or lose, one of us gets the worst of it, the other one gets the blame; and there's no other party's hand showed in it all the way through."

She nodded, pondering for a space.

"Then you think it is Slaven?" she asked.

"I know that it's Coulard," he said. "Which amounts to the same. I doubt if even Webber, Moss and the rest of that crew surmise that Slaven is just Coulard's chief henchman. He was dealing faro for Coulard when he opened the Nugget, back when the mining boom was on in Rolavi. Did you ever consider what a flourishing business Coulard transacts? He takes in ninety-odd cents out of every dollar that's spent in the Sink. There's nowhere else to spend it. The big part of it's profit. Most of it reverts to him by way of his games or over the bar. Slaven pays his hands eighty dollars a month—twice the pay roll that the average cow outfit can afford to be saddled with. The Sink is isolated, off to itself, and the few other outfits had to meet it or have dissatisfied hands. Coulard is merely paying the big part of Slaven's pay roll back to himself by way of the Nugget, and every extra pay-roll dollar paid out by Jessup and the Bar Z Bell and on Spanish Acres reverts to him too. Coulard's finances have mounted something astonishing in the past six or eight years. All the others haven't as good a toe hold as they did then. It's been a whittling process."

"But why should Coulard offer to lend Art the money to buy Spanish Acres?" she objected. "He's always urging that, you know, on the ground that it would be good for his business to have a big outfit with a pay roll operating in Spanish Acres. Why should he urge Art to buy it if he wants it himself?"

"There's a number of reasons. First off, Coulard would be in a broil with your brother the minute Art had the least notion that Coulard was wanting Spanish Acres himself. There'd be two factions spring up in the Sink—Langford and Coulard parties; and your brother's well liked. This way Coulard gets all the Bar Z Bell business and is milking your brother's finances into the bargain. Whenever there's a price on Spanish Acres that's within Coulard's limits, he'll know it, because Langford will go to him to borrow the money. Then Coulard will buy it himself.

"Coulard takes up the matter of price with every owner of Spanish Acres, plausible-like, the way he came at me, as if he's acting for Langford, and that his only personal interest rests with seeing an outfit operating here with a pay roll. Meanwhile it's Langford that has done all the negotiating, and it's Langford that's done all the threatening and wrangling, weakening his own finances by harassing every outfit that starts up in Spanish Acres, and weakening them, too; and it's Langford that will come in for any grief that arises, while through it all Coulard's hand has never showed by so much as a ripple.

"I'm not guessing. I know. But right now I can't prove it; and if I could prove it, it wouldn't do any good. Coulard is too much of a power in the territory to get at him that way just yet. Langford wouldn't listen to me if I'd tell him. But he might listen to you. Just as soon as ever he gets back from the drive, you get his ear and tell him, just as I've told it to you. He'll likely laugh at it first off, but it will set him to thinking."

XIII

THE six horsemen, riding in a knot, were following a course that would lead them past the outskirts of Pueblo Tasao and directly to the old Castinado stronghold on the eminence above the village. Their course was suddenly altered and they veered toward the village itself. This deviation was occasioned by the sight of Hollister riding into the pueblo alone.

"He'll be at Sutanak's," Slaven announced as they neared the edge of the village. "You all post yourselves convenient at the ends of these various lanes. Garcon and me'll ride on and converse with him. If I whistle a few bars, you-all close in toward the spot."

Cole Webber, Cotton Moss and two other riders separated and posted themselves at the ends of several lanes.

Slaven and the Indian agent rode to the center of the village and dismounted before the commodious dobe structure that housed the head chief of Tasao. Hollister's horse stood in the little compound.

Hollister, proprietor of Spanish Acres, and Sutanak, head of the Tasao nation, issued forth from the adobe at Slaven's summons.

Garcon addressed the wrinkled chieftain.

"You gather this rabble and shove them back onto the reservation pronto. Start now," he instructed. "And that's that."

It developed, however, that that was not that; not with Sutanak. He drew himself to his full blanket-swathed height, a figure of impressive dignity.

"Stay here," he laconically announced.

(Continued on Page 113)

The TEENIE WEENIES go in the Pickle Business!

There was a mystery in the Teenie Weenie village. The little folks, no taller than a half-used lead pencil, puckered up their tiny brows and did a great deal of thinking.

The General, who was the head of the Teenie Weenie clan, had been mighty busy for some days. Several times he had mounted his riding mouse, and galloped away on some mysterious errand.

"I'll bet you a grape seed the General's got something up his sleeve besides his arm," remarked the Dunce, as he stretched himself out under a shady dandelion, beside the Sailor.

"Of course he has," said the Sailor, who was carving a set of wee fingerbowls out of cherry stones. "He'll tell us when he's ready, and I'll bet it'll be something worth listening to."

"Well, I'm ready to listen right now," said the Dunce with a yawn. And resting his head on one of the cherry stones he fell asleep.

That evening, word was passed about the village that the General wanted all the Teenie Weenies to meet in the old Derby hat, which served the little folks as a schoolhouse.

An hour before the appointed time the old hat was filled nearly to the crown with curious Teenie Weenies.

"Friends," said the General, as at last he stepped out onto the platform. "I have news for you—we are going into the pickle business!"

"*Pickle business!*" shouted the surprised Teenie Weenies.

"Yes, the pickle business," answered the General. "We are going to put Teenie Weenie Sweet Pickles on the market. I have a contract here that I am going to read to you."

"Yes, do—go on!" cried the excited little people.

"Well, then," began the General, "here it is." He unfolded a bit of paper no bigger than a postage stamp. It was filled with writing so small that a big person could not possibly have read it without the use of powerful magnifying glasses.

The General held up his hand again for silence, as the eager little people were buzzing like a hive of bees.

"We, the Teenie Weenies," read the General, "agree to furnish small sweet pickles of the highest quality, to be known as Monarch Teenie Weenie Sweets. These pickles we agree to select with care, and prepare in the cleanest possible way. We also agree to build Teenie Weenie barrels, in which the Teenie Weenie pickles are to be packed. We further agree that the barrels shall be made out of selected hardwood and bound with silvered hoops. These barrels we agree to make so strong that big boys and girls can play with them for years after they have eaten the pickles."

When the General had finished reading the contract, he beckoned to the Cook, who came staggering onto the platform with a Teenie Weenie pickle on his back. He dropped it onto the table, and began to cut it into pieces with a huge knife nearly an inch long.

The Turk quickly passed the pieces to the Teenie Weenies, who ate them greedily, and all the little folks decided that they were the best they had ever tasted.

"That's the kind of pickle we are going to put up in quantities," said the General, after everyone had eaten a piece. "Now," he continued, "all those who wish to work in this new business, please stand up."

All the Teenie Weenies jumped to their feet, even the Dunce, who was fast asleep, managing to rise

"Well, well, it looks as if you all wanted to go into the growing and packing of pickles," smiled the General, "so I will sign the contract."

Taking his tiny fountain pen from his pocket, the General signed the contract. "There," he said, as he carefully blotted his signature, "we are in the pickle business now, sure enough!"

And the little people gave three rousing cheers.

The Teenie Weenies set to work first at making the barrels. That was quite a task, for the barrels were to be seven and three-quarters inches high, which is fifteen and a half feet, Teenie Weenie measurement, a Teenie Weenie foot being half an inch according to our scale.

Some of the little men set up a sawmill and cut the wood into staves and barrel heads, while others made the beautifully silvered hoops.

The Cook kept a huge kettle of wax heated, with which the inside of the barrel was coated to make it airtight

Every one of the little folks worked—even the Lady of Fashion helped, for she is extremely neat, and she watched to see that everything was done in the cleanest way possible

"It certainly takes an awful lot of work to build these barrels," said the old Soldier, as he and the General stood watching the Teenie men put a barrel together.

"Yes, it does," answered the General thoughtfully. "But it is worth while to do it well, for there are many boys and girls in this great world who are going to get a lot of pleasure out of these Teenie Weenie barrels, both while they have pickles in them, and after they're empty."

FREE! *Another Teenie Weenie Picture for Boys and Girls . . .*

How would you like to have a real Teenie Weenie Barrel—just like the one in this picture—filled with real Teenie Weenie Sweet Pickles? All the Teenie Weenies have been working day and night, building barrels. So now you'll find them in almost every good grocery store.

These barrels are about as tall as a quart milk bottle. The Teenie Weenies make them out of *solid oak* and bind them with silvered hoops—so they won't break or come apart. Then they fill them with genuine Teenie Weenie Sweet Pickles—over 200 of the finest pickles you ever tasted.

If you want another picture in colors showing how the Teenie Weenies fill the barrels after they are made, you can have one *free*. Just write to the Teenie Weenie General, care of Reid, Murdoch & Co., Chicago, and he will send you one. If you don't want to write a letter, just sign the coupon and mail it.

Be sure and ask your mother to let you get a genuine Teenie Weenie Barrel filled with Teenie Weenie Sweet Pickles, at your grocery store. If your grocer doesn't have the Teenie Weenie Barrels, ask him to get them for you from Teenie Weenie headquarters. They cost very little and the solid oak barrel can be used for many things after the pickles are gone.

Teenie Weenie Sweet Pickles are also packed in small glass jars for those who prefer to buy in smaller quantities.

To the Teenie Weenie General,
Care of Reid, Murdoch & Co.,
Clark Street Bridge, Chicago, Ill

Dear General.

Please send me the Teenie Weenie Picture showing how you fill the Teenie Weenie Barrels with Sweet Pickles.

My name is .....

My address is .....

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G & J Red and Extra Quality Gray Tubes. G & J Heavy Service Gray Tubes.

The G & J Heavy Service Cord

Continued from Page 110)

Garcon turned suddenly apoplectic, both in appearance and in manner. His bushy yellow mustache seemed to fluff forth from the mottled purple of his countenance, expanding after the fashion of the tail of a cat that has experienced a dog's insulting attentions. His flow of language was in accord with his appearance. At the termination of the agent's vitriolic harangue, the aged chieftain, placid and imperturbable, merely reiterated his previous edict:

"Tasaos stay here."

The agent turned to Hollister.

"You, as owner of these premises, I order to send these Indians back to the reservation instantly or I'll order your arrest on the grounds of inciting an Indian uprising—mutiny against their agent."

Hollister laughed shortly.

"You can order 'em back if you want to. It won't get you anywhere. You know I wouldn't be trifling enough to work it this way without the sanction of the Indian Bureau. There's a deed conveying this village and the Valley of Springs to the tribe of Tasao Indians, held in trust by the Secretary of the Interior."

"That's a lie!" Garcon barked. "I'd have been informed of any such plan."

"Except that I specifically asked that you wasn't to be informed till I'd looked into your case. I know about you now. So I'm telling you."

The Indian agent turned to Slaven.

"As sheriff of this county," he said, "I demand that you arrest this man for deliberately inciting an uprising among the tribe of Tasao Indians, inducing them to leave the reservation and rise in mutiny against their duly appointed agent," he pronounced.

Slaven clucked deprecatingly, apparently still steeped in his habitual lethargy.

"Now, now," he admonished, as if soothing a refractory child, "we can arrange all this without any misunderstanding, I reckon."

He sidled a shuffling step or two closer to Hollister, half lifting one arm as if to drape it across Hollister's shoulders in friendly fashion, his old familiar gesture; but Hollister, just as casually, had taken an absent-minded step or two himself, keeping his distance. Then, without so much as a glance to betray his purpose, Slaven launched his vast bulk upon Hollister in a tremendous leap, his long arms outstretched to seize him. Hollister seemed to be actuated by the same spring that had launched the sheriff, for at that precise instant he executed a leap that left him facing Slaven, some distance still between them, and his gun was centered between the sheriff's eyes—eyes that were no longer heavy-lidded and half closed. The orbs, as round as half dollars, stared at Hollister with the fixed, lidless regard of a snake.

"Not that way, Slaven," Hollister stated. "Once I'd let you get a grip on me, it would be like tossing myself into a stamp mill. Don't try to close in on me, you big yellow-eyed strangler, or it'll be the last move you ever make."

"You're under arrest," Slaven calmly announced.

Hollister laughed.

"Do I impress you that way?" he inquired. "Not yet, or not any time soon."

He returned his gun to its holster. Slaven regarded him calmly. Now, since Hollister had declined to accept arrest, he could shoot him offhand with sufficient justification in the public eye. On the other hand, could he? Quick as he himself was with a gun, Hollister might be still faster. This restoration of his gun to its holster might be in the nature of an invitation to draw. Slaven would take a chance, even a long one, without a second's hesitation, if it were necessary, or even expedient. But he had never taken a chance when he could avail himself of a certainty.

He pursed his lips and whistled in apparent surprise—whistled loud and long. Slaven, his fearlessness that of the animal variety, had also that animal trait that senses menace.

Hollister whistled, too, as if in answer, and Slaven suddenly knew that all was not well. It occurred to him that the village was uncannily silent. There was no life, no romping youngsters in the lanes, the adobes apparently tenantless, as if the pueblo hung breathlessly upon the outcome of some event. The sound of hoof beats that had started to life with Slaven's whistle seemed unnaturally loud and clanging. Then suddenly he knew that he, not Hollister, was trapped.

A man appeared on the flat roof of an adobe house across from Slaven, seated himself on its edge with a rifle balanced on his knee. Four other adjacent roofs were similarly adorned. A gaping doorway was suddenly filled by Farrel, another, close at hand, by Alden. Slack's head and shoulders were framed in the window of a dwelling, the aperture having been quite empty but a space before. Another opening similarly framed Crippen's upper third. Wharton lounged into sight round the corner of a building.

Cole Webber, Cotton Moss and the other two members converged upon the spot. They were hard men, and cool, not easily startled or disturbed. The swarthy Webber smiled his easy, flashing smile.

"Nice little garrison—and so well deployed," he complimented Hollister.

"I did think we'd find most of 'em on the range, guarding the woollies from the nighthawks," Moss contributed. "That's why we came. Seems like you must have been expecting us, after all."

"After a fashion," Hollister assented. "Well, Slaven?"

Slaven shrugged.

"I've come to place you under arrest for inciting an Indian uprising," Slaven stated.

"Only they haven't uprose," said Hollister.

"They're here contrary to their agent's orders," Slaven said. "And anyway, it's no business of mine to pass on their actions or yours. Garcon, here, charges you with inciting a mutiny; so as sheriff I've placed you under arrest."

"Have you?" Hollister grinned. "Ain't you taking an exaggerated view of the situation?"

Cole Webber rolled an appraising eye at the surrounding fighting men.

"He is maybe a bit optimistic about it," he commented.

"Now listen, Slaven," Hollister instructed. "This has brought things right out in the open." He pointed to the Castinado hacienda, gray, weathered and substantial, standing upon the eminence above the village. "I'm playing for an empire of sorts. Don't delude yourself into believing that any parcel of road agents operating as county officials are going to discourage me. Killing sheep won't do it. No fool laws framed for the purpose will do it. I'm here to stay. So you might as well tear up that sheep statute."

Garcon, his own ruffled dignity somewhat convalescent from having witnessed Slaven's lack of success, now spoke up.

"Washington shall hear about this," he barked huskily.

"What a laugh Washington will have when it hears!" Webber remarked.

"Inside a month there'll be a troop of cavalry in here to take you out by the heels and herd these malcontents back to the reservation under guard," Garcon declared.

Webber regarded the utterer of these lofty threats with tolerant amusement.

"A month's a long time," he observed meditatively. "Before Garcon's military expedition gets out from Washington, Hollister, to put you in irons, it's likely you and me will meet somewheres—some nice day when we've both mislaid our armies and are riding alone."

"I'll be watching my back track," Hollister stated, "just for fear we might meet from behind."

Slaven turned to his horse and mounted, addressing a final word to Hollister from the saddle.

"Hollister, you've resisted arrest with armed forces," he recited.

"I didn't go so far as to resist—just declined," Hollister corrected. "You can make your own surmise as to whether I'd have resisted in case you had pressed me."

"No matter how you put it, you've incited a tribe of Indians to mutiny and you resist arrest to stand trial for it," Slaven calmly recited. "This day's work has outlawed you for all time."

"I'd rather have a general price on me than to have a private bounty hung on my scalp," Hollister declared. "If I'm outlawed—why, there's my stronghold, up there on the hill. Any time you feel like dislodging me—why, just come a-running. We might as well put an end to this powwow. You-all can get t'hell out of here now—and stay out!"

XIV

WHETZEL repaired to the adobe building in which court was in session. Hot as the day was, the room was packed to capacity, so the old prospector contented himself with standing outside an open window, folding both arms on the ledge and propping his chin thereon. For an hour he listened and dozed intermittently. Once his dilapidated black hat slid from his head and fell to the knees of a spectator who sat just inside and who restored the relic with a grin.

Then, all evidence having been taken and all arguments submitted, Judge Sloane prepared to render a verdict. Whetzel removed his arms from the window ledge and made certain cabalistic signs behind his back. From the mouth of a rocky gulch that led down out of the Palo Verdes a big man, who for some time had been training his glasses upon the figure at the window, mounted a horse that was concealed by a juniper copse, covered the intervening distance swiftly, dismounted and strolled to the open door of the court room. He stood out of view, his back against the wall outside, while he fanned himself with a big white hat, occasionally varying this by passing a bandanna across a shining expanse of bald head.

Judge Sloane cleared his throat impressively.

"The evidence for and against these two defendants has been most carefully sifted and weighed by this court," he solemnly attested. "Mr. Webber, our esteemed county attorney, has established beyond reasonable doubt—the defendants themselves, in fact, concurring in his conclusions—that they did commit certain acts consisting of shooting and killing an unknown number of animals commonly known as sheep."

His gavel rapped smartly for order as a suppressed chuckle emanated from the throng of spectators and he surveyed them with judicial severity in disapproval of this unseemly levity.

"Order!" he commanded with dignified vehemence. "To resume: It is the desire of this court to compliment the learned county attorney upon the conciseness and clarity with which he established his case. However, his insistence that a heavy penalty, either by fine, imprisonment or both, be imposed upon the defendants, is, in the opinion of this court, decidedly open to question."

He paused effectively, mopped the moisture from his pudgy, indistinct features, cleared his throat and proceeded:

"Guilt, if it may be termed guilt, is clearly established. That is, the deed of which these two defendants are accused was committed in fact. However, the laws of Rolavi County contain no mention as to penalty for the deed of which the defendants stand convicted. On the contrary, by vote of the people of Rolavi County, the bringing of sheep into this county or the maintenance of sheep therein, even if their entrance was prior to the enactment of said legislation, is specifically prohibited. Sheep, therefore, are outlawed within the borders of this county, having no rights under the law; and, legally speaking, are technically nonexistent. This fact being established, it is the opinion of this court that it necessarily follows by logical sequence that any acts of so-called depredation, reprehensible as they may seem on the surface, must also be technically nonexistent. Therefore, in answer to the contentions of the prosecution, it becomes necessary for this court to define its own limitations in the matter of imposing penalty. It is within its province to pronounce sentence or to impose fine only within the limits prescribed by the laws governing any given case, to interpret the laws and their application as they stand, but not—and mark you this carefully—to inflict any penalty not clearly specified by laws already existing. If the laws are defective, it is not within the jurisdiction of this court to alter them, but merely to interpret them as they stand."

Again he surveyed the spectators judicially, permitting a space in which they might digest the wisdom of his pronouncement.

"It would seem, therefore, in the opinion of this court, that although the deed alleged has truly been committed in fact, the mere fact of commission in itself does not constitute either crime or misdemeanor. This court has no option but to discharge the prisoners."

This verdict received the applause of the spectators. As they filed out, the big man in the white hat entered and accosted the judge, who recognized him as one Wallace, the chief United States marshal for the territory.

"Sloane, between you and me personal, as old friends, I want to comment on your verdict," the marshal asserted. "In the opinion of the Rolavi court, sheep may be intangible, imperceptible and evanescent clean to the vanishin' point; but the Federal Government dispenses with these elements and holds that sheep is just sheep, dead easy to detect in tangible shape by ear, eye or nose. The Government don't dip into every range squabble—since they're so frequent that there's one on every other quarter section—unless a sheep-an'-cattle war gets to running out o' bounds; but whenever it does take a hand it settles all arguments. This here case is one. The Tasao Indians are wards of the United States Government, and the Tasaos are part owners in them intangible sheep. At present they're ranging on owned ground. A white man is also part owner, and as such he is entitled to send his sheep outside to feed on any part of the open range at any time he elects, and no amount of devious conversation can make it any different. These two men have just been discharged on the grounds that marauding on sheep and sheepmen was an impalpable sort of pastime. Let it stand. Them three others goes out to stand Federal trial and will likely have their necks stretched a foot long—imperceptibly, but none the less fatal. The man they killed was a deputy United States marshal."

Judge Sloane mopped his face.

"That," he said, "puts a different face upon matters—in their case. Now if they were to come to trial before me ——"

"They won't," Wallace stated.

"And this deputy marshal—how did he happen along?" Sloane inquired.

"He didn't happen. He, among several others, was sent in there at my instigation, with the sanction of the Indian Bureau and the territorial governor, to protect Indian property. There'll be no more such marauding against Indian property or attempted regulation of the open range by Rolavi County authorities under this triflin' Sheep-Exclusion Act. You'd better write it out of the books. Now you-all say the law won't ever come south of the Palo Verdes. The next raid on Tasao sheep will bring it in—a couple of troops of cavalry. I've been instructed to let you know all that. Now just between you and me personal, as old friends, I'm advising you: The next time you render a verdict similar to the one you just handed down you better straddle a horse and render yourself not only intangible but transparent, because they'll be wanting to have you on exhibit at Fort Ciradua."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

What you get at the Sign of the Texaco Star
That sign is a beacon to motorists who know and demand the economy of nothing less than the finest in oil and gas.
Here is what you get:—
TEXACO MOTOR OIL
clean, clear, golden
TEXACO GASOLINE
pure, clean, volatile
Both these Texaco products are refined with the same scrupulous care, and the results of their use are readily apparent in driving.
Fill your crankcase with that clean, clear, golden oil which has every last vestige of impurity refined out. Begin lowering your upkeep. You can count on a more perfect seal of compression, a more complete avoidance of carbon, a definite certainty of clean, unfouling spark plugs and a noticeably freer action of every valve, gear and bearing.
And fill the tank with Texaco Gasoline, the volatile gas. Your engine responds with greater mileage, and a power reserve to meet every road condition. That pure, clean, volatile fuel delivers its power instantly—completely.
Texaco, the clean, clear, golden oil, and Texaco, the volatile gas. One name to remember—one sign to look for.
THE TEXAS COMPANY, U.S.A.
Texaco Petroleum Products
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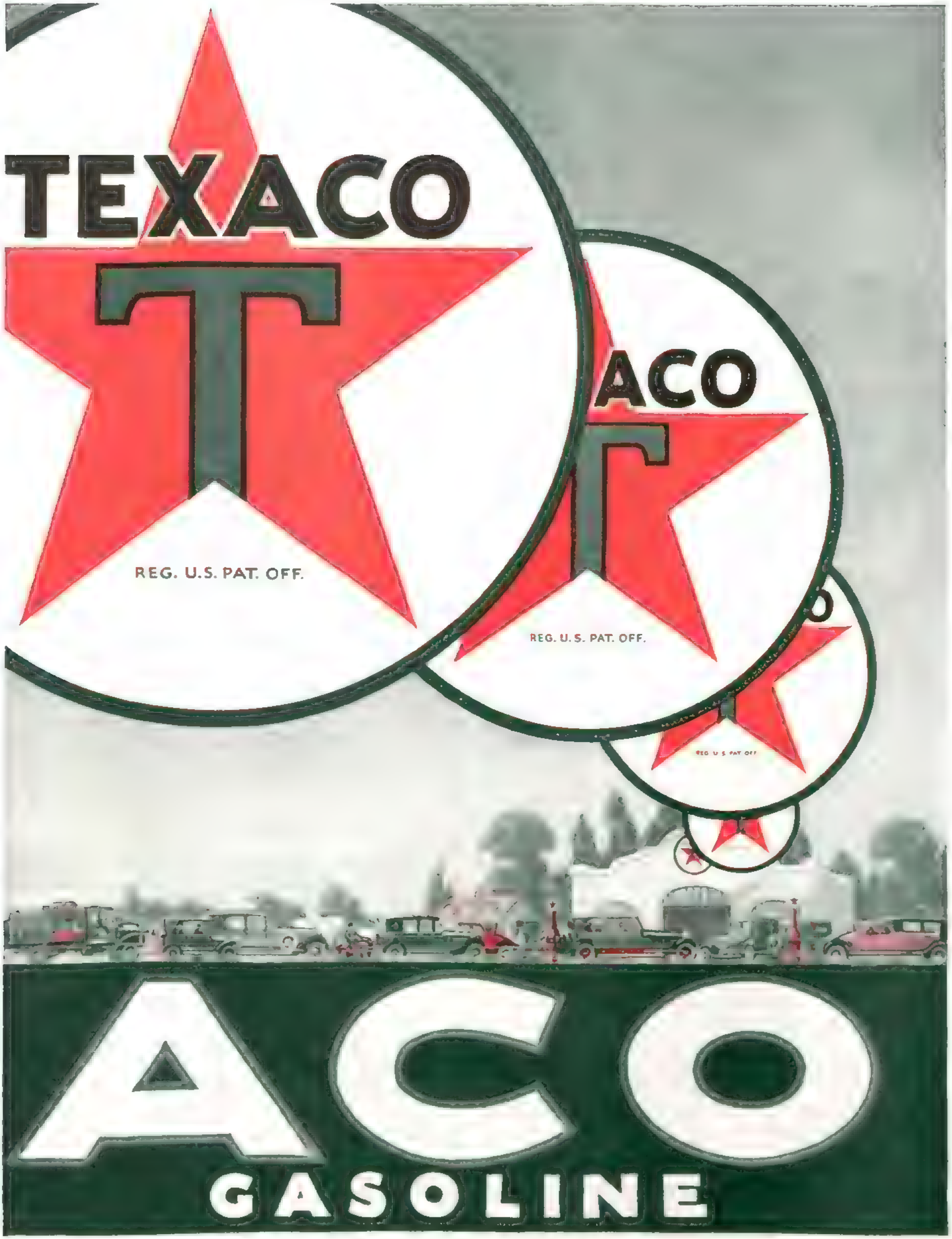
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GASOLINE

THE OUTSIDE OF A HORSE

(Continued from Page 13)

Stuff like that "knew better than anyone else what he was doing" was slow to die down when it once got started. It was rotting his reputation right now like acid on oiled silk. The first thing a cub reporter learned these days in a sporting office was that J. Bevis was mysteriously unaccountable in a stake race. Jackie wiped the sweat from his forehead and shoved the little electric lamp back on the table farther from his head. They were getting him. "Consistent midweek performer!" And he hadn't been asked to ride in the Whitman next Sunday. Stuff like this would have reached Mint Meadows long since.

One of his night sweats.

Nothing to say; never had been. The public might as well call him a crook as to know the truth—that he was yellow as a sunfish when the purse bulged and class was keen. His mind moved back to the talk with Mr. Rosswell.

"I guess I came from poor white trash," he muttered. "I guess I'm the original tight-collar kid."

On the last day of the year, Gnat Devlin, chosen to ride General Newgate in the big event of New Year's Day, called the New Leaf Classic, was found out of his head with a fever; pneumonia threatened. Within thirty minutes after the discovery, Jackie Bevis had a caller, young Rorie Mason, of the Cardinal stables of South Carolina, asking him to ride.

"I've got nothing against Gnat—never did," Rorie enthused. "Good boy all right, but I needn't keep it a secret any longer that I told both father and mother to get you for the General in the first place."

Palaver. Fine little fixer, Rorie thought himself.

"Newgate's an old prince," the Cardinal heir went on. "Not a reason in the world ——"

"Three reasons that I know of, Mr. Mason."

"What are they?"

"Rockaway, Man Alive, Port Said."

"Good horses, Jackie—good horses! But surely you know the General, old Newgate!"

"Sure, I know him."

"Enough to understand that he doesn't know the use of a whip?"

"Yes, sir. I don't care about hammerin' hide either, but some babies are brought up that way and wouldn't stretch ——"

"Listen to me, Jackie. Our entry stands ready today to kill himself any running. Besides, he's mother's special pet. She's here—way from South Carolina for this race, and she'd just as soon see me whipped ——"

Gnat Devlin wasn't the only jockey sick in quarters that morning at the Tijuana track.

"Lucky they're not slipping a thermometer under my tongue," Jackie muttered, after Rorie had left. "They'd quarantine the track for yellow fever."

Out through the screen door a little later, he noticed for a second time the face of a stranger. The Cardinal people probably feared a frame—his every move to be watched until they poked him up in the saddle tomorrow afternoon. His hand gripped the iron piping at the head of his bed. It didn't show a tremble, but there was a flutter at the core of his wrist, a flutter in his chest. He had been riding every day in a cool blue light—that steely light of his own on ordinary days. Gone now—vanished the moment Rorie Mason entered his quarters, asking him to ride in the stake race.

He went out into the still sunlight; not yet mid-forenoon. Everything was changed. The Mexican hills had a greasy look, and over the sea was a faint fume, as from a fry pan. He made his way to the Cardinal stables and stood at the half door of the General's stall. The grand old chestnut stood back in the shadows. His bandaged front legs showed clear, all the rest vague.

"Doesn't take to me. No wonder. Horse always knows."

For several minutes he stood there; not a sign of awareness from the Thoroughbred, hanging back at the far end of his stall. Jackie walked away, the hurt deepening as his mind conned the reputation of the Cardinal aristocrat—one of those eager gallant runners, regarded as a member of a high-toned family at home, the pet of a whole Southern community.

"That's the life," he reflected. "It used to be that way with old Southey at Mint Meadows."

Eleven entries for the classic, but Jackie could only see Man Alive, Port Said, Rockaway and the General. He had ridden the gray Rockaway a year ago at Belmont, an unweathered three-year-old then. Port Said had won twice in fair company at the present meeting. Man Alive was just in from Juarez—eleven races in the past seven months for him, and only out of the money twice. The General had won or placed in his last six races even in faster fields. It might look different in the paddock tomorrow, where he always saw things in close-up; but right now it was Man Alive, with Morsie Egan up—Morsie, twenty-five years old, who could do a hundred flat. Runt-o'-Brass an English sporting writer had nicknamed him. Brains enough to play chess, but not to keep his temper—that was Morsie Egan.

Seven other entries; but Newgate, Man Alive, Port Said and Rockaway raced all night in Jackie's brain, wearing him out in that deadly physical inaction always connected with his fierce bunk concentrations of the night before. The next noon, he saw the figures posted, with Man Alive favorite, Port Said and Rockaway balanced for second pick, and Newgate third in the betting. The change in jockeys had cast a spell of doubt over the famous Cardinal entry. With Gnat up, the General would have jostled Man Alive for first choice. No secret about this. The bystanders who didn't know who listened, freely commented. Jackie took his shame to his quarters and there ate it, standing up.

In the paddock five minutes before the bugle, he stood rigidly at the General's head, enduring the old din and clash of a divided self—passion to win, fear of defeat. It was in this inclosure from day to day that his real talent began to operate.

"I'll know what I've got to do in the paddock!" An old saying of his when thinking about a race ahead of time. A hundred times he might have whispered a tip to a stable hand and had a winning bet placed before the tape was sprung, but that was against his code.

The clear steely blue of ordinary afternoons wasn't working today. He was uncentered by the feverish desire to change the racing public's idea—for the word of his clean bill of health to go to Mint Meadows above all. It was this very force of his desire that aroused the crippling fear that he couldn't make good. Besides, not for a second could he forget that the big chestnut wasn't taking to him.

The gray gelding, Rockaway, had just flicked past under his crimson-and-black blanket, head high and eager, little Freddie Blunt standing ready with the look of one waiting to be hanged; and right now the whole complexion of the race changed abruptly for Jackie's eyes. The favorite, Man Alive, was trembling in the next stall—shoulders quivering, eyes filmy, withers wet—too much work, overstrained, possibly—stale and unnerved today.

A whispered oath from Morsie Egan the last word or two suppressed, because at this moment Mother Mason was entering the paddock from the scale room. It would have curdled her blood, but she wasn't quite close enough to hear. Man Alive's chance fell still lower—from that curse. The red mare, Port Said, had looked fit. She gayly whacked the boards with a lightning hind hoof as her ribbons were tightened. They liked her here at Tijuana, but she hadn't the reserve for this company, carrying a hundred and twenty-four pounds—not to Jackie's paddock view, at least. Mrs. Mason had taken her place at the General's head on the far side. No panic in the runner's eyes, but still that aloof look—closed up. The silky muzzle drew away from Mother Mason's clinging hands.

"Doesn't love me—forgotten his missus?" she whispered.

The old South flung itself back to Jackie from the tone and words. And then under the General's throat—as if he had never looked at a woman before—he met her eyes, imploring, searching, a touch of suspicion, something he had never met in the eyes of a man. The words trailed on—"Doesn't love his ol' missus?"

And Jackie knew an amazing temptation to speak out to her, to make a clean breast of it—that he wasn't right, that the General couldn't be right, with his jockey in a funk.

He was up. They were moving out. The trumpet was answered from the stands. Out in the sunlight, Jerry Conley leading forth the field on his paint pony. One mile and seventy yards. They were back at the tape—a tangle—eleven horses fighting the line. Jackie was still seeing Mrs. Mason's face. One of the track hands, supposed to be helping to get the horses' heads over the tape, stood braced with a whip—a picture of fear, with a whip in his hand.

"What d'you think you're drivin'—bulls?" Jackie called coldly, for the whip hand was unsettling the General. "Ease back, mister; I can get him up better without you. Ease back, I say, or I'll jump you." Pent hate surged out of his chest in the strain. At the same instant he remembered Morsie Egan's break of temper and how it had lowered his idea of Man Alive's chance. Whang! went the barrier, click of camera and the whistle of a lash from behind. The General plunged, instead of springing into stride. Jackie knew as well as if he had turned to look that the whip had got in its work as his horse passed.

No time for rage—an insurmountable task! Eight horses were in front of him at the first turn, Port Said leading, Man Alive and Rockaway at the red mare's heels. Rotten start, the General fouled by outrage, but now gamely trying to get down to work.

"He—is—an—old—prince, but we're not together. He's carrying me—I'm not riding him!"

Three more outclassed horses were passed at the half, the General running sixth, with Port Said four lengths ahead and still hurrying, Man Alive next and Rockaway three. Jackie's brain raced too. "He is an old prince, but he's fighting uphill. . . . She saw clear through me. She knew what's the matter!"

At the three-quarter turn, he heard the stands like a coming typhoon. Three ahead were running abreast, the General stretching into the storm, two lengths behind. Then silence Jackie was struck with it; the clear blue light again. All he knew was that a sudden fiery ardor was pouring from him to the General, and this gust of warmth had magically dispelled all fogs and fears. No longer on the outside. He was one with a great running machine.

Port Said wavering. Now the General went by the red mare as if she were running in sand. Just ahead, Morsie Egan was plying the leather to Man Alive, but the place was still open between him and Rockaway, which Port Said had held so long. Jackie's hand made one of its great moves, guiding the General in to the left of Man Alive. That drowning look on Morsie's face—Jackie knew how it felt to look like that—and a withering curse from the man who hadn't filled in the gap, as Man Alive lost his stride and was passed.

The last sixteenth—in clear steely blue—inch by inch.

"One more! Go get him—go get him, old champion! . . . Can't be done ——"

Rockaway was too good that matinée. Freddie Blunt had copped.

He saw Mrs. Mason crying over a welt on the General's flank. He moved nearer.

"Go away! Oh, go away!"

For once in his life, Jackie defended himself out loud:

"You don't think I did that, ma'am?"

He saw her shoulders from behind, one arm raised. No one spoke to him after that.

He awoke next morning feeling very old and tired, as he reached for the morning papers, picking out this account first:

"Never did a horse run a braver race after the first quarter than the Cardinal entry, and never was there a more superb stroke of horsemanship than when Bevis chose to dart in past the favorite instead of going around. Man Alive was outgamed then and there, but Rockaway was not to be headed. The young gray of the crimson-and-black stables had just enough to close with, beating a better horse, to the idea of this observer. It hasn't come out if Jackie Bevis has a middle initial, but if he has, it must be the letter 'U.' There's no law to restrain any man from reserving an opinion, but Unlucky is the kindest thing that can be said."

In practically all the other sheets, the unlucky start was reported, with less delicate intimations of a weasel's job underground.

There was a photograph of the start used in one of the papers the second day after the classic—probably crowded out of the first day's reports. The whip hand at the tape showed clear. Jackie had a struggle with himself not to take it to Mrs. Mason, but she had said "Go away!" He stayed tired through the days that followed. He rode day after day, but his bounce didn't come back. Hope no longer tortured him: apathy instead. For the first time in his life, he thought of leaving the game entirely. He had other thoughts of changing his name, of going to England or France, even Africa—of starting all over in a foreign stable. He wanted to change his face too.

One night in his quarters he turned on his electric heater and heard a faint pop. The radiating wires didn't glow red as usual. He found the electrician, who screwed in a new fuse; but again the pop, the heater staying cold.

"I see," remarked the mechanic a moment later in absorbed tone, and pointed out where two wires had worked together at a socket connection. "A short circuit."

Jackie had been queerly attentive, and understood.

The next day, though golf was foreign matter to his eyes, he was attracted to the following newspaper paragraph.

"Blake Moffatt lost the finals of the Lincolnshire golf tournament yesterday to Scotty Edwards by a single ill-judged stroke, but the sequel will be remembered by the present writer long after the day's win and loss. With the fine trophy yanked from his hand at the last moment, Blake Moffatt didn't remark about his own ill-luck or say that he had an off day, but took it out in praising Scotty Edwards' performance—one man clean of that narrow, ingrown self-worship which has carried many a player into a vicious circle . . . many a man these days so deeply rutted in his own idea of winning, that his nerve goes—that freedom and daring so essential to a gamester, but worst of all, his good sporting grain. The whole realm of sport is richer for a player of Blake Moffatt's quality."

Jackie found himself sitting up. The little heater was glowing red. He held out his

(Continued on Page 121)

What's best to take along *on any trip?*

One young man speaks up and says, "A flask."

Well, ha ha, ho ho! That depends, of course, on what's in it.

Next gentleman says, "I like to take my wife." That's serious.

But to come right down to essentials, the thing that's made traveling a joy is Barbasol. Because a tube of Barbasol packs down into one corner of your old kit bag all the shaving comfort of your own bathroom.

Doesn't matter if the porter has let the fire go out, and you get an ice water gusher when you push the "Hot" button. The Modern Way of Shaving (that's Barbasol) works just as cheerfully, cold water or hot.

And you don't have to tote along a brush and stand around wondering where you can put that clammy damp baggage. Barbasol—no brush, no rub-in. Just wet the face, spread on Barbasol, and accept that sweet, cool, head-barber shave, any razor, any train, town or tourist camp.

Read it again:

1—Wet the face

2—Spread on Barbasol (Don't Rub In)

3—Shave

Take Barbasol along with you. It will help you sell more goods, enjoy your vacation, or keep down your per diem expense—whichever you want.

If you don't know Barbasol, let us introduce you. The handsome trial tube comes free in response to this coupon. Use Barbasol three times, according to directions, and you'll never be without it again.

P. S. You don't have to have a railroad ticket or a new set of tires to enjoy all the advantages of Barbasol. Barbasol's just as good at home as it is on the road.

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I'll give it a fair trial; please send me your *free* sample tube.

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BAKING Students at work in the School of Baking of the American Institute of Baking. Students are making experimental loaves to test out the purest flavor ingredients produce.

Now—one day saved out of every seven

for the American Woman

How the marvelous progress now being made by bakers is giving added freedom to women

ONE of the greatest triumphs of science—and one of the heaviest burdens lifted from the shoulders of the American woman today—is our daily loaf of bread.

The baker of today is freeing the housewife from her laborious task of baking—and is adding one more day in every week to the precious freedom and leisure she needs for her family and friends.

This is how and why!

During the last few years the bakers have banded together and employed the greatest scientific minds in the food world to improve their product. They make their bread *your* way. But no one woman in her own kitchen could put such painstaking care into the task.

And as a result baker's bread today is purer and finer flavored bread, more nourishing bread, than the world has ever known before.

That is why 30 million loaves of baker's bread are served each day in American homes.

And it means one day saved out of every seven for countless housewives. One day each week of kitchen drudgery wiped off the calendar. One day more of priceless leisure.

Studying your daily needs and meeting them

Hand in hand the baker works with a great institute—the American Institute of Baking. Here a corps of experts study your food needs, direct and guide your baker.

In our large universities are also chemists and dietitians helping the baker to a more and more perfect bread.

And finally come the millers of the

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY

Creators of Gold Medal Oven tested Foods - Gold Medal Cake Flour - Gold Medal Pancake Flour

Eventually Why Not Now?

flour. Their plants are becoming, today, vast laboratories that assure the bakers and the women of America only the purest and finest flavored and most nutritious flour.

We should all eat more of this new day baker's bread, authorities tell us. The healthy growth of children demands it; grown-ups need it more than any other food to supply their daily energy.

15,000 bakers and their flour

It is profoundly significant that more than fifteen thousand of the bakers in this country use Gold Medal Flour in making their bread!

Conclusive proof of its *uniform* goodness and purity.

And you will still find that the bread made from *Gold Medal Flour* is just as good as it was in the days when you mixed it to make your own bread.

At least 50 per cent of baking results depends upon the flour. And uniformly good bread can be had only with flour that *acts* uniformly right.

But flours differ in the way they act.

Even flours exactly alike chemically may *act* differently in the oven. The *one way* a miller can be sure how a batch of flour will act is to test it by actually baking with it.

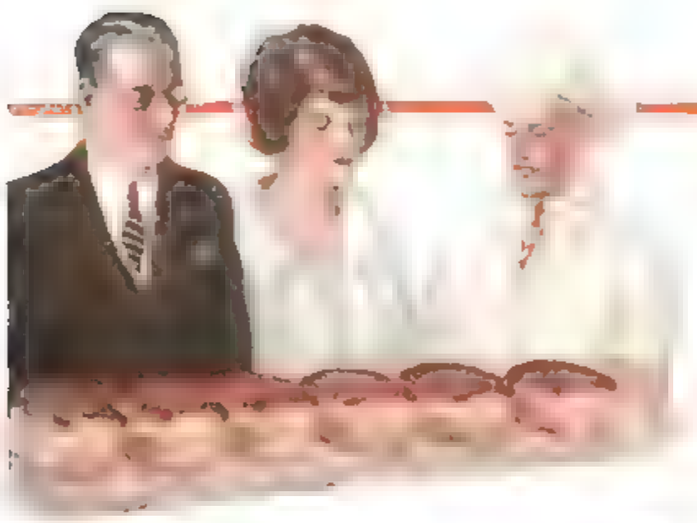
The real secret of uniform goodness

And this is the secret of the unvarying, *uniform goodness* of every sack of *Gold Medal Flour:* The test by actually baking from samples of every batch of it.

In our own standard commercial bake shop, expert bakers and dietitians test samples from every batch of *Gold Medal Flour. By actually baking breads and pastries.* This means that every loaf so baked must match up in every way with every other one. It means that in quality and action Gold Medal Flour is *always uniform.*

For light baking in the home—for cookies and tarts and such—no woman can do better than follow the judgment of her mother yesterday and of the baker today.

When you serve your family generously with baker's bread—made with *Gold Medal Flour*—you are sure of giving them the same delicious and wholesome bread each day—and you are doing much to keep your whole family strong and healthy.



A personal word to every Baker from the Gold Medal Products Control Department

Gold Medal Bakers Service Free—This service is entirely free. It has been built up with the sole desire of giving bakers the benefit of any and all knowledge on flour, formulas, accounting, merchandising and advertising, that our constant research and experiments bring forth.

1 FLOUR BEST SUITED TO YOUR NEEDS. The special blend you desire exactly matched. The type best fitted for your shop and product. Every blend guaranteed—not only in chemical factors—but for *uniformity* in baking. Quality and uniformity checked daily from the baker's standpoint.

2 TRAINED MEN AT YOUR SERVICE. Scientific and practical bakers with a thorough knowledge of flour, will be sent you at any time to help you with your problems.

3 SHORT CUTS IN ACCOUNTING—COST FINDING—AND INVENTORY METHODS. Our Gold Medal Service men are qualified to assist you in working out accurate costs on your systems and baking schedules. We are constantly working on this problem.

Triple oven—electric thermostatic control for testing

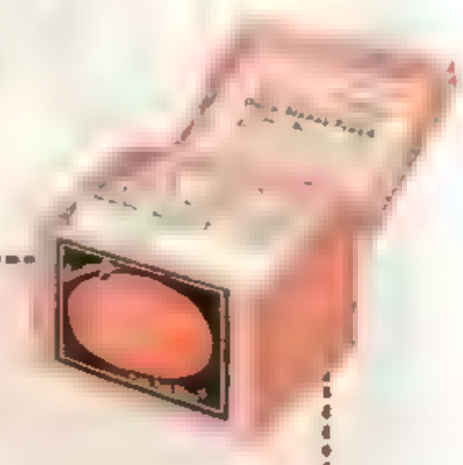
4 SHOP AND MERCHANDISING IMPROVEMENTS. Competition is calling always for new methods. Our specialists in this field are glad to make suggestions any time.

5 ADVERTISING SUGGESTIONS. A big department here is devoted to bakers' advertising helps. Our own advertising agency is continually studying your needs also. Our plans may help you in building business.

6 PROMPT DISTRIBUTION. Seven Gold Medal mills—each with an accurate control of product—and 20 branch offices carrying stocks insure you prompt deliveries at fair prices.

Many hundreds of bakers use this Gold Medal Bakers Service regularly. They are delighted with it. Send in the coupon and let us give you full details. It is worth looking into.

Straight-tlx mixer; 6 batches mixed exactly alike for testing



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Please give me details of your free service to bakers. This puts me under no obligation.

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Tune in on The Gold Medal Radio Station
(WCCO-416.4 meters)—*St. Paul-Minneapolis*

Interesting and delightful programs broadcast daily. Don't miss these. Women especially are invited to tune in on the domestic science and cooking lectures. Every morning at 10:45. By Miss Betty Crocker, Gold Medal Home Service Dept.

WCCO Gold Medal Station 416.4

"Service to the Northwest"

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO. Gold Medal Foods Gold Medal Flour

Why Not Now?

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Gold Medal Wheaties - Gold Medal Wheat Cereal - Gold Medal Purified Bran

Once you try Mazola you will prefer it to the finest imported salad oils

free

Send for the *NEW* CORN PRODUCTS COOK BOOK

— *Write* —

Corn Products Refining Co.
Dept. 11 ~ Argo, Illinois.

A PLEASANT THOUGHT: "MAZOLA is as delicious and good to eat as the corn from which it comes"

(Continued from Page 116)

hand to its silent radiation. The moment of a lifetime.

"Short-circuited," he muttered aloud. "That's what has been the matter with me."

In a rush, the New Leaf ran again through his mind—to the last quarter, when the old General's courage had pulled him out—out of the short circuit.

"This reporter's got something and he's told it to me," he added, moments afterward; and still the kernel of truth sank deeper in.

Daily races through January, and the supreme event of the Tijuana meeting began to be talked about—the Sisson Handicap of mid-March, for all ages; ten-thousand-dollar stake, with at least sixty thousand added. Already it was reported that Malkie Harris was to ride Man Alive. Rockaway, the Classic winner, was still at the Mexican track and Freddie Blunt would try to take him over again. Morsie Egan was said to have closed for Shavetail, the Maryland entry. Daily something new. General Newgate had been taken North, but might be brought back. That would let Gnat Devlin in. . . . "Go away!"

Early February days passed, each bringing a gash to his pride, but Jackie kept up the fight of his life never to fall again into the short circuit. He didn't keep his screen door locked; but so far as he was concerned in relation to the Sisson, he might have been running a fruit stand at the track, until the crowning event was two days less than a month distant, and a telegram arrived that made him look upon all former struggles as boyish and trifling to bear:

"Hold clear for the Sisson Handicap. I'm coming with Millie and Black Ball, son of old Southey."

Two days later he saw the entry posted. "Four-year-old black stallion, out of Still Waters, by Southern Night, Mint Meadows, Tennessee," but a horse absolutely naked of mentionable performance in any official record. A second telegram to meet a certain limited in San Diego, and Jackie was there when the old gray head showed above the little knot of people stepping down, a young woman with him.

"Just get us to our hotel as soon as yo' can convenient," Mr. Rosswell said breathlessly. "How long was it we were in the dessut, Millie?"

"All yesterday afternoon and night."

"More dessut than I took this native land of ourn to hold and contain."

A kind of fulfillment, the words and tones; but this young woman at his side, dignified, sparing with her words. Such words as she did use were quite plainly uttered, Millie having presumptuously changed herself around in four years—simpler if she hadn't come.

The door of the hotel room was locked, ice water served. Mr. Rosswell took a little brass key from his vest, inserted it in one of his limp fat bags and straightened up with a paper package in his hands. Memories sprang to life in the room.

"From Mint Meadows, an' considernn' the dessut, mighty fresh leaves. Just hold the paper in yo' two hands, my friend."

Mr. Rosswell burrowed further, drawing forth a small lilac-colored jug, mortar and pestle, an extra paper bag.

"Laid by when yo' were no bigger than a bullfrog, Jackie. No burnt sugar in this pohtion—just sho-enough dew that gathers on young corn."

The third in the room disdained all interest whatsoever, until leaves were crushed and ice cracked the second time.

"But you said just one."

"There were two dessuts, Millie. I remember two dessuts distinctly. Moreover, my deah, Mr. Bevis and me is preparin' for wohds. . . . Speakin' of the colt, Jackie, though they wouldn't take him on the Limited, I was assuhed, suh, his arrival would occur within two days of ours. Two good black boys with him."

"I've never heard of Black Ball."

"Sho yo' have. Fuzz-tail little yearlin' runnin' with his mammy when you left. Millie wouldn't hear to lettin' him go, 'cause he was so full o' fun."

"I remember the brood mare."

"Still Waters? Sho yo' remember huh. As to yo' question regardin' what the colt's done, I ask you, do I look incapacitated to you, broke down or se-nile inexcusable?"

"You look just the same to me, Mr. Rosswell."

"The answer then is, young Marse Black Ball has brought us here for the Sisson."

Jackie considered the large expense of transportation, the big entry fee, express train for the young stallion and all the rest. Was Mr. Rosswell like other old owners—unable to stay out of the game until flat broke? The easy-flowing talk gained headway in the room, but Jackie hadn't really begun to listen, his mind harrowed, his body sick with the situation. He never had cared for long shots. The romance of the dark horse in general didn't appeal to him. He had ridden too many to defeat, passed too many others on better mounts.

He Brought Black Ball In From a Morning Gallop. Mr. Rosswell Was Hovering Again. "Ain't Much Like His Father, Is He?" Jackie Shook His Head

"Yes, suh, grew up till last spring with no more serious responsibility than to keep the crickets and meadow larks boiling up from the grass, and to see to it that the burrs didn't die out of his tail. Just fillin' himself with clean water and green truck, all his trainin' self-conducted, before last spring, till we finally had to take notice he had an antelope an' a greyhound rolled up in him, not to mention a cannon ball. 'Member that ol' lane that crosses the brook, where it used to get so muddy in winter? Well, he made that ol' lane into a track for himself, holdin' his career in mind serious. Sun or rain, runnin' himself into a stake hoss—didn't make no difference about the mud. I've seen him come up to the fence where I stood and look at me out of a plastah cast of Tennessee subsoil as if inquirin' how I liked his last quarter. Never had a leather on him till last spring—an' here we are."

"All he knows about running in company, you say, is a few state fairs last summer?"

"Even then, held in mighty careful, I assuh you, so's not to get into the papers."

"But he'll be up against a field of veterans. The horse that wins the Sisson, Mr. Rosswell, will be on his legs from the tape."

"That's where yo' come in, Jackie. Of co'se, I'm figurin' he's goin' to be mighty well ridden, an' that him an' yo'll get mighty close together durin' the next three weeks. . . . Jackie, it's a mature man-hoss comin' this way through the dessut—a hoss never stretched as a baby or molested in his growin' up the runnin'est imp——"

The room seemed full of crushing responsibility that settled upon Jackie's shoulders. The latest news of the Sisson ran through his mind: The unbeaten White Man on his way from Louisville; Newgate on shipboard coming down the coast. Rockaway, Man Alive, Shavetail, Japonica, Newgate, White Man—better horses than Southern Night had ever been. No sentiment in his head could go against that. He turned to the window, now darkened with early evening. Millie was standing there and met his eyes. Mr. Rosswell left the room to send a telegram which he said would catch his express car at Albuquerque about this time.

"How do you stand on all this?" Jackie said, moving toward her.

"What do you mean?"

"Do you know what you're doing—an untried colt against the fanciest horses in America?"

She was like somebody else, talking so plain.

"I haven't reached the time yet when I don't believe in my grandfather."

"Why, I believe in Mr. Rosswell, Millie, more than any man I ever knew; but this is a running match—cold, hard as coin. I'd give—I'd give all I've got to win for him, but I haven't—I haven't the stuff."

"I don't understand you."

"I can't see this colt's chance. I've been riding too much; I've seen too much, maybe. I'm not lucky."

The strength of old days at Mint Meadows was upon him—the deadly wear of all his silences and failures since. The room was almost dark, his face haggard. Words began to creep out of him—all the things he had wanted to tell Mother Mason.

"It's been cold hard ridin' since I left home, nothin' else. I haven't forgotten I lost for him the last day at Darbville. I can't lose for him again. I think—I think I'd go under, to lose the last of Mint Meadows for him."

She was nearer.

"I knew when I first saw you you were terribly strained, Jackie. Can't you forget everything until the colt comes—until you see what he can do? And, Jackie, no matter what they said in the papers, we knew all the time——"

His tone was dry and close to cracking.

"What did you know?"

"That you've been straight."

"Straight? I've never sold a race, but I haven't got over the tight collar."

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Jackie Bevis?"

"I sure am, Millie. He told me at Darbville never to speak of it, and I haven't—till now. But I belong to the cheap ones."

"Don't! Oh, please, don't! I think—I think that's what we've come here for."

"What?"

"Oh, don't you know yet? It's because—because there's something in you—inner——"

Apparently it wasn't in the design for him to understand now what she was trying to say. Standing before her, he only knew for the moment the agony to go on. It was as if she were the door to Mint Meadows and he never could enter until his slate was clean. He had been dying of homesickness all the time—that was clear now. Thirst for water, but a hint of deeper thirsts—haunting rain falling on Mint Meadows! He could hear it falling now, with her near, sometimes the long-ago child returning to her eyes, sometimes a familiarity more ancient still.

"It's in every newspaper office. All they can think of when my name comes up is——"

Her head was shaking for him not to say it, her hand lifted before him.

"—— crooked!"

The slow step sounded in the hall. He drew back. The door opened. They were at opposite sides of the room when Mr. Rosswell entered.

Three days later Black Ball was brought down from San Diego in a van. In one corner Jackie sat on a stool, studying the young stallion. "Out of Still Waters, by Southern Night," he mused. "Not much like the names called to the cashiers in the betting booths these days—Skinflint, French Fry, Alley Hen, Chopping Block, Shavetail. . . . Last corner of Mint Meadows mortgaged, hanging on the whim of this flighty kid"

Black Ball was safely stalled at the track.

"He's sure full of fun," Jackie remarked, and not another word, though Mr. Rosswell hovered for more.

In the days that followed, Jackie's cot stayed sharply folded and unmussed. The young man found himself hating the place, as one shudders at a room in which he has passed through a tormenting illness. No more bunk concentrations—steady warfare against the short circuit.

Jackie didn't stroll over to the Cardinal stables to see Rorie or his father. Mother Mason had returned to South Carolina, but there was a call to make on General Newgate, now back in his old stall. A hush fell upon the stable boys as he approached; to avoid suspicion, he had to come when others watched. He didn't lift his hands

(Continued on Page 124)

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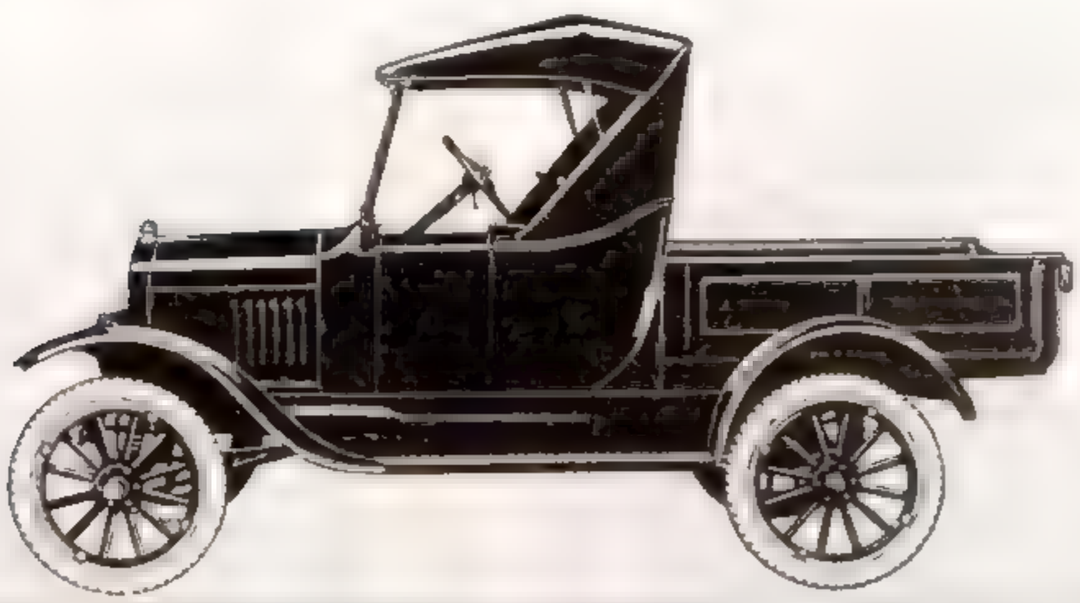

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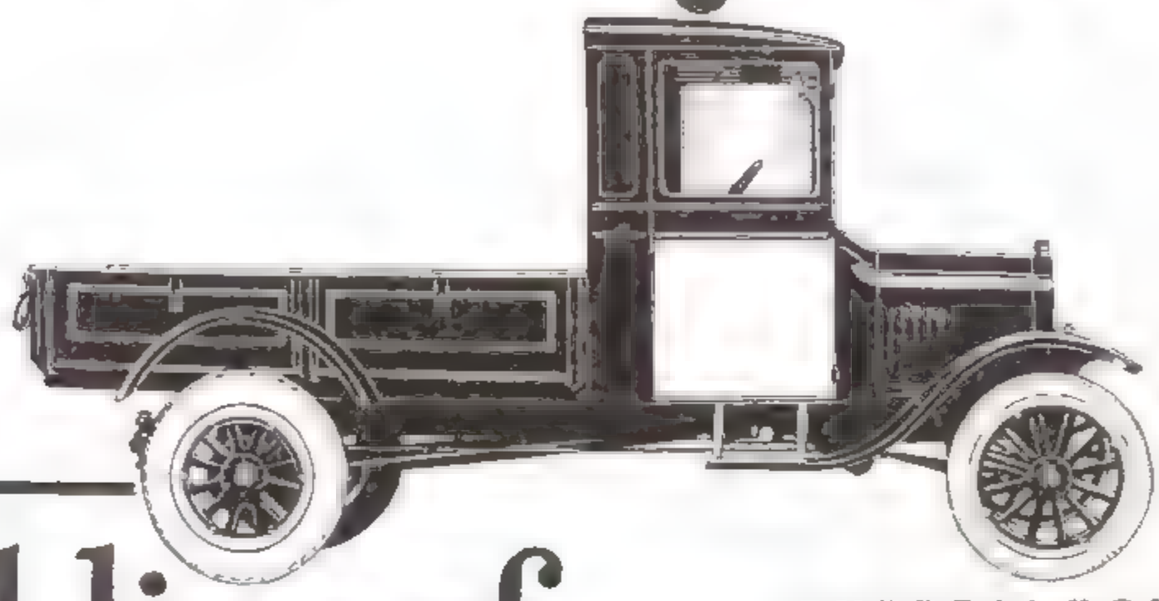

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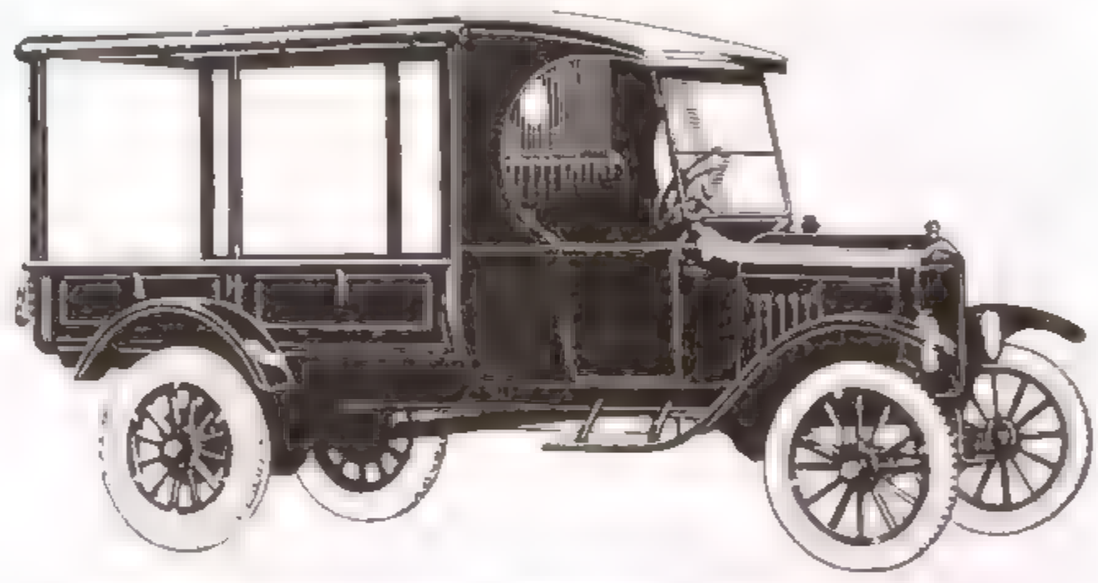

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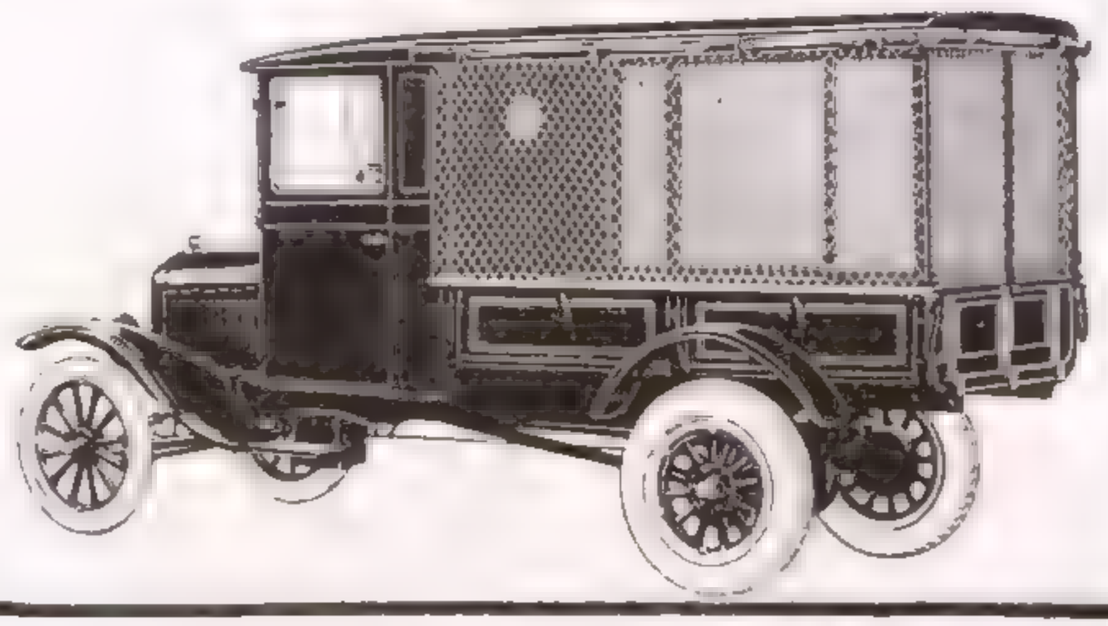

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(Continued from Page 121)

above the lower half of the door. The big chestnut stood back in the shadows as before.

"Hello, mister," said the low voice.

The head slowly lifted, and presently the General idled forward at a swinging walk. He paused and slowly reached his muzzle to the face in the doorway. Hardly a touch. Jackie didn't linger. His throat had filled tight and he didn't trust a word, but he had gotten what he came for.

"We came together to stay—that last quarter!"

He brought Black Ball in from a morning gallop. Mr. Rosswell was hovering again.

"Ain't much like his father, is he?"

Jackie shook his head.

"Nor like his mother either."

"Nope."

"Just himself, ain't he?"

"Sure full of fun, Mr. Rosswell."

"Now as to that, I've been waitin' fo' you to express yo'self."

It was hard, but Jackie absolutely refused any encouragement designed to make his friend plunge. Careful business also, to keep away from the clockers. Black Ball somehow had touched the whims of the sporting writers—considerable banter, although the big purse hung almost visibly for all experts above the heads of the magic money-makers—White Man, Shavetail, Rockaway, Newgate and Man Alive.

"We'll be running alone," Jackie whispered in Black Ball's stall.

He saw clearly ahead that his mount wouldn't be picked out by the stands as the field passed in the show-off; no lift for him from the cheering thousands—a force to run against rather. A single stiff straw protruded from the black one's rubbery muzzle. Jackie pulled it out.

"Not polite to wear a toothpick, mister."

One forenoon on the far side of the track, as they let out a little, he became aware that a watch had been sprung on him for a quarter or so.

"But anything they find out will only puzzle 'em deeper. I haven't pressed him yet," he told Mr. Rosswell. "He's sure——"

"Yes, sho comical, I heard yo' say."

"—— sure willing to stretch."

It was the first word that might be construed into a hope, and the ardent old horseman pounced upon the morsel.

"'Co'se he is. Anyone can see yo' haven't knelt on his withahs yet; but when yo' do, that mile an' sixteenth of the Sisson will be just like a mornin' meal to Marse Black Ball. He'll want to keep right on goin' an' eat up anothah ——"

Mr. Rosswell's head was raised, eyes shining, mind straining for further figures of speech. That moment, Jackie foresaw a possible moment ten days from now, stands roaring over the achievement of a favorite, alien numbers posted, the name of Gould Rosswell torn like a loser's betting card from all connection with Mint Meadows.

"The horse that wins will only have to do it once. A mile and sixteenth—that's the Sisson, Mr. Rosswell," he said coldly, but his heart softened as the old man turned his back. An old pleasantry of the tracks came to his lips. "But he's sure a good kid, Mr. Rosswell. For sale this mornin'?"

"Not this mornin'."

Jackie spent a forenoon alone with Millie in San Diego; not an outing exactly; business with an attorney, banks and telegrams, and a trying talk before that began.

"I can't do this without you, Miss Mildred, but it's got to be done today."

"I haven't the right—you haven't!"

"But he's like a father to me—don't forget that. And we've got a great young horse. No telling what I could do with him after a year's ageing—six or eight starts in flying company. As it stands, we lose him and Mint Meadows if we fail to cop this time, which isn't fair—not when I've got the money lying idle."

"But, Jackie, you know his pride!"

"I ought to know. I lived in his house fifteen years—only house in the world to me. I don't want to lose it. . . . You see, it isn't the kid's speed I'm afraid of. It's his lack of experience."

"Oh, I can't tell you, Jackie, I really can't!"

"I'll have to get you another boy to ride—unless you do!"

A strange Southern sentence came to her lips:

"It would bow his head low, Jackie, to be helped this way. Being a sportsman is dearer to him than what's left of Mint Meadows."

"You keep counting me out, Millie. It won't break his heart to have a partner—to take me back. I haven't picked up any other guardian; I haven't settled down in any other home. Why, don't you see, it's all for me?"

Her eyes met his, challenging and defiant as long ago.

"Jackie!"

"Yep."

"Is it true you won't ride if I refuse to tell you?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll have to, even if you are mean and stubborn."

She gave him the names of recent Tennesseeans who held Mr. Rosswell's notes, which Jackie arranged to be taken up, feeling somewhat better at once.

The day before the Sisson, was gray and cold. From the hills back of the stables, Jackie saw that the sea was shot with mile-long lines of white. He was riding once that afternoon, and the chill went through his silks like sleet. After the race, he saw the stable boys running to meet the horses with blankets, even before they passed the judges' stand coming back.

"Not even a gunny sack for a man," he muttered whimsically.

A wild one in the Old Town—that night before the Sisson. For a long time he stood in the dark of the stall with Black Ball. His hand slid under the blanket. The big fellow was cozy in his own cool way—"cool as the cheek of health."

"Never been stretched. And tomorrow those pirates—and your mouth's just a baby's mouth yet."

Black Ball was watching the lights—a steady chain of lights across the long bridge from the Mexican custom house to Old Town; busses and motor cars by the hundreds already pouring in from the north. Jackie pulled the high-held muzzle down to his own cheek. They breathed together.

"Just a baby, and all I've got from years of stretchin' has to go into you tomorrow all at once. Can you stand it, kid, when I close the forceps on you? Can you stand up and run with it?"

He swept out his quarters late that night, straightened trunks and boxes, as if it were his last on earth. He had dreaded the idea of turning in, but fell asleep at once. It wasn't a dream or churning of old torments that wakened him after midnight, but rain; no passing shower, either, but an easy trailing start, gradually gaining force. The big February downpours had been delayed; at daylight it looked as if they'd all arrived at once—every outlook changed. Mr. Rosswell came down early, a deep gleam in his quiet eye.

"Specified and delivahed for Mint Meadows, Jackie! Young Marse Black Ball will think he's back in the old lane—his natural element, suh. Mile and sixteenth? Why, I can just see him swimmin' home today!"

"It'll be a matter of plowin' in," Jackie said idly.

"That's where youth will be served—heart sound as a wintah apple. As I've always said, our entry ain't nevah been hurt."

"Never been trained either."

Mr. Rosswell moved to the screen and looked out.

"It may look different to me in the paddock," Jackie resumed as he pulled on his overalls. "Maybe the dirt's to our advantage. Maybe not. White Man's a contender, wet or dry. I've heard he's a tractor for heavy going. It might look different to me in the paddock, but I wouldn't back Black Ball right now for any better than place or show, if I was you, Mr. Rosswell."

"When you get to the paddock, Jackie, you're there to prepah to mount, not to talk."

The other's voice could hardly be heard above the rain.

"I didn't mean that I might pass you a tip from the paddock. My talk's about done for the day right now—until the race is over anyway. But I'm askin' you a last time not to back our colt straight, as you did Southern Night the last time I rode for you."

"Pshaw, Jackie, don't be downhearted at the very last! I know you don't expect an ownah to see what's goin' on. Notoriously biased, yo' boys always think an ownah is; but yesterday when you brought our boy in from his gallop he looked better to me than evah before—and it hadn't rained then!" Jackie lowered his head. The suspicion came that his friend's bets were already laid.

"And that's not all, suh."

"What more, Mr. Rosswell?"

"I saw as never before how you belong on the outside of a hoss."

"Ridin' on the outside of a horse will never bring me in first or even second today, Mr. Rosswell. I've got to ride from the inside." Which, for the first time, answered that long-outstanding question.

"To which I concurs without reservation. An' may I ask what yo' about to do right now?"

"I'm takin' the kid out to let him feel and smell the rain."

The clouds bent lower and shattered themselves. By noon five of the twelve entries were scratched, the track a solid gray gleam like a river. Black Ball was the single long shot. The shortened list of entries brought his figures down to eighteen to one in early afternoon, instead of twenty-four to one, where he had stuck in preliminary posting. At the other end of the scale was White Man, the favorite, at three to five. Man Alive was scratched at 1:30 in the afternoon. Jackie expected Rockaway to pass out, too, as the mud deepened; but the gray winner of the New Leaf was one of the six to enter the paddock, Freddie Blunt still hanging back in the scale room, looking about ninety years old, in spite of the adolescent down that stood out from the goose flesh of his face. Never wise to underrate the Blunt boy, in spite of his looks, but Jackie couldn't see the gray gelding for today.

White Man, Morgan up; Shavetail, with Morsie Egan; Japonica, Ed Wood; General Newgate, Gnat Devlin—and it wasn't only the horses that Jackie studied with deep intensity in the gloom. Mr. Gould Rosswell, a host wherever he moved among men, easy-talking, easy-smiling—not a sign of strain. That was the nerve that had spirited one J. Bevis from the beginning.

"Only the old South grows that kind, and only once in a long while."

Millie hadn't actually come into the paddock. Her chin just reached to the top of the fence that kept out the spectators, the hood of her raincoat round her hair, face still and white as a flower in a vase, her eyes not meeting his.

White Man went dragging by, ready as a pike, a folded blanket across his kidneys—gray roan showing purple now in the shadows, like a wine stain on a tablecloth; winner of the recent Embassy, Morgan up, the same riding him today. And Shavetail, the sorrel gelding, a sullen affair, with square-cut corners, like a polo poster—looked to have a temper to go with Morsie Egan's. The fluffy Japonica, only mare in the race, a Los Gatos offering that Jackie had never seen before. Round and round the paddock—White Man, Shavetail, Rockaway, Japonica, Newgate. And from one of the moving chins at the rail, Jackie heard: "That's Black Ball—the long shot." A snicker. "Not a chance. More money than brains—the man who owns that one; but the other five—worth half a million!"

(Continued on Page 127)

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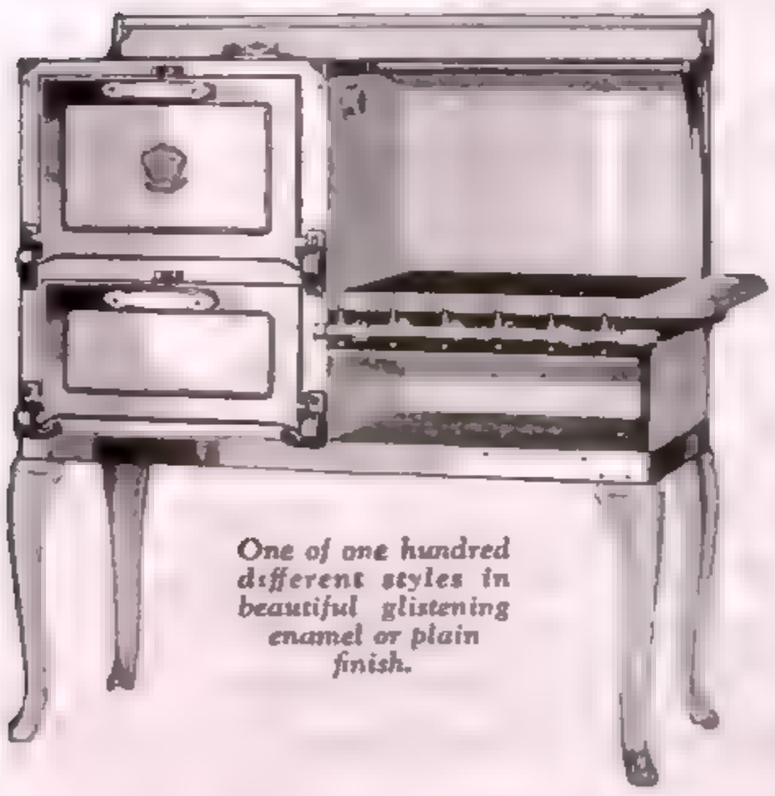

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(Continued from Page 124)

They had saddled and were passing out. Jackie looked back as the bugle sounded. Millie still stood at the paddock rail. He wasn't sure if she waved, through the gray blur. The horses plunged, tails tightening like scared puppies, under the first cold pelting of the storm—slanting spears of dull glass, steadily pouring. The nearer Mexican hills wore a condemned look. The great board walk in front of the grand stand was a heaving tumult of umbrellas, and up in the stands not a chair was used; the thousands on their feet, but huddled back from the lower tiers of seats, where the rain reached. The mile-and-sixteenth post was almost directly in front of the lane from the paddock to the track; but before the start, the six entries had to parade at a walk before the judges and stands, Jerry Conley leading on his dripping pinto.

The torrent had softened the track to its 'dobe bed. Jackie felt the slow slide of the clay under Black Ball's hoofs, an ugly sense of noncontrol. He was riding third in the preliminary show-off, White Man leading, the blocky quarters of the pale Shavetail just in front. Morsie Egan's face jerked around to his, eyes hard as the purse he was out after. Jackie knew a queer empty coldness after that, loneliness, but that wasn't all; something about it all that left him out.

"But the other five—worth half a million!"

Shavetail squatted in sudden flare of rage. Jackie's eye caught him settling and jerked his mount to the left as the pale one let fly.

"He'd have split the kid's knee with that one."

This wasn't competition; it was war. All the boys were muttering, their drenched silks binding like court-plaster—no distinct words. A ghastly smile formed on Jackie's lips.

"We're out to kill, horses and men!"

He had never been like this. The deadly hate he felt at the core of today's game was like an actual pressure around his shoulders and chest—hard as tightening hemp. It was as if the yelling of the spectators tightened the crush of the strands. Jerry Conley turned them back toward the post.

Gradually he began to know he was different, in the interminable seconds of the parade. Something had died out of him since the New Leaf. Helpless now—his mind reverting foolishly to Mint Meadow days. The head of Black Ball looked pitifully coltish, soft-mouthed baby in a barnyard; and these were aged monsters—the roan darkened in the deluge, Shavetail even paler.

White ineffectual smile still on his lips. What prevailed so steadily and hard upon him was that he hadn't the stuff to work with now. The old bells of the short circuit were burned out, but no new power had come to take its place. War—horses and men.

They were back at the post, the tape was cocked in front—Black Ball not taking at all to modern methods of alignment. No whipper today. Jackie kept an eye on the starter's hand. This was the moment he had feared from the day of the telegram, but fears were curiously worn out now. Back again and again, he cajoled the young stallion, watching the starter's hand out of the corner of his eye. They wouldn't wait for him much longer. Just as he got Black Ball nosed in, the perverse Shavetail backed out. They wouldn't wait ——

And they didn't. The instant Shavetail worked back into place the tape was sprung—with Black Ball off his front feet and facing the paddock. Jackie wheeled him, and in the same instant lashed back with his whip. Just once, but that single cut shocked the stallion loose from every petty distraction, leaving at work the one ruling purpose of his breed.

Newgate was away clean and out in front, with Japonica's head sprawled sidewise at his girth. She was struggling to get her stride in the clay—White Man and Shavetail half a length back. Rockaway had slipped at the first jump and hadn't recovered himself. Black Ball passed him in front of the stands, with the full mile to go. No low hound-running, but a high plunging gallop—tremendous hurl of force required for each jump; no running match this, but a struggle through a bog. Sheets of dirt-water shot up from the heels of Shavetail and the roan. Jackie lowered his face into Black Ball's mane, his eyes just slits, mud in his nostrils.

Japonica wavered at the first turn. She seemed to need the whole track to retire in. Jackie suddenly became aware from her movements that her rider, Ed Wood, was blinded with mud. He gave the faltering mare wide berth and glanced back under the loop of his left arm—Rockaway still sinking back under a ton of money of those who had watched him win the New Leaf. Nothing to fear from behind.

Newgate held his own at the half, running high like a fire horse with tonnage in tow. Shavetail and White Man measured each other at his heels, letting the General plow through. Behind this pair was an open length which Jackie watched, in a strange vast roominess of time, all the time in the world—the illusion of the intolerably slow-going.

"A mile and sixteenth—it's four miles! Can you do it, kid—can you keep it up?"

Through sheets of mud, he had only to see the great driving strokes of Shavetail's buttocks and the stringy flanks of the roan, to know the heartbreaking fight going on under his own knees. It wasn't speed. Courage—nothing without that—but back of everything, a matter of pump, a matter of timing valves and stout walls. The last thing he thought of now was riding from the inside, yet he felt the great young heart of the stallion like a part of himself. Could it keep up this bulging and not break? Could it hold this rhythm and stroke, not spring a leak and flood the lungs? It was like another race, reaching the three-quarter post—the pale horse slipping now—Morsie Egan at his old trick with the bat.

"Whipping at three-quarters—he'll never get home, kid. Not in this dirt, he won't. . . . There, look out for him, he's crossin' us!"

Morsie, who had failed to fill the gap in the New Leaf, was filling it now; but this time Jackie went out around, losing a foot or two to stay clear. Then at his side, he saw the sorrel's head jerk up as if in a treacherous ford—flanks yanked down by an undertow. At the same instant, through thick driving water, he smelled the clean steam of the roan.

"White Man! He's goin' out to get the General! Three-quarters done, kid—where do we come in?"

White Man was closing in on the General, the lanky Morgan boy huddled flat to carry him past. Jackie still watched the open space of sliding clay between him and the roan's tail. The next ten seconds to the stretch would tell. No chance if Black Ball lost ground now in the roan's sprint. The bursting point—two veterans ahead neck to neck.

"Youth must be served—unhurt youth!"

The bursting point—the General taking the brunt now. No change of space between Black Ball and the roan, but the General—nearer! Then it was that the cold immovable sadness Jackie had known from the beginning rose to a hot and poignant surge—General Newgate going down at his left—the blown look of heartbreak—the fall of a friend.

"Only one more, mister! Never been stretched yet—you're stretchin' now, kid. . . . Only one more—White Man, and now's the time! He thinks he's got it already, a wonder horse, kid—beat him and you've beaten the world!"

Jockey Morgan's strain had eased a trifle as he passed Newgate at the opening of the stretch. Now his head jerked back to find the long shot pressing him to further work. He answered with the whip. That instant held for J. Bevis one of the greatest thrills of his life. As Morgan's first lash fell, Black Ball settled under him as if he were taking the gad, not the reedy flanks of the roan just ahead. The last ounce was uncorked between them. It wasn't White Man that had it, but the son of old Southey—and before a silent pavilion.

A mud man lopped forward in the saddle, getting himself in hand as well as a runaway mount. Evidently the young stallion thought he had to do it again, for they were out on the first quarter before he could be brought down to make the turn back to the judges.

The rain had stopped. Jackie sensed this as a matter of gravest importance. He straightened up and wiped his eyes. Meanings to everything—all the races of his life, run in the last five minutes—but he didn't altogether believe it yet.

Black Ball planted his feet and vented a fierce snort—matters he hadn't approved of at all—that first cut on his flanks, the snap of the tape, whipping finishes. He yanked his head about. There it was:

1. Black Ball.
2. White Man.
3. General Newgate.

Jackie laughed.

Now he was on foot in the mud, Mr. Rosswell's black boys having taken over the winner. It seemed a mile rather than a sixteenth to the paddock lane. He looked into the inclosure as he passed. It wasn't empty. He became aware that she would have let him go on in silence if he hadn't looked. But now that he halted, she came toward him.

"Oh, Jackie, you were duth 'plendid!"

"Don't! I'm all mud."

"Dothn't matter—only my raincoat—and now you can retht!"

Studious discipline of four years, but her tongue had lost its new cunning.

Too much for the mud man—the old lisp. He was running toward his quarters—impossible to walk now. . . . He saw them rubbing down the stallion. Another blow-out from the distended nostrils.

"He's thinking it over," Jackie laughed.

The little electric heater glowed red in the early dark—all hatefulness burned out of the small neat room, three persons present.

"What gets to me, Mr. Rosswell, is that I steered you off from playing him straight. At least I might have kept my mouth shut."

"It was yo' real care for me. Not for a minute did I fail to appreciate that. But I was headstrong, and sorely tempted by the compellin' difference between twenty-four to one for straight and eight to one for place."

"You really did get in then—while it was good?"

"A trifle, suh—a trifle. But I nevah could have done it if I'd waited another day—nevah could have risked a pahtner's money thataway."

"You knew about that—this morning?"

"Yesterday, suh, Millie told me. Mighty hard to bear with my wajahs laid and yo' advisin' so urgent. In fact I wasn't restin' freely last night—until the rain. . . . And now we'd bettah go and see if Marse Black Ball is tucked in comfortable. He'll be travelin' soon and needs his rest."

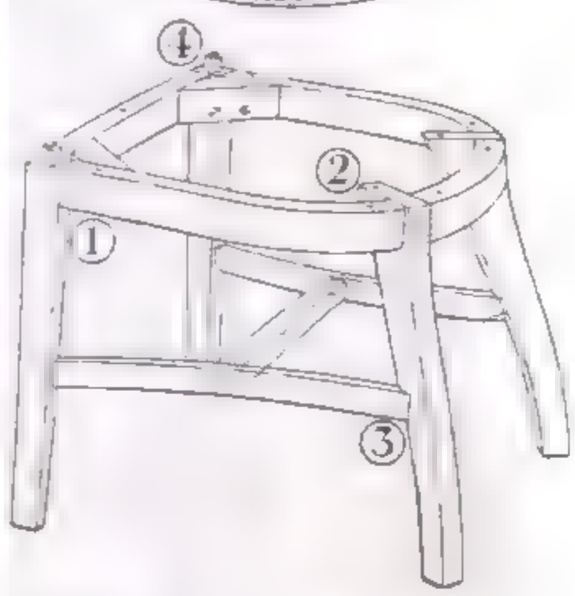
They went to the stall. The black muzzle helped to push open the upper half of the door as the catch released. The big head pushed out, paying no attention to the callers. For breathless seconds he watched the moving lights on the long bridge—chain of motor cars crawling back from Old Town to the border customs. The head jerked higher. They felt his feet plant. A compressed volume suddenly forced out past their faces.

"He's gettin' it all straight in his haid."

"He's sure full of fun," Jackie laughed.

Office Easy Chairs

SIKES CHAIRS PHILADELPHIA



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3. Get that notch on the back legs, deep enough to take the full thickness of the stretcher and relieve the strain on the dowel.
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THE SAFE OF THE SHALIMAR

(Continued from Page 23)

money would be a mess of slime. Oh, the man who pinched the safe of the Shalimar was in luck—for a while."

"What? Do you know who ——"

"No, I don't. But I know where it is, and he never got none of it."

"You know where the safe is?" I gasped, sitting up.

A whirl of visions went kiting through my mind. Before Ross had opened his lips again, to say what I knew was coming, my mind had gone swift as light to Sydney town; had looked into a red-roofed villa on Manly beach and seen a girl with the figure of a sea nymph and the hair of a fairy queen come down the steps of the house; slender, half veiled in green swimming jersey and long copper locks, half shining forth like a white carnation from its calyx.

Oh, not for me—not for the beggar who had thrown away even his beggar's wallet, the dog who had dropped for a poorer shadow his poor bone!

But a safeful of jewels and a share in it—would not that mean, after all, a key to the gates of paradise? I swear—so quick is thought—that the bride had come up the church, leaning on the arm of her father, the happy couple had left for the Blue Mountains, according to precedent, there was a girl with copper locks playing on a lawn in Rose Bay, and a boy with black hair and a good pair of shoulders—like someone else's—learning to drive a car down the avenue, before Ross had time to go on.

"Yes, I know where it is, and that's not two hundred yards from where the two of us are sitting."

Back into the caverns of the future swept Manly and red-roofed villas, Rose Bay and girls and boys, fairy queens with coppery golden hair, fathers with a disinheriting look happily removed from their eyes. It was the present that mattered now.

"If it is," I cried, "why on earth don't you—haven't you ——"

Ross put another fill of tobacco into his pipe and worked it down with his little finger.

"I've known about it," he said, "for two years. I've never told a soul."

"But the Shalimar," said I, "was sunk miles and miles away from this. How did you ——"

He went on, as the wilderness folk do go on, implacably without reference to anything anyone else may be saying.

"Skin diving was my game. I've had some education, but my dad got bit in two by a shark when I was a nipper, and I had to look out for myself after that. And a diving dress costs—have you any notion what?"

"No. But the safe ——"

"It costs a little fortune to rig yourself out complete at one of the stores on The Island. And there's the lugger and the pumping outfit and a crew and a tender to tend you; it runs into money. I never had money. I just float about like a bit of coconut 'usk on the tides of The Island. You don't go down, but you don't get anywhere. . . . Well, I found out there was a bit of shell off of this island, and I sailed over in a dinghy, and I started lifting the shell in six fathom, skin diving, which costs nothing, and I got some shell and a few pearls—not much—and I was about knocking off, when I found the wreck of a lugger; she'd been lying there most of the time since 1893. And in her, right among the rotting old timbers of her, there was a ship's safe. I don't know who got it, or how he done the trick; but, says I, 'That's the safe of the Shalimar, and the lugger has been wrecked with it on board and no one ever known any more about it.' And I went back to The Island and stocked up with stores; and, bar going back for more tucker once or twice, here I've been since. You see, I don't want no one to get diving about here and find what I found; it's a likely looking little place for shell, but as long as I'm here it won't be jumped."

"Why," I said frantically—"why on earth don't you get a boat and a tackle and ——"

"Hold on a bit. I've tried to get the thing up by myself, but she won't gee; wants two men at work, with a block and tackle, and I couldn't get another I'd trust—not the skin divers anyway; they're mostly natives, and as cunning as snakes, and that thick with the mission crowd they couldn't keep a thing from them to save their lives. And if there's a white skin diver, he's no good; like me—I'm not much good. Wasn't my fault; I was left to go drifting like a dropped coconut, and never got anywhere. I can trust myself, but I'd not trust another like me. It's sometimes seemed to me that there's places in the world better than The Island, if I could get away. And I'm not so old yet—not forty—and there's girls—a girl ——"

"Yes," I said, "there are girls."

The old, old lure—the bride price that has bought so much, other than brides—new lands and seas and cities, gold reefs, beds of pearl, for a nation, while a man was hunting fortune to pay for one girl and one house and a baby's crib or so. And we two, the city fellow and the man of wildernesses, met in Torres Straits to write the tale again!

"As for the regular divers, not to talk of the expense, you couldn't do it on the quiet; you don't know what them Japs are for spying, and they're pretty well all Jap now. No, it's skin diving or none, and a man I can trust to hell and back again or none—and that's you, Mr. Burleigh. I reckoned it might be so when I first caught sight of you, and this afternoon when you stoushed the shark, I knew. I've not forgot how you told me the other day that you'd been second in the diving championships somewhere or other. If you want"—he broke off maddeningly, to take a draw at his pipe, which was new-lighted—"if you want a share in the safe and what's in it," he went on, "I say halves."

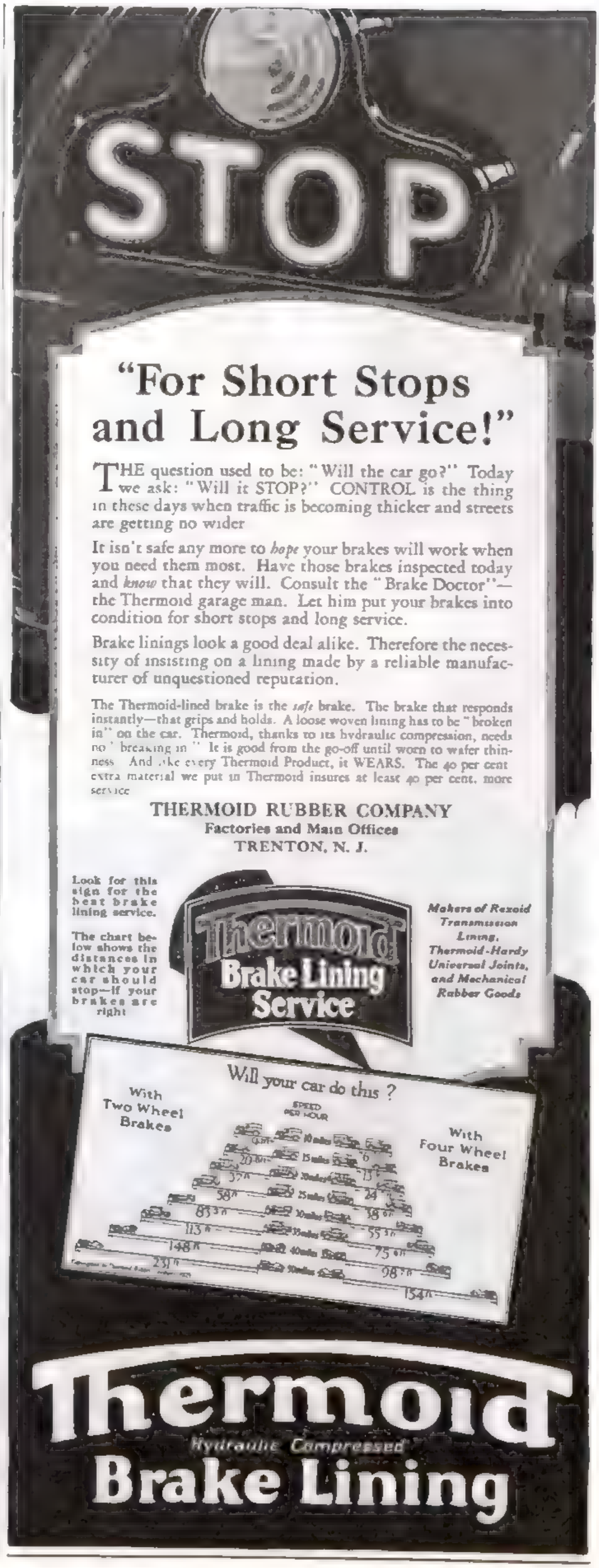
"It's a go," I said, and struck my hand into his.

Never again shall I have such dreams as I dreamed that night, lying on my bed of dry pandanus leaves beneath the wonga trees, with the kind tide lip-lip-lapping down below, as it ran swiftly out to sea! I was bathing in jewels; I gathered armfuls of diamonds; I trod among rattling shingle beds of pearl. I found long strings of emeralds large as turkeys' eggs, and wound them into the red-gold locks of a girl in a green Canadian, who had been used to shoot the breakers at Manly with me in the bright spring mornings. I saw great sharks catch her in their jaws, and tore her free, striking the brutes on their steel-clad heads with my naked fist and battering them with bars of solid gold. I lost the treasure a hundred times, won it as often, died and was torn to pieces, got back safe to The Island with the fortune of a millionaire. And through it all, like the unending lip-lip-lip of the tide, ran something that I could not grasp or name; some shadow, some misery—what?

There was no answer on that night, nor yet on the next day, when work began. But the shadow was there. Today I thought I might have tracked it to its corner and faced it out, if I had only had the time—the will perhaps; I do not know. I thrust it away and got busy with the salvage work.

It may seem strange to you that neither Ross nor myself had said anything as yet about the crux of the whole matter—the serious danger of diving in such waters at all; more especially diving naked. Sharks had to be reckoned with all the time; tridacnas, the giant clams that catch and hold the diver till he drowns, were common

(Continued on Page 133)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Says one woman: "My husband, like his father before him, is a superintendent of country schools, and we are not better off financially than our parents. But what a difference between our lives and theirs. My mother knew hardly anything of the world beyond the little limits of her town. Once, after we had bought our first automobile, she said to me pathetically: 'To think that I have lived here sixty years and never seen the wood roads in Spring.' It brought a lump to my throat.

"My John and I go everywhere. Last summer we travelled more than 10,000 miles. We camped in the Yellowstone; our children saw the Rockies and the Grand Canyon. Going and coming we stopped at community motor-camping grounds. The whole journey cost only a little, and we shall be richer for it as long as we live."

Last summer more than 11,000,000 Americans visited the national forests; more than 10,000,000 of them went in automobiles. About 1,500,000 visited the national parks; more than 1,000,000 of them were motorists. And every county in the nation has its motor tourists from other States.

Who can measure the value of this great summer migration—the stimulus of new experience, the better national understanding, the tremendous impulse to better health! We have brushed aside our provincial barriers, and become in truth a *free people*—citizens of the thrilling world that lies beyond the hills.

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Music Master RADIO PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 129)

about that reef: alligators not likely, so far out, but not impossible. Our silence, however, would not have been strange to anyone from The Island. It is not etiquette there to make a fuss about such things as sharks, and divers talk about them scarce at all. If you question a diver he will tell you that "very few" are taken by sharks, and leave you, by his uninterested demeanor, to suppose that in such matters he thinks a miss as good as a mile.

I don't know—I never shall know—how the professional really feels, apart from his professional etiquette. I only know that I, who am not supposed to be a cowardly fellow, felt sick with terror every time I thought of plunging into the waters that held such monsters as the brute that had won me my chance of treasure hunting: also that I would rather have died ten times over than told it. It may be that Ross felt the same; but I am doubtful. He was wilderness bred, he was nursed at the breast of the Straits; the drifting outdoor life of which he spoke had toughened him body and soul. He could look on danger and not fear it. Mine may have been the higher courage, according to popular definition; but I would very readily have exchanged it for the lower courage that went easily, utterly unafraid.

And the shadow in the corner that looked out every now and then—the nameless worry that had haunted me since the first moment of mentioning the Shalimar—troubled him not at all, I was quite sure. I put the matter very quickly from my mind, when it came up thus. I did not want to consider it.

We worked the cutter over to the spot that Ross indicated, out beyond the reef. He had marked it with a spar of wood for a buoy. The water might have been six fathoms, or sixty, for all that one could see; it was a weedy bottom, and dark, though the sea running above was bright green. The same green lay in patches as far as you could look, on a plain of milky blue; there were some plum-colored low islands in the distance, and near, a rock where pelicans were walking, tall and stately, in the sun. A lovely view, a lovely day; and I was going to leave it all and sink myself beneath dark water, with devils for company!

I would have backed out then if I could. But one doesn't, you know. And no one is ever the wiser—you know that too.

When we had rigged the block and tackle, Ross produced a pair of diving glasses and strapped them on his eyes. He had taken off his clothes, and wore only a belt with a knife in it. Sitting thus on the hatch of the boat, lean, easy, fluent-lined, he appeared a veritable part of the seas and the islands, a thing bred from Torres' warm waters.

One could not figure him apart from that wide setting. I found myself wondering what he would do with his share of the treasure if we succeeded in getting it up. Ross down in Sydney, Ross at a theater, in a smart hotel ——

"You might splash on the water once in a way while I'm down," he interrupted my thoughts. "They don't often come at you when you're diving, but it'll do no harm. And don't forget to haul on the tackle when I pull at it, because I'll have to get the thing shifted off of the timbers before I can put a line under. That's been the trouble all along—had to have one up and one down."

Without further parley, he made a short dive from the gunwale and was gone.

I think from the first I knew we were going to succeed; it was an amazing chance and the softest thing anyone could have wished for. I felt myself shaking with excitement, while I watched the pale-green shadow that was my partner gliding down below, growing fainter and fainter as he bored himself into the full depth of six and thirty feet. I almost forgot, as I watched, to beat the water against the risk of sharks, and I never remembered anything about the tackle till I felt the end jerk in my hand. Then, suddenly recalling Ross' directions, I hauled, and felt something, far down, give a little. Another jerk, another haul, and I saw the pale-green shadow coming up again. Ross, gasping and streaming, appeared at the gunwale.

"Good-o! I got her shifted," he said. "Now you can try to get the tackle right underneath. I couldn't hold my wind no longer."

He gave me a few more directions and took my place in the boat; and I, finding myself as far indifferent to sharks now as any diver of them all—such magic had been wrought by the first touch of real salvage work—slipped off the cutter and headed to the bottom.

I had the diving glasses on now and could see like a fish. It was not at all dark at thirty feet, just dull-green light somewhat lessened by the stirring up of the sandy, weedy bottom. Oaring along, head down, keeping my wind without effort, I saw, guided by the dangling tackle, a queer, cornery, mud-colored mass sticking up in the midst of barnacled and weed-grown timbers. It was two or three feet square; you could hardly tell its shape, so incrusted was it with all manner of marine growth. There were shells stuck on it, and corals growing, and things like great club mosses. A ribbon fish—a queer, improbable sort of creature garlanded all over with floating trails of pinky and yellowy ribbon—went gliding away; two or three little reef fish, colored like sapphires in the sun, passed by without minding me at all. I saw what I had to do—pull the tackle off the sides of the safe and slip it underneath. I was beginning to feel the pressure and the lack of air; my ears seemed bursting, and my eyes, behind the tight-strapped glasses, were shedding tears; I shouldn't be able to see—much—longer. Off; now under—ah, that's the trouble! Can't last this out. . . . One more try. . . . Done!

I shot to the surface as fast as four hard-beating limbs could carry me, but I was not fast enough for Ross, or so it seemed, for he seized me by the neck and shoulders as soon as I showed up and hauled me, with a fearful effort, on board, flinging me down across the hatch like a bag of sand.

"Look at that!" I heard him say.

I turned my head as I lay getting my wind, and saw, with a sudden feeling of sickness, a black fin rising just beside the boat.

"I thought he had you," said my partner, with a whiter face than his cool words seemed to warrant. "My oath, they're getting that common about here that skin diving'll be unsafe before you know where you are'"

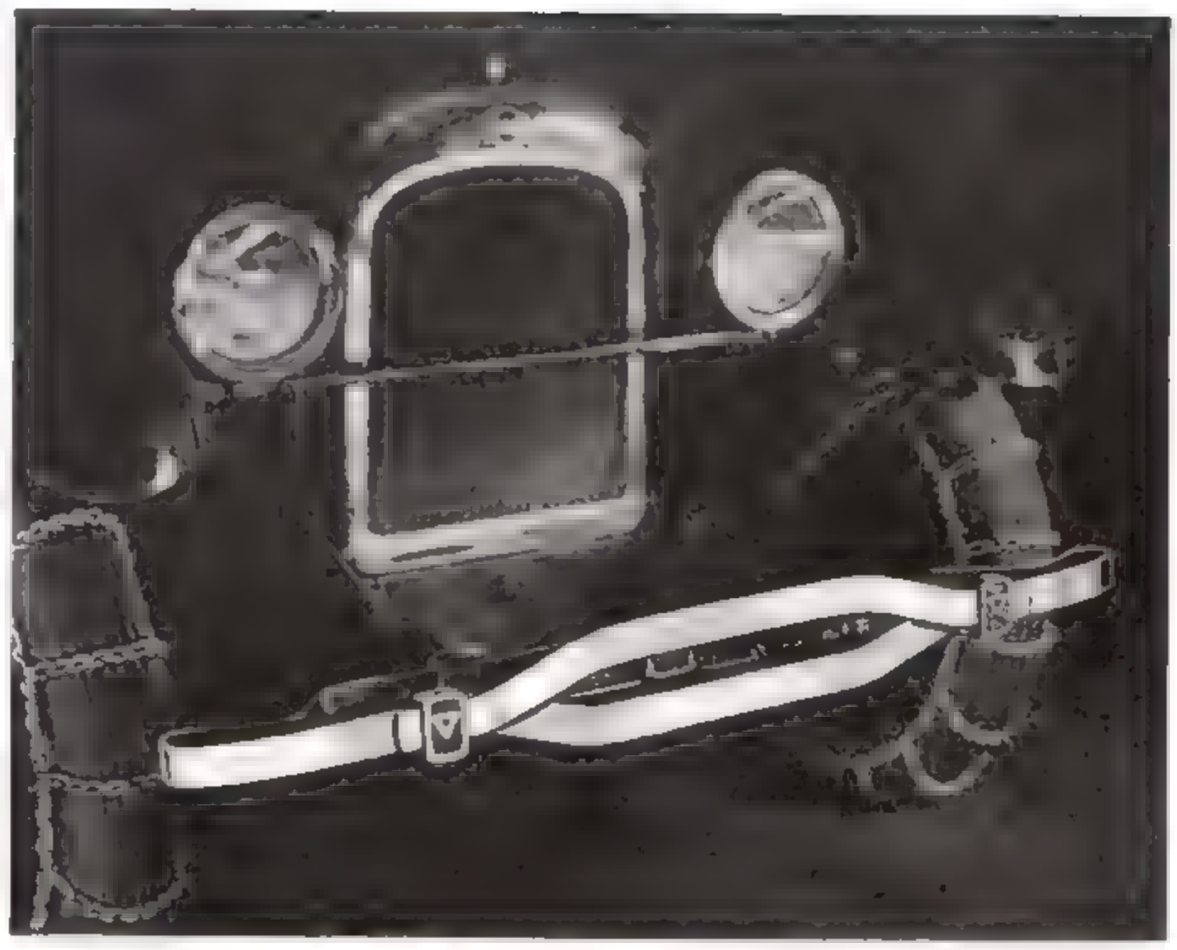
I don't know what there was in this dictum that made me laugh, but laugh I did till my wind almost failed me.

"I've done it!" I gasped presently. "The tackle's fast! Whoever he was that got the safe and carried it off on the quiet, he did it for us as sure as God made little apples."

And then once more, almost unbearably this time, I felt that nameless stab. I would not pay it attention. I got to my feet and into my clothes, lest the sun of Torres should take the skin off my unaccustomed back, and Ross put on his trousers; and between us we heaved and hauled on the tackle till we were wetter with sweat than with the water of the sea. And at the last it came over the side, slowly, inch by inch, and, slowly lowered onto the closed hatch, was taken to the island.

We had to sling it into the shallow water as near the beach as the cutter could go, and then haul it by main force, with the help of a few rollers, up onto the sand. It was terribly heavy, though a small-size safe. All sorts of sea growth fell and was scraped from it as we got it along; some of the corals and big shells took my fancy, and I threw them ashore to keep them as souvenirs.

By now it was afternoon; we knocked off long enough to drink a gallon or so of water apiece and eat a couple of biscuits,



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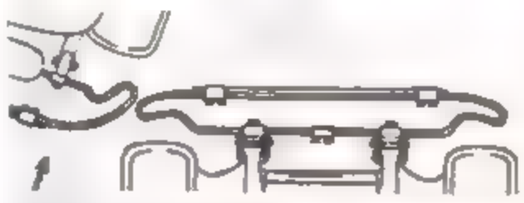

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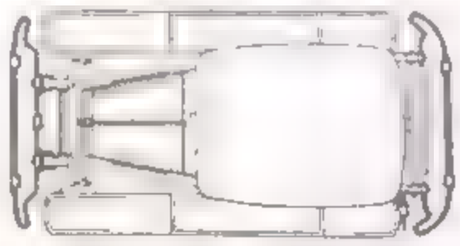

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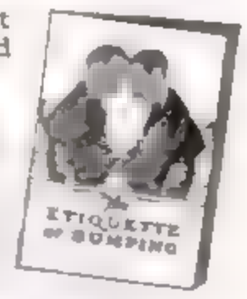

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and then went at it again. The sea, for scores of purple miles all round, was empty. Not a living thing was there to look at us but the pelicans strutting on the distant rocky islet, and the red-headed honey birds on the beach. They made a deal of twittering and fluttering over the matter, I remember; especially when Ross and I, with a fuse and a plug of dynamite, smashed the lock of the safe, cracking the door and sending out a long dull rumble across the reef and the lagoon.

Not yet was the safe of the Shalimar at our mercy; it had been well and strongly made, and would not yield until we had wrenched at the door quite a while with the blade of an ax and a stone. I have a friend who has told me how they work in a gold field when a rich reef is found; how soft-handed clerks and weakling loafers who have never done a hard day's work since birth toil and tear, and drive their unaccustomed muscles and their bleeding hands to labor as they would not labor for any master under heaven, knowing no rest, scarcely stopping a few grudged minutes for the food without which they must swoon at their toil.

Just so Ross and I worked at the safe, shifting its enormous weight when necessary, battering and prizing and wedging, never stopping to look up or to take breath. It was late in the afternoon when we found success at last; but we were dead to place and time; we would, if necessary, have kept on all night.

It was not the stars, however, but the sunset, the red low sunset of Torres that struck into the opened cavern of the safe at last, falling, with no luster but its own, upon a heap of formless pulpy stuff the color of dead leaves. I don't know what I had expected; I think I hoped to see a blaze of light leap forth from the interior of the safe as the door went crashing back. Something like pictures of pirates' treasure hoards, gold cups and pearl necklaces tumbling over one another, rubies winking at you like red stars.

But Ross, the seasoned diver, knew better. His only comment was, "That looks something like."

"What?" I demanded, barely restraining my clutching hands.

"I reckon that's jewel cases. The safe has been cracked a bit; we won't get no ship's papers and no notes out of it. Well, all the better; sovereigns for me—no numbers on a sovereign."

The feeling of sickness, of dismay touched me again, sharply as a wasp sting. I swallowed in my throat and thought. I thought I had something to say, but nothing would come.

"Here goes!" shouted Ross suddenly, plunging his hands into the dark slimy mess and beginning to lift it out in fistfuls, with a kind of hurried carefulness. Our fingers met as we scrambled in the stuff, feeling and clawing. I was the first to strike luck. I felt something small and hard, pulled it out, dipped it in the bucket of drinking water we had set beside us, and saw, with indescribable excitement, the sunset sparkle, red and green and azure, on a fine clear diamond pendant. Ross gave a kind of whoop and clawed harder than ever. He pulled out both hands, in a minute, full of something dark and tangled, which he promptly bit.

"Gold chains," he panted, throwing it in the bucket. And there and then began the most extraordinary lucky dip that I was ever to see or dream of. We were afraid to tilt the safe over and spill its contents out lest something should be lost in the sand; we simply winnowed the slime within through our fingers, taking it out handful by handful and dropping everything it contained into the bucket. Sometimes we could not tell what we had got until we washed the find; sometimes a jewel, long buried, shone glorious from its blackened setting and proclaimed itself at once. Rings told their own tale; we almost knew by feeling what sort they were—half hoop, single stone, less valuable fancy setting. We stuck the larger ones on our little fingers till we could hardly move the joints, dropped the smaller ones in the bucket and worked away. The sun seemed to set almost at once; in the half dark we ran to the tent as if pursued by fiends, lit two hurricane lamps and hurried back to work.

In an hour or so the safe was empty. We rinsed the contents of the bucket two or three times, with a cloth carefully held over; then poured off all the water and set out the treasure on the cutter's jib, with a lamp at each end.

There was a pile of bracelets, the sort they used to wear thirty years ago, some heavy ugly things enough, set with chunks of amethyst and carbuncle, some gleaming with sapphires, rubies and diamonds. There was a pannikin full of earrings, not an odd one among the lot, all matched, and many of them most valuable; several good single-stone diamond pairs, and quite a lot of handsome drops. One pair of solitaire emeralds I could scarcely lay down. I thought of them dangling underneath a waved thick mass of magnificent red hair.

"Are you sick?" asked Ross, staring at my face in the light of the lamp.

"No," I said. "Something gave me a turn." And something had.

He was not curious. He had a turquoise necklace in his hands, a thing of no great value, but beautiful—forget-me-nots, joined petal to petal in light clusters.

"Now if a girl had a thing like that," he said, half to himself, "she'd maybe find it hard to forget the one that give it to her."

"Augh!" I said, affecting a cynicism I did not feel. "She'd find you easier to remember if you gave her that"—picking out of a number of pendants, one clumsy large gold locket set with a diamond as big as a pea.

"Maybe," allowed Ross seriously. "When you're in the bar trade at The Island you get to be a judge of stones of one kind and another."

"She's in a bar?"

"Was—went to Sydney a year ago. She's not like other barmaids though."

"No," I answered, "they never are."

For I had had my young man's experiences, before the red hair and the fair pale face beneath came to set a wall between those careless fancies and my heart.

"Well, this is more interesting than girls," commented Ross philosophically.

We sat on our heels upon the sand, the bit of sail between us, the light of the hurricane lamps falling orange-red upon the piles of jewelry we had sorted out, and on the smaller heap of blackened sovereigns, all dated before 1894, that lay in a corner, weighing down the stuff. There were two hundred and eighty-four of them and ninety-six half sovereigns.

"Share and share," went on Ross. "We'll put these for tonight where we can feel them as we sleep, and in the morning we'll draw lots for first choice and divide fair and even."

He was wrapping the canvas round the gold and jewels as he spoke, carefully as a mother might wrap up her child.

"I could sleep," I allowed, drawing a wet hand over my eyes, that seemed as heavy as if each lid were weighted with one of the sea-worn sovereigns from the wreck.

We ate, I do not know what, and threw ourselves down inside the tent, with the bundle of treasure laid between us. At first I was too tired to lie awake; Nature, asserting her rights, bludgeoned me into swift insensibility. After some hours, I woke, oppressed by the consciousness of some vague, heavy misfortune, and sat up on my bed of leaves, wondering.

"We got it all right, didn't we?" I asked sleepily of myself; and myself answered, "Yes."

"Then what's the matter?" I asked; and with untold amazement, felt myself, behind some door of consciousness but partly closed, to be secretly, silently weeping.

I would not open the door. I did not want to know why that inner self was in agony.

"Nerves, this must be," I thought, knowing myself as free from such a curse as any other commonplace young man you might pick up within the wards of Sydney. And I turned my mind deliberately to the reckoning over and over of the value of that which we had found between us—I, the educated one, brought up in certain traditions, schooled in reverence to many fetishes more or less worthy, and the man of Torres Straits, the "Chap who was not much good," who had drifted life a husk upon the tropic seas, unguarded and ungoverned, all his life.

"Why, God bless me!" I cried to the unseen weeping self. "What do you mean by it? Isn't Ross a better fellow than you, with all your culture and your sham squeamishness? Are you half as brave, half as kind, a tenth as generous? Why should you set yourself up in there"—for now I had almost come to feel that inner self as a separate being—"to tell me that I can't, daren't take this glorious fortune?"

So it was out! Hour after hour, alone on my bed of leaves, with Ross sleeping like a child beside me, I fought the thing; reasoned, objected, argued and rebelled. Yes, but I would take the treasure. I would benefit no thirty-year-old insurance claim, refund to no straggling survivors of the Shalimar the valuables they had lived without the best part of their lives. What was the Receiver of Wrecks to me? What did I owe to the Moon Insurance Company? Why, heaven help us all, was every treasure expedition that ever raked a doubloon out of forgotten caves bound to cut that doubloon in fractions and deliver each fragment to the heirs and assigns of the original owner? Hadn't Providence and luck pointed the way to the island? Hadn't the man who found the safe of the Shalimar in 1893, secured, and stolen it expressly for my ——

Yes, stolen it.

"You said it yourself," said the weeping inner voice.

And I gave in.

It was quiet and very lonely, on the far beach, when I had left my bed and run down, chest and shoulders heaving like a punished child's, to the gray-ivory terrace of sand that fronted the mysterious mangroves, over against the Straits. No one could hear me there. I lay on my face in the sand and dug it up with my bare feet and beat with my hands on the dead-sounding surface. And now, with all of me, outer and inner man, I cried—for labor lost; for the treasure that had slipped from my hands; above all, for the dream that now must remain a dream forever.

I rose by and by and went back to the tent. Over the steel of the Straits a new pale day was dawning, a day in which there was no rose, but only crystal gray.

"There will be rain," I said; and, tired out, fell asleep.

Under a dripping patter from the wonga trees, Ross and I sat in the tent and reckoned up the value of the jewels. I had thought to have a struggle with him when it came to announcing my decision—for he was the most generous of men—but I found, with some astonishment, that he did not oppose me.

"I'd far rather you had your whack of it," he said, fingering a heap of necklets, mingled value and rubbish, cheap garnet and pigeon's-blood ruby, coarse white opal and priceless black. "But I'd never ask a man to go against his conscience, even if it isn't cut on the same pattern as mine. There's no luck about that, and treasure finding of any sort is a bad-luck business at best."

"I don't see that," I contradicted. I was feeling very sore; none of the martyr's exaltation was mine, that rainy morning out on the desert island.

"Everyone knows it," he said, turning his mild blue eyes, with the calmness and the carelessness of the sea in them, to mine. And out he came with a string of stories which you may go to Torres Straits to hear, if you like, for I had no heart to listen or remember. Only, I knew that they all pointed to bad luck as the follower of men who took their fortune out of buried, drowned or salvaged treasure of any kind.

"Mind you, I don't believe it," he ended illogically. "It's the drink and the girls does it for the most part, and the getting crazy with luck. But you can't deny it happens. Well"—lifting a handful of the dirty sovereigns for the pleasure of letting them fall with a sonorous chime—"I'm going to be the exception as proves the rule. Will you think better of it and join me? Once—will you? Twice—will you? Three times—will you?"

"No, no, and no," I said. "I'm going to sail back to T. I. as soon as you're ready to leave, and then I'm going to sell the cutter and get my passage south and crawl to my old firm to see if they'll take me in again. And if I'm a fool, I can't help it."

"You'll remember this island, I reckon, and maybe me, as long as you live," said Ross. "I know I'll not forget you."

"I'll remember," said I. "What's more, I'll have a souvenir."

And I went out into the rain and picked up the great pearl shell, flat and gray, that I had found anchored to the top of the safe.

"This is the biggest one I ever saw," I told him. "I mean to have it made into a pair of fruit dishes and mounted in silver—when I have the cash. And maybe I'll have a chance of giving it to someone, some day, for a wedding present."

"Open it, if you're going to keep it in here," warned Ross. "It'll stink us out of the place. Here, you don't know how; leave me do it."

He split it open deftly with his knife and gave the two halves into my hands—and then we both raised a cry and fell upon our knees.

We had seen something drop from the opened shell; something incredibly large and shining; not a pearl—surely not a pearl—but ——

"Here, hold on!" gasped Ross. "Come out to the light. Let's see! Give it —— Burleigh, you have got the greatest thing since they found the Southern Cross in Broome!"

We cupped our hands together, trembling with excitement, and stood out in the sea light and the rain, holding between us the gem that has since that day become a household word; that has been sold and resold, and now lies, the envy of all America, in the private collection of her greatest millionaire.

Eight glorious pearls, joined together in the form of a star, such as no pearler had ever seen in the history of the world and probably no pearler will ever find again. There has been no second Southern Cross, and there can scarce be another Star of Torres.

"It's the luck," said Ross in a dead voice. "You threw the treasure luck away, and you've got a better. I'm glad. I'm as glad as hell. But you've left all the bad luck to me."

I'm not a superstitious man; I was married on the thirteenth of the month, one year ago, and nothing has occurred to make me think that weddings celebrated on that day are otherwise than fortunate and delightful. But it is true that Ross, who went south and came into money that no one—or almost no one—could account for, is dying in a hospital. I go and see him as often as I am allowed, and a lady with beautiful hair goes too. He likes to see her. He says the girl who lately married him and ran away from him, with most of his money, had beautiful hair too. He would take her back tomorrow, but she will never come.

"There was no luck about it," he said to me last time. "Yes, I know the nurses here say it was all the drink that got me, but they don't know everything."

If you ever sail the Straits of Torres, and find, upon a lonely, dry and most beautiful little island, some fragment of a shattered ship's safe, you will know I have told the truth.

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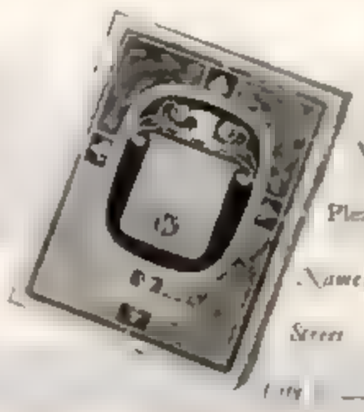

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DOWN THE STRETCH

Continued from Page 42)

when Nicol, his rider, got him straightened out in his stride. Under Nicol's hard urging Sysonby fairly flew over the ground, and before the field had gone a quarter he was up in a contending position. Nicol then gave him a breathing spell, but let out the wraps again when they hit the stretch, and Sysonby flashed under the wire a winner, leading Oiseau and Broomstick.

Sysonby died at the crest of his career—the victim of an infection his owner thought had been passed on to him by a stable hand—and his place as the star of the Keene string was taken two years later by Colin, a son of Commando, by Domino, out of imported Pastorella, by Springfield. As a yearling, there had been little hope that Colin would amount to much in a racing way. He had an enlarged joint that was noticeable even to the untrained eye, and because of it his handlers didn't think there was much chance he would train on. But in his morning gallops with the other horses Colin showed an amazing flight of speed and a convincing way of handling himself.

He was trained with care from that moment, and he more than rewarded them for the faith they had placed in him. As a two-year-old in 1907, Colin went through the season against all the best youngsters without a single defeat. The next year he repeated this surprising performance. Altogether in his career on the turf he ran in fifteen races and won all, for a total earning of $180,912 in stakes and purses. It was not an era of inferior horses, either, but rather a period when the turf was rich in high-class Thoroughbreds. Among a few of the famous ones to fall before Colin were Uncle, King James, Celt and Fair Play. Fair Play is the sire of Man o' War.

I have mentioned that I have always had a leaning toward Thoroughbreds of a distinctive type—the ones that are different from the general run and that have a definite place in your mind for some quality or other—high speed, gameness, mud-running ability, staying power or a good gait. In the next four or five years I was lucky in getting a number of this kind in my stable, and some of them were horses that will be long remembered for their fine performances on the turf.

King James the Versatile

King James, a son of Plaudit from Unsightly, was one of them. I bought him from John E. Madden for $8000 and he turned out to be the greatest campaigner I've ever owned. He carried a full line of racing tricks. He could win over a route and then come back with a sparkling performance against the fastest sprinters. On February 13, 1909, he won the California Handicap at Los Angeles at one and a quarter miles, with 129 pounds in the saddle, beating a field of eight horses that included such good distance performers as Montgomery, Far West, Magazine and Lightwool.

Just nine days later he came out in a six-furlong race at that track, carrying the heartbreaking impost of 142 pounds and opposing such wonderful sprinters as Roseben and Jack Atkin and seven other fast ones. This was the Speed Handicap; and King James, the horse most people looked upon as a stayer, ran the distance in 1:11 4-5, remarkable time when you bear in mind the weight he was carrying.

The public got to know him as the iron horse. He was always running, always trying, always ready for a race in fast going or slow, after a long let-up or with only a couple of days between appearances. With him I won many of the leading turf fixtures in the East and West—the Burns Handicap in the mud at Oakland, the Metropolitan at Belmont Park, the Brooklyn at Gravesend, the Toronto Cup at Toronto, Canada, in two successive years, and the Annual Champion Stakes at two and a quarter miles at Sheepshead Bay. His total winnings amounted to $107,000, a profit of $99,000 on my investment.

For Meelick I paid Madden $9000 and then saw him win three Derbies—the California, the Los Angeles and the Crescent City. And if he hadn't broken some ligaments in one of his ankles in the running of the City Park Derby, at New Orleans, I'm confident he would have gained the unusual honor of being a four-time Derby winner. I patched him up after that accident and he won another race for me in California later. His earnings amounted to $40,000 while he wore my racing colors. It was the same with Joe Madden, a son of Yankee and imported Tarantella. He cost me $9500, and in his first year at the races he began cleaning up, winning the Juvenile Stakes at Belmont Park, the Prospect at Gravesend and races on the Pacific Coast. His winnings as a three-year-old amounted to $46,000 and included the Los Angeles and Brooklyn Derbies and the Belmont Stakes, in which he came home first by eight lengths from Wise Mason, Donald McDonald, Warfield and Fayette.

If you have ever felt the spell of the race track and know what it means to hear the song of the bugle and to see the field go parading to the post, in single file past the judge's stand, with the smell of the stable and the fragrance of the flowers tingling, surging, thumping in your veins; if the call of the Thoroughbred is so strong that your world would be less than half a world without him in it to make you laugh and cry then you understand the thrill that comes with the memory of the turf gladiators of the past, prancing idols of bygone days with their hearts of iron and muscles of steel and skins of satin.

Rulers of the Horse Kingdom

It is so with me. Across the vista of years they pass in parade before me, the horses I have owned and spent my days with, thinking of them not in the way the world is supposed to think of horses, but as something closely akin to me and mine. Sometimes I smile when I think how I have spoken to a horse, looking him fiercely in the eye and laying down the law to him or saying a word of encouragement I thought he'd understand. And of those that have gone on their way, now slumbering in their graves or long since removed from the strife of the track, leaving only their deeds to remind you of their stout hearts and fine courage, you never hear their names without memories pouring out of the past to recall them as they were in their glory.

McChesney, King James, Meelick, Joe Madden, Dalmatian, Uncle, Fitz Herbert and Novelty—all princes of the blood and rulers of the horse kingdom. And none more powerful in their way than Fitz Herbert and Novelty. As with King James, the memory of these two will forever remain green in my mind, for they were sporting the black, white sash, blue sleeves—my racing colors—in the years I am speaking of now; the years that brought me the greatest successes on the turf I had ever won to that time.

Fitz Herbert, rich in blood lines that make for speed and gameness, was the type of horse that wins your heart for his honesty of purpose and consistency of performance. His father was Ethelbert, a son of imported Eothen, and his mother Morganatic, a daughter of Emperor. And it was here at Rancocas Farm, where I spend my winters surrounded by hallowed traditions of the turf, with Purchase and Grey Lag and Zev and the others off there in the stables; it was here that Morganatic was raised and became in foal to Ethelbert. When Fitz Herbert appeared as the outcome of that mating and was a yearling in the Rancocas paddocks, Morganatic was sold to some passerby, a farmer or peddler, for a small sum. Fitz Herbert's coming

(Continued on Page 141)

Why the Store on the Corner Commands the Highest Rent

How the printer can put your business where more people will see it, make it easier of access, and give you window space on many streets

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DIANA "STUFT" Confections

Bunte
Golden Quality
CANDIES

(Continued from Page 138)

greatness could, of course, not be foreseen at the time. When Morganatic's son turned out to be such a high-class racer, Mrs. Livingston, who owned Rancocas then, tried to find some trace of the dam, but without success. She was never heard of again and the maternal line that had produced Fitz Herbert was lost. Had she still been at the breeding farm when Fitz Herbert was at the top of his career, she would have brought from $10,000 to $15,000 instead of the trifling price paid for her.

Fitz showed his caliber as a two-year-old, but it was the following year that he swept everything before him—1909. It was the same season King James had won the Burns Handicap, the Metropolitan and others, and between the two of them I found my racing colors carrying off more than one fellow's share of turf prizes. Fitz Herbert's campaign was a succession of victories—the Suburban, the Advance, the Lawrence Realization, the Jerome and lesser stakes all going to him before he rounded out his record by beating Superstition, Pins-and-Needles, Nethermost and Juggler in the Bowie Stakes at two miles. That race was the easiest kind of a romp for him. He won in a canter by six lengths in 3:25 4-5, a new record for the race. And before he finished his American career two years later he'd added the Brooklyn Handicap of 1910 to his list, carrying 130 pounds and winning from Olambala, with 116, Prince Imperial, 97; Czar, 110; Fashion Plate, 106; and Dinna Ken, 110. It was a remarkable performance. You won't find many horses burdened with 130 pounds beating a good field of lightly weighted horses at a mile and a quarter. Fitz did it easily. He made all the running and was never hard pressed.

Novelty was my best two-year-old. He was a fine-looking bay by Kingston out of Curiosity, by Voter, and I liked him on breeding almost as much as on conformation. Kingston was one of my favorite sires, as I've already mentioned, and the maternal side of the youngster was good too. Curiosity later came into my possession, when I was in France. She was a half sister to Sweep, winner of the Futurity, the Belmont, Realization and other stakes, and in France she was still sending a line of sons and daughters to the races endowed with her own instincts of what Thoroughbreds are expected to do. And when the World War came along the usefulness of her existence continued, for she was mustered into service in the French Army, and word came back from the military zones that she was being ridden by a French army officer. Pink Domino was the dam of both Curiosity and Sweep. Thus it happened that in 1910 two of Pink Domino's family, Novelty, her grandson, and Sweep, her own son, were all-powerful in the two and three year-old divisions respectively.

An Underestimated Performer

A queer thing about racing is that some horses nearly always go to the post favorites, whether justified or not, and against others you can often get a good price when there is every reason for a short one. For many years I've been so accustomed to having a short price chalked up against my horses that it is unusual when I find odds of more than 2 or 3 to 1 on a horse that figures to have a chance. Novelty was one of the few great horses I've ever owned on which the quotations were more liberal than I expected. Though he was showing the highest-class form from the first day he appeared on the track, and though he had everything to commend him, it took the public and the bookmakers weeks to realize that he was a really great race horse. Something that happened at the Saratoga meeting that year will give you an idea of what the situation was.

Novelty had won four races, run second twice and third once out of seven starts before the season opened at the Springs. Carroll Shilling and Eddie Dugan were my contract riders that year. It was Shilling who usually had the leg up on Novelty, and I want to say now that I've never seen a better jockey than this boy was. Shilling had come to me from E. R. Thomas and I found him an easy, tractable youngster to handle, though there'd been reports that he had a bad temper. If he had, he never showed it while riding in my colors. What he did show was every riding quality that a finished horseman could possess -an almost uncanny ability to break two-year-olds away from the post, judgment of pace that made you think he must have a stop watch ticking before his very eyes, a seat so light that he was like a feather on a horse's back, and a knack for getting every ounce out of his mount, whether at the barrier, the half post or the finish. He was a master mechanic astride a horse, with natural riding instincts that his boyhood on the cattle ranches of Texas had brought out to the utmost.

In his second appearance at Saratoga, Novelty ran in the United States Hotel Stakes and finished third to R. T. Wilson's Naushon. That settled him in the estimation of those who had doubted his class. But he was still considered to be among the first ten or twelve youngsters of the season, and when there was talk of a special race to decide which was the best two-year-old of the exceptionally fine lot racing that year they were generous enough to mention his name. I recall one afternoon in the clubhouse when Phil Dwyer and Tom Monahan were discussing a possible arrangement of weights for such a race. Phil assigned top weight to Naushon and Dick Carman's Semprolus, 126 pounds for each; 124 for J. R. Keene's Iron Mask, 120 for Monahan's Textile and 118 for H. P. Whitney's Bashti.

"What weight would you suggest for Novelty?" I asked.

Novelty Upsets the Apple Cart

Phil pondered for a moment and said, "Oh, I think 110 pounds would be plenty for Novelty."

"Fine!" I replied. "I hope the race is arranged and that's all he has to carry." But the race never took place.

The next day the Saratoga Special at six furlongs was run. Novelty, Iron Mask and Naushon, three of the horses mentioned for the championship race, were entered in the Special. Everybody around the clubhouse thought it would be a walk-over for Naushon, the Wilson horse. One person who was especially convinced of that fact was Beaut, the darky who used to take care of the field glasses the same as Jesse does nowadays. It wasn't that Beaut worried very much which horse would win, but he liked to anticipate the result by decorating himself with the racing colors of the stable he thought would carry off the honors. When the race was over he would step forth before the owner with the colors draped over him and bow low and smile broadly, showing his white teeth, when he received the tip that his vain little trick called forth.

While the horses were at the post Beaut sneaked off to his own secret corner where he kept the various racing colors for such occasions as this and adorned himself in the yellow, green chevrons, of the Wilson stable. But he wasn't the only one at the track arranging to celebrate the expected victory of Naushon. Tom Healy was the trainer for R. T. Wilson, and his friends had decided it would be a fine time to let him know how well they thought of him. So Johnny Hyland, then trainer of the Belmont stable, and a few others bought a wreath to present to Healy as soon as Naushon had performed his part of the ceremony. Hyland was the orator. He practiced all morning on his speech and then rehearsed with the others how they would give Tom a rousing cheer in the good old-fashioned Irish way when Naushon's number was run up on the board in the place of honor.

Now the only thing Hyland, with his wreath, and Beaut, with his display of Wilson colors, had neglected to do was to

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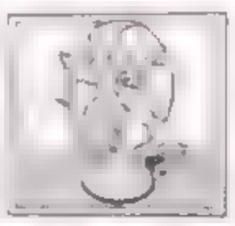

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take Novelty into their confidence; for if Novelty had been in on the celebration he might have spared them all their trouble. As it was, he romped off with the race in the good time of 1:12 for the six furlongs. I happened to be standing on the clubhouse porch just outside a little room as the horses finished. The shade was up and I saw the figure of a man going through the motions a fellow makes when he's in a hurry to get dressed. It was Beaut. With one hand he was tearing off the yellow, green chevrons, of the Wilson stable and with the other he was trying to decorate himself with the black, white sash, blue sleeves—my own colors. Whichever way the race went it wasn't Beaut's intention to be the loser. He was switching his allegiance to the winning side.

Some of the other horsemen saw me gazing through the window and they joined me. We all stood there looking at Beaut doing his quick-change act and we had to pinch ourselves to hold back our laughter so he wouldn't hear us. When he was about to step out of the room I tapped on the window and Beaut turned to see us. But he wasn't going to be denied his participation in the profits from Novelty's victory.

"I knowed you'd win that race, Mr. Greenback Sam," he chuckled when he'd stepped out to the porch. Greenback Sam was the name he'd given me. "I says all along that Novelty has it on them other horses. Ain't nothin' to this race, I says—it's Novelty and Mr. Greenback Sam all the way."

"That's the reason you put on the Wilson colors, is it, Beaut?" I asked.

"No, sir, Mr. Sam; no, sir-ree! You see, they's all talking so much about Naushon before the race that when I goes for to get the colors for to put on me I jes' has a mental abeliation of the brain and makes a mistake. No, sir-ree, Mr. Sam'l, I knowed all along you was jes' goin' to cantaloupe in that heat."

Beaut was too good to be denied, so I added a little bit to his usual tip for the entertaining performance he'd put on. I was feeling pretty jolly too. Novelty was a favorite with me and I hoped they'd be convinced now he was about the fastest thing around Saratoga. But they weren't; at least, Tom Monahan wasn't. He thought his own two-year-old Textile was better. A match was arranged between these two for $5000 a side and a silver cup put up by the association. Novelty won it with ease by three lengths in 1:13 1-5; and three days later, with 130 pounds up, led nearly all the best ones of his age home in the Hopeful Stakes, winning by two lengths in 1:14 over a slow track. A week later he carried 135 pounds and beat Naushon, Textile, Semprolus and other stars in the Rensselaer Handicap. On August thirty-first he capped this wonderful winning record by finishing first in the Futurity, leading home all the horses mentioned for the special championship except Semprolus. He alone had earned $74,000 of the $90,000 I won in stakes and purses at that meeting. His victories were a big factor in making me the leading owner of that year.

A Bargain

Dalmatian, another son of Ethelbert, out of Ionis, by Magnetizer, and Uncle, a son of Star Shoot and Niece, were other consistent breadwinners for me. I had bought Dalmatian for $400 from Perry Belmont one day when Doc Carter, the Belmont trainer, received word from his employer to sell out everything at the breeding farm that had just been started in Kentucky. Horses were going for bargain prices at the time. The reformers were hammering hard at racing in New York and it looked as though they had a chance to win their fight at Albany.

It was in 1909 when the chance came for me to buy Dalmatian, and you may recall that the opponents of horse racing did succeed in having laws passed the following year that closed the New York tracks. Charles E. Hughes was governor of the state then, and he was dealing with a state senate so evenly divided on the anti-race-track bill that it was just a question which side would get the break. With the legislature in a deadlock, a Brooklyn senator who was supposed to be critically ill was moved to Albany on a stretcher or invalid's chair or something, and he put in the deciding vote.

Dalmatian was a big, gangly-legged colt, in whose heart and sinews were combined speed and staying qualities. He won for me altogether $39,000 in purses and he brought another $40,000 when I sold him to Louis Winans, of Baltimore. I had made a deal with Mr. Winans' buying agent to get $90,000 for Dalmatian and Fitz Herbert, but Fitz had been punch-fired by Jack Joyner when a yearling and he was left out of the sale. The Winans agent didn't want a punch-fired horse.

When they legislated racing out of existence in New York, I took my horses to Canada the following season and was lucky enough to head the winning list of owners there that year. I left Canada in August and returned to New York. Good as my luck was running, I'd made an important decision. I'd sell out the entire stable—King James, Fitz Herbert, Novelty, Firestone, Dinna Ken, Hampton Court, Joe Madden, Montgomery, Restigouche, Zeus, Royal Meteor and all the others.

A Racing Man First and Last

For the first time in my life I couldn't just get my mind working the way I knew it should. Every time I thought about what they'd done to racing in New York it made me madder and madder. Suppose Vincent Hildreth, my father, had lived to see this day, what would he think of it all? I could just picture how the Hildreths of Kentucky and Missouri would have looked on, too surprised to say a word, not understanding what anybody could have against racing; or, better still, how the world could get along without it.

I was back in the long ago when I never heard anything but horse and didn't see much of anything but racing barns and prairie race tracks—and Vincent Hildreth would gather his ten children around him after the evening meal and thrill them with his stories of the races he'd won, which were many; and the races he'd lost, which were few; or how he had outsmarted this fellow or that, which was often; and sometimes how he had been outsmarted, which was seldom. Horse, horse, horse! It was there in me; I couldn't get away from it—nor did I want to. So often had he said, "Boy, first, last and always I'm a racing man. That's me all over." And I knew that first, last and always I was a racing man and that was me all over. Like the sires that pass their speed and stamina down to their sons, Vincent Hildreth had passed this to me.

The Postponed Auction

So in my resentment at what they'd done to racing I wanted to get clear away from those who had done it. If they thought horse racing was so bad, then they couldn't help thinking I was bad, and I didn't want to be around anybody who had that idea. I'd retire for a while and go some place where I could think it all over and lose the grouch I was accumulating. Maybe after a time it would all straighten itself out; and I knew I'd never have any luck anyway going around with a long face. And then, too, they were still racing in Kentucky, where my father's family had come from originally. I knew that anybody who tried to interfere with racing in Kentucky would have a hard time of it. The Kentuckian's love of the Thoroughbred is something more than a tradition. It's one of the most genuine things in this world.

My whole string of horses was put up for sale on September 7, 1911, in New York City. But I stopped the proceedings after one of them, The Welkin, a jumper, had been sold privately to Ral Parr, the Baltimore sportsman. I could see that it was no time to sell race horses in that state unless I wanted to do what Perry Belmont had done with Dalmatian—practically give them away.

I could picture them bidding a few dollars for Fitz Herbert or King James or Novelty, and I'd rather have given the whole lot away than take prices I knew were far, far below what they should be. It was a mistake to offer them at auction; I'd wait for a little while and some better solution would come out of the bad muddle.

Yes, that was the thing to do—wait. I'd wait until those confounded cobwebs were brushed out of my brain and the gloom would disappear. I'd wait until I could get a better grip on what this attack on horse racing was all about. After all, there are two sides to every argument, and maybe the reformers had theirs. If they were right we'd find it out in time; and if they were wrong we'd find that out in time, too, and then racing would come back better than it ever had been. And before I did anything at all I wanted to see the sun shining in me, for if there's any way to keep piling up mistakes it's to make an important decision when your mind's not tuned up to it.

That was on a Thursday. The following Saturday I was sitting in the library of my home at Sheepshead Bay—the house I'd bought from E. R. Thomas—when the telephone rang. It was Charles Kohler on the wire and he asked me if I'd like to take a run down to Ramapo Farm the next day. I told him I would. When I got there on Sunday we sat down together for a chat and he came right to the point.

"I want to make a business proposition to you, Mr. Hildreth," he said. "I want to know first whether you would be willing to make a blanket sale of your stable?"

I puffed on a cigar without answering him right away. I was thinking about something besides what he was saying. I was thinking how well it is for a fellow to cheer up a bit when things are breaking bad—how there is a power that works out your problems for you if you can do this. Here three days before I'd been on the verge of making one of the most serious mistakes of my life. Lucky for me that the cobwebs had begun to disappear at the right moment and I'd got a hold on myself before it was too late.

"Yes, I would certainly consider a proposition of that kind," I replied.

"So far, so good," Mr. Kohler continued. "Now the second part of it is this: If I buy all your horses, would you be willing to take charge of them and go to Europe to handle them? It's my idea to race a strong stable abroad, either in England or France."

Selling the Whole Stable

And here was the other answer to the things I'd been worrying about. I could go to Europe and wait until all this business in New York would blow over; I was certain now that it would blow over before long and that it was just a temporary victory for the minority.

"Sure; I think I'd like that." I was warming up all over: it was an especially cheerful brand of sunshine Mr. Kohler had at Ramapo.

There were only a few other details to clear up the price of the horses, for example. But it took only a few minutes to come to an agreement. It had already been fixed in my mind what I should get for the powerful string I had been campaigning, and there were only a few of the horses missing. Joe Madden I'd given away. The Welkin had gone to Ral Parr, Dalmatian had been bought by Mr. Winans, and one or two others had been disposed of before the sale. So I told him what I thought a fair price would be, and he bought them on the spot. Before I left Ramapo that evening a bill of sale had been signed and I had contracted to manage the stable in their European campaign. Mr. Kohler left it to me whether we should race in England. We arranged that I should go to England first

(Continued on Page 147)

Mr. and Mrs. Hildreth and Their Pets in France

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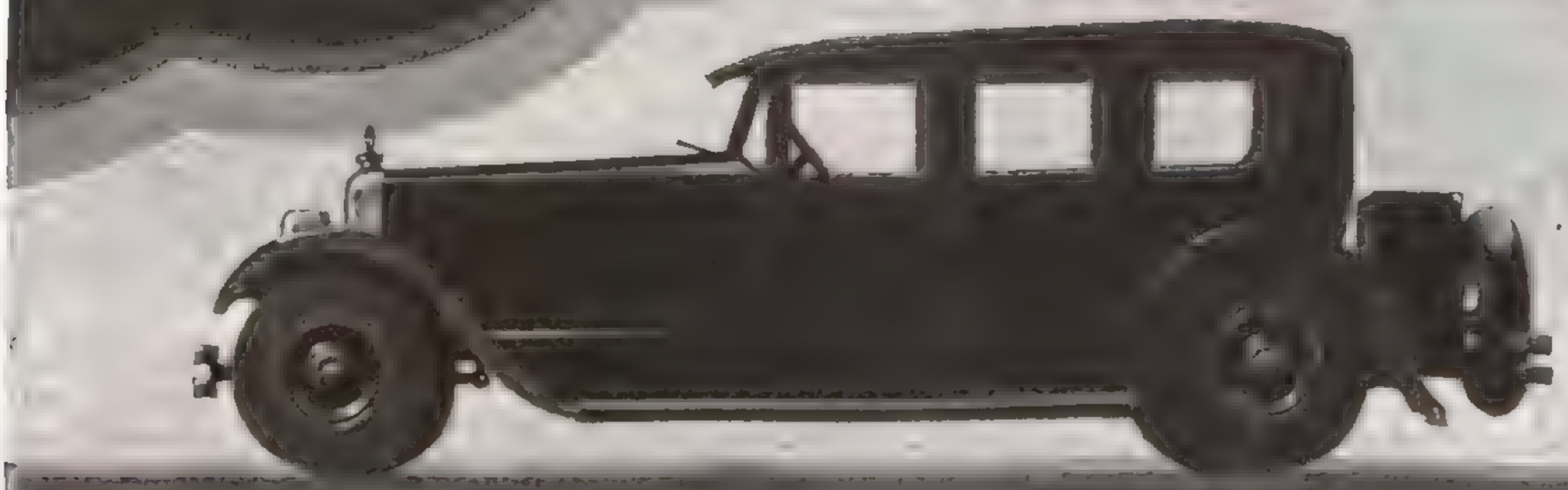


Special Stromberg Carburetors

(Continued from Page 142)

to look around, and if I decided after that visit that I thought it had better be France, then we would ship the horses there.

In November Mrs. Hildreth and I went to England. We took Carroll Shilling with us. I wanted him to look over the English race courses and tell me whether he thought he would be able to ride as well there as he had here. On our arrival we met Jack Joyner, who was handling the H. P. Whitney horses on the English tracks, and some other American friends, and I could see that it wouldn't be lonesome there for us. But I decided against racing in England for just one reason—the meetings at any one track were too short. It would either be necessary to have the horses quartered at different courses or to keep moving them around all the time, and I was afraid that if I did that I couldn't keep them in good condition. So on our return a month later I told Mr. Kohler I thought it would be better to go to France.

While we were abroad something had happened in America that made us feel very unhappy when we learned of it. Eleven years before this, Billy Pinkerton had given my wife a Maltese dog and we had named him Rags. When we went to England we were told it would be better to leave Rags at home because of certain English laws that made it difficult to get dogs into that country. And so we had said good-by to Rags and sent him to the home of relatives in Boston to stay until we returned.

Our absence was too much for the little fellow. For eleven years he'd never before been away from us and it broke his heart. They told us he'd eaten barely enough to keep him alive, and that at first he'd sit looking at the front door with his ears cocked, expecting us to come in at any moment. Every time the door had opened he would jump down from his perch with a happy sort of bark, only to resume his place when he saw that it was someone else. We found him just a shadow of the sturdy little rascal that had barked around at our feet or peered into our eyes with such understanding. When we did return to him at last he was so wasted he could scarcely stand, but his love for us was the same. He gave a feeble little bark of joy—there was no mistaking the joyous note in that sound—and he dragged his emaciated little body over to us and wagged his little tail as vigorously as the strength in him would allow. Poor little Rags—his name was so appropriate for the ragged little bundle that he was now. And he died soon afterward—died of a broken heart, as did another dog I had in later years.

French Racing Rules

You get so accustomed to the way things are done in your own country that when you pitch your tent in a foreign land the first thing that hits you is how simple are the habits of the folks back home and how complicated elsewhere. We reached France in March, 1912, and at once began running into snags we hadn't looked for. Some of the French turfmen seemed to have the idea that there was something mysterious about our being there. Why had we left America? Why had we come to France to race our horses when it would have been much simpler to have stayed at home and taken them to some state other than New York? Explain that, m'sieur—if you can! And I did try to explain it, m'sieur, as carefully and completely as I could. But it was about five months before I succeeded in getting a trainer's license, and then only because August Belmont had written a strong letter to the French Jockey Club and Baron Maurice de Rotschild had interceded for me.

It is contrary to the laws of the French turf to race horses there in flat races if they have not been bred in that country. We, of course, knew that when we went to France. It had been our intention to send Novelty, Uncle, Fitz Herbert and Zeus to a breeding farm which Mr. Kohler had leased ten miles outside of Maisons Lafitte, where there were forty brood mares quartered. The geldings, Restigouche, a son of Commando and Dancing Water, and a winner of many stakes; and Puggins, a grandson of the great English racer Isonomy through his sire Fatherless, were to be turned into jumpers. In a year or two the breeding farm would be supplying us with horses for flat racing and meanwhile we could compete in those events with the few French-bred selling platers we had bought for this purpose.

The only time foreign-bred horses were permitted to run in flat races was at a special meeting held at Maisons Lafitte, which was called International Week. Fitz Herbert had stepped on a rock before this meeting took place and had to be retired, but Novelty was in fine shape and I entered him in the two principal events. Johnny Reiff rode him in the first of these and won, beating Hampton Court, with Frankie O'Neill in the saddle. After the race we met O'Neill and he told us he would have beaten Novelty—or Buster, as we called him—if his mount hadn't swerved in the last fifty yards. We had sold Hampton Court a short time before this to Preston M. Burch, another American who had gone to France.

"You just think you would have beaten Novelty," I replied. "That's because you don't know him. He always does just enough to win his race unless he's hard urged, and then he'll win off by himself."

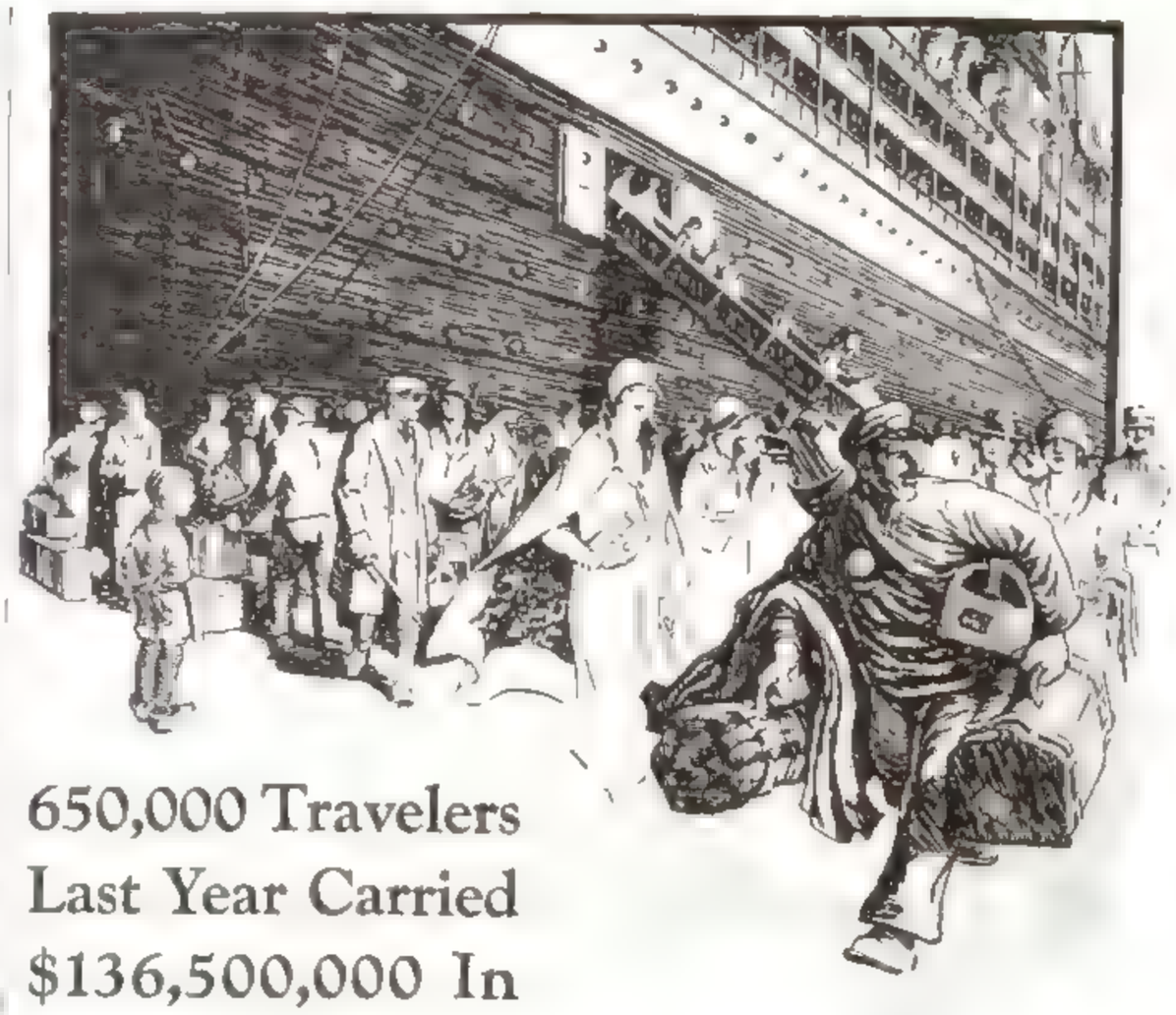
Charged With Doping

We teased Frank so much about saying he would have won with Hampton Court that he said he would like to ride Buster in the second big race of the week. Novelty had to take up eighteen pounds over his previous race, but he just breezed home in front of the field. O'Neill rode him this time, and as soon as he had come back from the jockey house he came over to us and said:

"I take it all back, what I said about Buster. He's a sweet race horse. I ran him along with the other horses to see if he would stay in front of them on his own courage and he showed me he would. Then when I urged him a little he just walked away from the whole bunch."

It went against the grain with me to turn Buster into a jumper, but we wanted to keep him wearing the Kohler colors and that was the only thing left. He never took much to racing through the field; in fact, his form over the grass courses of France was pounds below what it had been on the dirt tracks of his own United States. You need horses that run high from the ground for grass tracks, and Novelty was the reverse of that. He ran so low that his hoofs would keep cutting through the grass and put a burden on him that the high-stepping horse would never encounter. Fitz Herbert was the right type of strider for this kind of going, but Fitz didn't like the jumping end of it. Restigouche took to the game well and so did Puggins until he tore a ligament after winning a race on one of the tracks near Paris. It was only Buster's speed and courage that made him do as well over the jumps as he did.

The French officials were always on the watch for doping cases; it seemed to me they took a little extra pains to see that foreigners didn't give their horses any drugs. At one of the tracks was a veterinarian who would make a great show of going through the motions of examining winners to find any trace of stimulants. Immediately after the race the horse under suspicion would be inspected by this veterinarian and sometimes handled in a way that would make me feel like stepping out and pulling the officious little fellow by the nose. One of his favorite tricks was to scrape a horse's tongue, place the saliva in a bottle and label it. The whole business was so silly it would have made me laugh if it wasn't that the veterinarian was handling horses in a way that would never have been tolerated on American race courses. The owner or trainer who dopes



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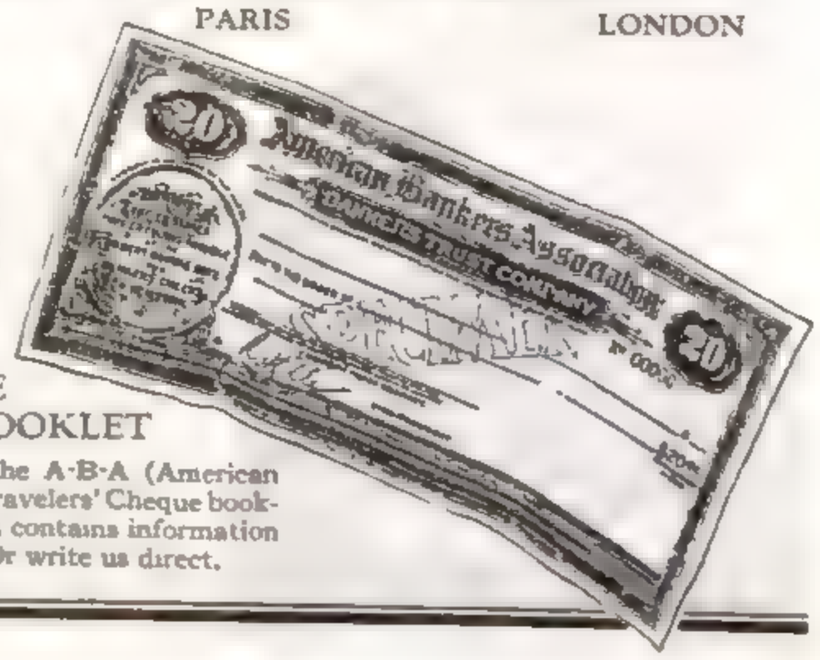

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his horses doesn't last long in racing. There are ways of finding out when crooked work is taking place, and this veterinarian's system was certainly not one of them.

One day the Kohler colors were carried to victory by a little old French mare we had claimed from a race. She had shown evidences of stiffness before the race, and Lucien Roberts, my secretary, had suggested to the stable hands that she be rubbed with liniment. After rubbing, she had been walked around the paddock for an hour or so to get the soreness out of her muscles and joints. Somebody from our stable was with her constantly before the race; and after she'd won, Willie Brennan, our foreman, took her from the track to the Kohler stables in a van. But her victory had aroused the suspicions of the busy veterinarian. He went over to our stables and scraped her tongue.

A few days later I received a letter from the racing officials directing me to report before them. They told me that the veterinarian had found heroin in the saliva he'd scraped from the mare's tongue. I didn't believe he had; but I told them that if there was any heroin in the specimen somebody else had put it there, for I was certain nobody in our outfit would resort to drugging horses. I was mad clean through, and cabled to Mr. Kohler in America, telling him what had happened. He sent word back to me at once to present the French mare to the French Jockey Club officials and let them analyze her stomach. I made this offer to them, but they were convinced that I knew nothing about the doping, if there was any, and the case was dropped.

An American horseman in Paris saw in the incident a chance to have a little fun with me. Gene Leigh met me one day and said, "Look out, old-timer, they'll get you yet if you dope your horses."

"They haven't anything to get me for," I answered. And then I added in the same joking vein he had used, "But I'd advise you to watch your own step, Gene. I happen to know they're on your trail and they've said they're going to get you too."

The Fake Veterinarian

I didn't know anything of the sort. I just said it because all the Americans were having such a good joke on me. So what was my surprise soon afterward when Gene was ordered before them in the same kind of investigation! The same veterinarian had done his same scraping stunt and reported that one of Leigh's horses had been doped.

By this time the American horsemen began to realize that the charges were no joking matter. None of us took any more stock in the charge against Gene than he and the others had when I was the victim. And none of us felt easy in our minds until a few weeks later, when the French officials made a thorough investigation of the veterinarian himself and found out that he was a rank faker. It seems that he had a craving to be in the public eye, and he thought the French people would applaud him for his charges against the Americans. But that conceit was unfair to his own people and to the French Jockey Club. If his trickery hadn't been discovered in time it might have caused a very embarrassing situation.

When we arrived in France we had gone to one of the hotels to live. But if we were going to remain in that country long, I knew there wasn't a hotel big enough to allow me all the elbow room I like to have when I'm home. So one day we took it into our heads to get a little nook we could call our own. Not far from the track at Maisons Lafitte was an unoccupied château, with seven and a half acres of ground and a fine stable containing sixty box stalls. In our search for a house we kept motoring past this fine-looking old place a couple of times each day. Always our eyes would turn in its direction and we would remark to each other what a beautiful spot it was. We agreed that the château was the kind of home we would like to live in some day; but, of course, it would be very extravagant to think of taking on such a big obligation when it wasn't certain how long we'd remain in France.

"Now when our ship comes in I'm going to get such a place for us to live in and entertain our friends in," I would say to Mrs. Hildreth as we drove along the Avenue Racine and gazed longingly at the estate. "Of course we could manage to get it now and squeeze through somehow; but it wouldn't do to invest all that money in just a house."

"Certainly we're not going to do anything so ridiculous as that," Mrs. Hildreth agreed. Then we'd both look again at the green lawns and the fine old shade trees and the stately mansion that had been standing for years, and in the background the stone stables that had housed some of the fastest horses on the French turf.

I had deposited $100,000 in the Paris banks. It took just $80,000 of it to buy the château we had decided by all means we wouldn't buy. And that was before we had even started to do any remodeling or furnishing. Away went another $20,000 so fast we couldn't even hear the rustle of the money. But there was no use trying to stint now. You can't very well have a fine old château on your hands and no furniture in it. I looked at my check book and found I had a balance of $100.

Buying a Château

"Say, this little nook stands us an even $100,000 up to the present writing, and the gang's all here still hammering nails and plastering walls and painting the woodwork," I told Mrs. Hildreth. "How much does the average nook cost?"

"I hate nook riddles and you know it, so please don't ask me any," was all the information I could get from my partner in this château enterprise.

"Of course, certainly," I agreed. "The only thing is, we set out to get a place to breathe in and I was thinking that by the time we got settled in our château the wind would be knocked clean out of me and I wouldn't be able to breathe."

I sent an emergency call to my New York bank for more American dollars, and when I'd paid out $13,000 of this new supply they told me the place was done. The fact that I was in the same condition didn't interfere with the pleasure we found in occupying the château for the next six months. The $33,000 we'd spent making improvements had done wonders, and we both felt a tingle of pride when our friends would drop around and admire the place. When the time came we could no longer occupy it we had no trouble getting it off our hands. Mr. and Mrs. John Sanford, of Amsterdam, leased it for three years, and later I sold it for almost as much as I had put into it. The Sanfords are one of the best-known turf families in America.

Baron Maurice de Rotschild was a good friend to us and a keen sportsman. It took me some time to accustom myself to the frills of the fellows who go in for society on a high scale in the European capitals, but I soon learned that underneath this surface the baron was just as regular as the crowd I'd known in the early days out in the Middle West. At Longchamp, St.-Cloud, Maisons Lafitte and the other tracks we used to have long talks about things in general and about horses in particular. He surprised me with his knowledge of horse racing. The American way of handling a horse had made a great hit with him. He liked our snappy manner of doing things and the vigorous methods of our jockeys.

"It's really quite remarkable the progress you Americans have made in the sport," he remarked to me once. "On this side of the Atlantic we've been racing Thoroughbreds for centuries, and yet you people over there have discovered entirely new ways of training and riding."

"It's not entirely new with us," I replied. "Our really great line of Thoroughbreds was started in 1799, when the English Derby winner Diomed was taken to America; but there had been a good deal of racing before that. The instinct for racing horses is old stuff with humans; it's just as instinctive with us as it is for a dog to chase a cat or a cat to chase a mouse."

Baron Rotschild turned over two or three of his horses to me to handle. Though he was not the square-jawed, stern-faced type you expect in the fighter, he'd shown me that he wasn't afraid to wade in with both hands when the time came for a good scrap. The way he'd fought with his own countrymen at the time the foolish little veterinarian was trying to make trouble for American horsemen was pleasing to see. He told the French Jockey Club officials it was absurd to say the Kohler horses had been doped, and he never rolled down his sleeves until it was found out that the veterinarian was a faker and a publicity seeker. Baron Maurice was a new sort to me and we hadn't been brought up exactly along the same lines, but I liked him for his loyalty to a friend.

Horses That Went to War

Our stay in France came to a sudden and sad ending. In June of 1913 Charlie Kohler came over from America to spend a month or two enjoying the sport he'd spent so much money on. Five days after his arrival he died—a fine sportsman and a better sport cut down at the time he expected to get the most out of life. We shipped the horses to Deauville and sold them. I recall now only where a few of them went. Clarence H. Mackay bought Fitz Herbert for stud duty, Novelty went to South America for the same purpose, and Gene Leigh got Restigouche. The next year Restigouche was claimed by the government for military service and joined Curiosity, Novelty's dam, in helping to win the war.

August Belmont was in France at the time Mr. Kohler died. He looked me up in Paris and asked if I would like to go back to America and handle his horses. Racing had come back in New York by this time and was on a sounder basis than it had been. There were two reasons why the idea appealed to me strongly. I had trained Priscillian for Mr. Belmont at the time that son of Hastings was winning race after race, and I knew there were few men on the turf I'd rather be associated with. And the desire to get back home was growing in me.

The stay in Paris had been fine and we'd had our share of success with the Kohler horses; but after all, there's no place like home. I was anxious to see the old familiar faces again in the paddocks. I was itching for somebody to come along and give me a hard slap on the back and shoot a few American cuss words in my direction. The polite ways they have in other countries, and all the bowing and scraping they do, keep you entertained up to the point when you say to yourself how great it would be to sit down before some fried chicken, Southern style, with a darky waiter standing at your elbow and asking you whether everything was all right—yes, suh.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Hildreth and Mr. Crowell. The next will appear in an early issue.

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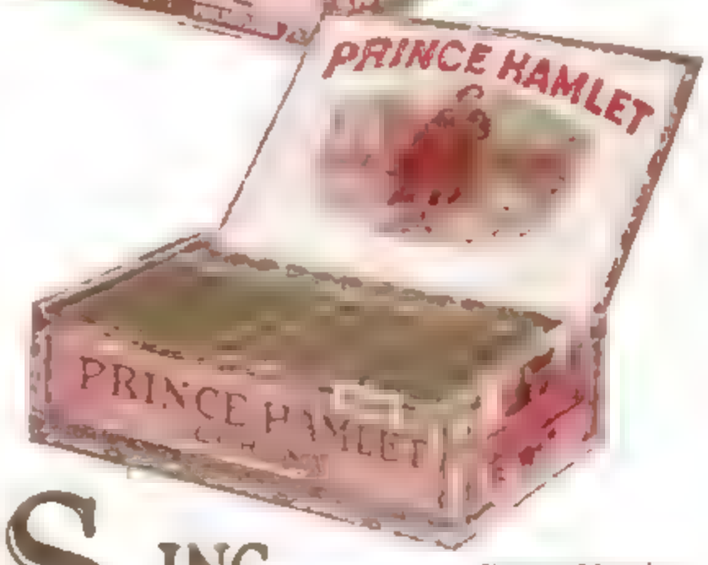

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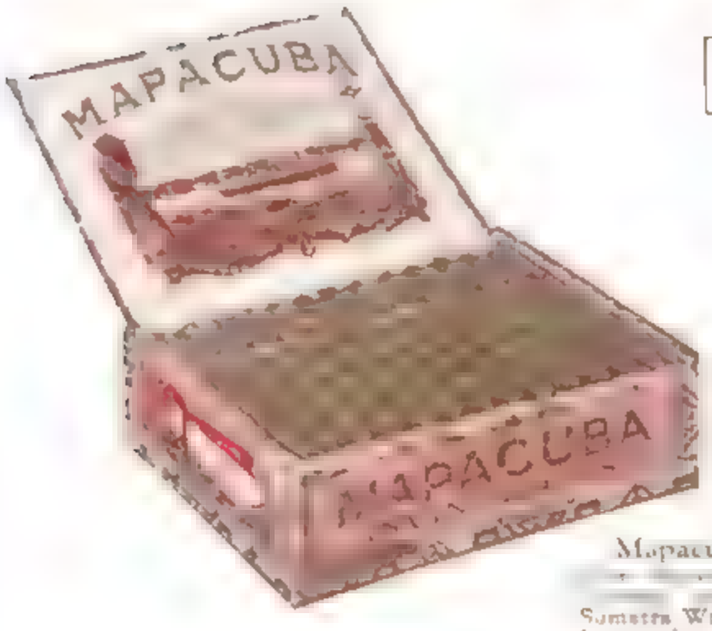

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SAM IN THE SUBURBS

(Continued from Page 38)

"You have never found yourself irresistibly compelled to render some old Provençal *chansonnette* breathing of love and youth and romance?"

"No, I ain't."

"Perhaps it's as well. You wouldn't be good at it, and one must consider the neighbors. But I may tell you that I am feeling the urge today. What's that thing of Browning's that you're always quoting? Ah, yes! 'The morning's at seven; the hillside's dew-pearled. God's in his heaven; all's right with the world.' That is how I feel."

"How'd you like this bacon?" inquired Hash, picking up a derelict slice and holding it against the light as if it were some rare *objet d'art*.

Sam perceived that his audience was not attuned to the lyrical note.

"I am too spiritual to be much of a judge of these things," he said; "but as far as I could gather, it seemed all right."

"Ha'penny a pound cheaper than the last," said Hash with sober triumph.

"Indeed? Well, as I was saying, life seems decidedly tolerable today. I am taking Miss Derrick to the theater this afternoon, so I shall not be back until lateish. Before I go, therefore, I have something to say to you, Hash. I noticed a disposition on your part yesterday to try to disintegrate our odd-job man. This must not be allowed to grow upon you. When I return this evening I shall expect to find him all in one piece."

"That's all right, Sam," replied Mr. Todhunter cordially. "All that 'appened there was that I let myself get what I might call rather 'asty. I been thinking it over, and I've got nothing against the feller."

This was true. Sleep, which knits up the raveled sleave of care, had done much to soothe the troubled spirit of Hash Todhunter. The healing effect of a night's slumber had been to convince him that he had wronged Claire. He proceeded to get Sam's expert views on this.

"Suppose it was this way, Sam: Suppose a feller's young lady went and give another feller a cup of hot tea and cut him a slice of cake. That wouldn't 'ave to mean that she was flirting with 'im, would it?"

"Not at all," said Sam warmly. "Far from it. I would call it evidence of the kind heart rather than the frivolous mind."

"Ah!"

"I may be dangerously modern," said Sam, "but my view—and I give it fearlessly—is that a girl may cut many a slice of cake and still remain a good, sweet, womanly woman."

"You see," argued Hash, "he was wet."

"Who was wet?"

"This feller Twist. Along of washing the dog. And Claire, she took and give him a nice cup of hot tea and a slice of cake. Upset me at the time, I'll own, but I see where maybe I done 'er an injustice."

"You certainly did, Hash. That girl is always doing that sort of thing out of pure nobility of nature. Why, the first morning I was here she gave me a complete breakfast—eggs, bacon, toast, coffee, marmalade and everything."

"No; did she?"

"You bet she did. She's a jewel, and you're lucky to get her."

"Ah!" said Hash with fervor.

He gathered up the tray alertly and bore it downstairs to the kitchen, where Chimp Twist eyed him warily. Although on his return to the house on the previous night Chimp had suffered no injury at Hash's hands, he attributed this solely to the intervention of Sam, who had insisted on a formal reconciliation; and he had just heard the front door bang behind Sam. A nervous man who shrank from personal violence, particularly when it promised to be so one-sided as in his present society, Chimp felt apprehensive.

He was reassured by the geniality of his companion's manner.

"Nice day," said Hash.

"Lovely," said Chimp, relieved.

"'As that dog 'ad 'er breakfast?"

"She was eating a shoe when I saw her last."

"Ah, well, maybe that'll do her till dinnertime. Nice dog."

"Yes, yes."

"Nice weather."

"Yes, yes."

"If the rain 'olds off it'll be a regular nice day."

"It certainly will."

"And if it rains," continued Hash, sunnily optimistic, "I see by the paper that the farmers need it."

It was a scene which would have rejoiced the heart of Henry Ford or any other confirmed peacemaker; and Chimp, swift, in his canny fashion, to take advantage of his companion's miraculous cordiality, put a tentative question:

"Sleep well last night?"

"Like a top."

"So did I. Say," said Chimp enthusiastically, "that's a swell bed I've got."

"Ah?"

"Yes, sir, that's one swell bed. And a dandy room too. And I been thinking it over, and it don't seem right that I should have that dandy room and that swell bed, seeing that I came here after you. So what say we exchange?"

"Change rooms?"

"Yes, sir; you have my swell big front room and I have your poky little back room."

The one fault which undoes diplomatists more than any other is the temptation to be too elaborate. If it had been merely a case of exchanging rooms, as two medieval monarchs, celebrating a truce, might have exchanged chargers and suits of armor, Hash would probably have consented. He would have thought it silly, but he would have done it by way of a gesture indicating his opinion of the world's excellence this morning and of his desire to show Mr. Twist that he had forgiven him and wished him well. But the way the other put it made it impossible for any man feeling as generous and amiable as he did to become a party to a scheme for turning this charming fellow out of a swell front room and putting him in a poky back one.

"Couldn't do it," he said.

"I cert'nly wish you would."

"No," said Hash. "No; couldn't do it."

Chimp sighed and returned to his solitaire. Hash, full of the milk of human kindness, went out into the garden. It had occurred to him that at about this time of day Claire generally took a breather in the open after the rough work of making the beds. She was strolling up and down the gravel path.

"Hullo," she said.

"Hullo," said Hash. "Nice day."

A considerable proportion of the pathos of life comes from the misunderstandings that arise between male and female through the inability of a man with an untrained voice to convey the emotions underlying his words. Hash supposed that he had spoken in a way that would show Claire that he considered her an angel of light and a credit to her sex. If he was slightly more formal than usual, that was because he was feeling embarrassed at the thought of the injustice he had done her at their last meeting.

Claire, however, noting the formality for it was customary with him to couch his morning's greeting in some such phrase as "Hullo, ugly!" or "What cheer, face!" attributed it to that growing coldness of which she had recently become aware. Her heart sank. She became provocative.

"How's Mr. Twist this morning?"

"Oh, he's fine."

"Not been quarreling with him, have you?"

"Who, me?" cried Hash, shocked. "Why, him and me is the best of friends!"

"Oh?"

"We just been having a chat."

"About me?"

"No; about the weather and the dog and how well we slept last night."

Claire scraped at the gravel with the toe of her shoe

"Oh! Well, I've got to go and wash the dishes," she said. "Goo' mornin'."

xxx

HASH TODHUNTER was not a swift-thinking man. Nor was he one of those practiced amateurs of the sex who can read volumes in a woman's glance and see in a flash exactly what she means when she scrapes arabesques on a gravel path with the toe of her shoe. For some three hours and more, therefore, he remained in a state of perfect content. And then suddenly, while smoking a placid after-luncheon pipe, his mood changed and there began to seep into the hinterlands of his mind the idea that in Claire's manner at their recent meeting there had been something decidedly peculiar.

He brooded over this; and as the lunch which he had cooked and eaten fought what was for the moment a winning battle with his organs of digestion, there crept over him a somber alarm. Slowly, but with a persistence not to be denied, the jealousy of which sleep had cured him began to return. He blew out a cloud of tobacco smoke and through it stared bleakly at Chimp Twist, who was in a reverie on the other side of the kitchen table.

It came to him, not for the first time, that he did not like Chimp's looks. Handsome not even his mother could have called Chimp Twist; and yet there was about him a certain something calculated to inspire uneasiness in an engaged man. He had that expression in his eyes which home wreckers wear in the movies. A human snake, if ever there was one, felt Hash, as his interior mechanism strove vainly to overcome that which he had thrust upon it.

Nor did his recollection of Claire's conversation bring any reassurance. So brief it had been that he could remember everything she had said. And it had all been about that black-hearted little object across the table.

"How's Mr. Twist this morning?" A significant question. "Not been quarreling with him, have you?" A fishy remark. And then he had said that they had been having a chat, and she had asked, "About me?"

So moved was Hash by the recollection of this that he took the pipe out of his mouth and addressed his companion with an abruptness that was almost violent:

"Hey!"

Chimp looked up with a start. He had been pondering whether it might not possibly come within the scope of an odd-job man's duties to put a ladder against the back of the house and climb up it and slap a coat of paint on the window frame of the top back room. Then, when Hash was cooking dinner ——

"Hullo?" he said, blinking. He was surprised to see that the other, who had been geniality itself during lunch, was regarding him with a cold and suspicious hostility.

"Want to ask you something," said Hash.

"Spill it," said Chimp, and smiled nervously.

It was an unfortunate thing for him to have done, for he did not look his best when smiling. It seemed to Hash that his smile was furtive and cunning.

"Want to know," said Hash, "if there are any larks on?"

"Eh?"

"You and my young lady next door—there's nothing what you might call between you, is there?"

"'Course not!" cried Chimp in agitation.

"Well," said Hash weightily, "there better hadn't be. See?"

He rose, feeling a little better, and, his suspicions being momentarily quieted, he proceeded to the garden, where he chirruped for a while over the fence.

This producing no response, he climbed the fence and peeped in through the kitchen window of San Rafael. The kitchen was empty.

"Gone for a walk," diagnosed Hash, and felt a sense of injury. If Claire wanted to go for a walk, why hadn't she asked him to come too? He did not like it. It seemed to him that love must have grown cold. He returned to Mon Repos and embarrassed the sensitive Mr. Twist by staring at him for twenty minutes almost without a blink.

Claire had not gone for a walk. She had taken the 12:10 train to Victoria and had proceeded thence to Mr. Braddock's house in John Street. It was her intention to put the facts before her mother and from that experienced woman to seek advice in this momentous crisis of her life. Her faith in Aunt Ysobel had not weakened, but there is never any harm done by getting the opinion of a second specialist. For Claire's uneasiness had been growing ever since that talk with Hash across the fence that morning. His manner had seemed to her peculiar. Nor did her recollection of his conversation bring any reassurance.

"How's Mr. Twist this morning?" she had asked. And instead of looking like one about to joust, he had replied heartily, "Oh, he's fine." A disturbing remark.

And then he had gone on to say that he and Chimp were the best of friends. It was with tight lips and hard eyes that Claire, replying absently to the paternal badinage of Sleddon, the butler, made her way into her mother's presence. Mrs. Lippett, consulted, proved uncompromisingly pro-Aunt Ysobel.

"That's what I call a sensible woman, Clara."

"Claire," corrected her daughter mechanically.

"She knows."

"That's what I think."

"Ah, she's suffered, that woman has," said Mrs. Lippett. "You can see that. Stands to reason she couldn't know so much about life if she hadn't suffered."

"Then you'd go on testing him?" said Claire anxiously.

"Test him more and more," said Mrs. Lippett. "There's no other way. You've got to remember, dearie, that your Clarence is a sailor, and sailors has to be handled firm. They say sailors don't care. I say they must be made to care. That's what I say."

Claire made the return journey on an omnibus.

For purposes of thought there is nothing like a ride on the top of an omnibus. By four o'clock, when the vehicle put her down at the corner of Burberry Road, her resolution was as chilled steel and she had got her next move all planned out. She went into the kitchen for a few moments, and coming out into the garden, perceived Hash roaming the lawn of Mon Repos.

"Hi!" she called, and into her voice managed to project a note of carefree liveliness.

"Where you been?" inquired Hash.

"I been up seeing mother. . . . Is Mr. Twist indoors?"

"What do you want with Mr. Twist?"

"Just wanted to give him this—something I promised him."

This was an envelope, lilac in color and scent, and Hash, taking it and gazing upon it as he might have gazed upon an adder nestling in his palm, made a disturbing discovery.

"There's something inside this."

"Of course there is. If there wasn't, what 'ud I be giving it him for?"

Hash's fingers kneaded the envelope restlessly.

"What you writing to him about?"

"Never mind."

"There's something else inside this 'ere envelope besides a letter. There's something that sort of crinkles when you squeeze it."

"Just a little present I promised to give him."

(Continued on Page 154)

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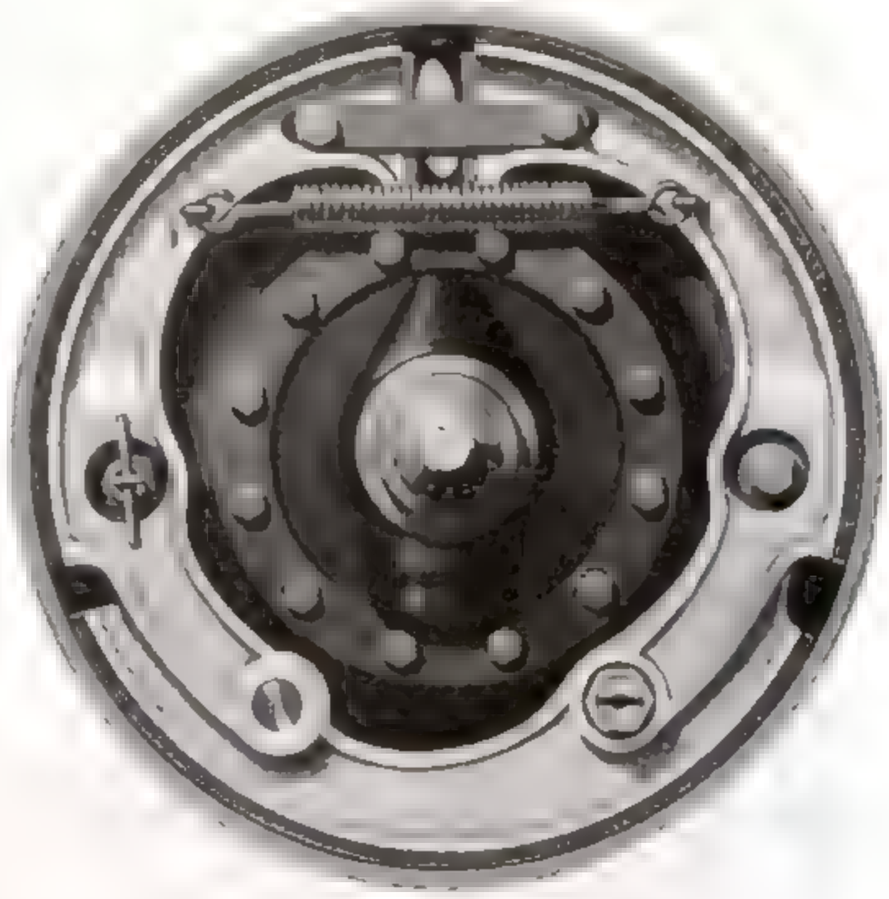

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(Continued from Page 151)

A monstrous suspicion flamed in Hash Todhunter's mind. It seemed inconceivable, and yet —— He tore open the envelope and found his suspicion fulfilled. Between his fingers there dangled a lock of tow-colored hair.

"When you've finished opening other people's letters ——" said Claire.

She looked at him, hopefully at first, and then with a growing despair. For Hash's face was wooden and expressionless.

"I'm glad," said Hash huskily at length. "I been worried, but now I'm not worried. I been worried because I was worrying about you and me not being suited to one another and 'aving acted 'asty; but now I'm not worried, because I see there's another feller you're fond of, so the worry about what was to be done and everything don't worry me no more. He's in the kitchen," said Hash in a gentle rumble. "I'll give him this and explain 'ow it come to be opened in error."

Nothing could have exceeded the dignity of his manner, but there are moments when women chafe at masculine dignity.

"Aren't you going to knock his head off?" demanded Claire distractedly.

"Me?" said Hash, looking as nearly as he could like the picture of Saint Sebastian in the Louvre. "Me? Why should I knock the pore feller's 'ead off? I'm glad. Because I was worried, and now I'm not worried—see what I mean?"

Before Claire's horrified eyes and through a world that rocked and danced, he strode toward the kitchen of Mon Repos, bearing the envelope daintily between finger and thumb. He seemed calm and at peace. He looked as if he might be humming.

Inside the kitchen, however, his manner changed. Chump Twist, glancing up from his solitaire, observed in the doorway, staring down at him, a face that seemed to his excited imagination to have been equipped with searchlights instead of eyes. Beneath these searchlights was a mouth that appeared to be gnashing its teeth. And from this mouth, in a brief interval of gnashing, proceeded dreadful words.

The first that can be printed were the words "Put 'em up!"

Mr. Twist, rising, slid like an eel to the other side of the table.

"What's the matter?" he demanded in considerable agitation.

"I'll show you what's the matter," said Hash, after another verbal interlude which no compositor would be allowed by his union to set up. "Come out from behind that table like a man and put your 'ands up!"

Mr. Twist rejected this invitation.

"I'm going to take your 'ead," continued Hash, sketching out his plans, "and I'm going to pull it off, and then ——"

What he proposed to do after this did not intrigue Chimp. He foiled a sudden dash with an inspired leap.

"Come 'ere," said Hash coaxingly.

His mind clearing a little, he perceived that the root of the trouble, the obstacle which was standing in the way of his aims, was the table. It was a heavy table, but with a sharp heave he tilted it on its side and pushed it toward the stove. Chimp, his first line of defense thus demolished, shot into the open, and Hash was about to make another offensive movement when the dog Amy, who had been out in the garden making a connoisseur's inspection of the dustbin, strolled in and observed with pleasure that a romp was in progress.

Amy was by nature a thoughtful dog. Most of her time, when she was not eating or sleeping, she spent in wandering about with wrinkled forehead, puzzling over the cosmos. But she could unbend. Like so many philosophers, she loved an occasional frolic, and this one appeared to be of exceptional promise.

The next moment Hash, leaping forward, found his movements impeded by what seemed like several yards of dog. It was hard for him to tell without sorting the tangle out whether she was between his legs or leaning on his shoulders. Certainly she was licking his face; but on the other hand, he had just kicked her with a good deal of violence, which seemed to indicate that she was on a lower level.

"Get out!" cried Hash.

The remark was addressed to Amy, but the advice it contained was so admirable that Chimp Twist acted on it without hesitation. In the swirl of events he had found himself with a clear path to the door, and along this path he shot without delay. And not until he had put the entire length of Burberry Road between him and his apparently insane aggressor did he pause.

Then he mopped his forehead and said "Gee!"

It seemed to Chimp Twist that a long walk was indicated—a walk so long that by the time he reached Mon Repos again, Sam, his preserver, would have returned and would be on the spot to protect him.

Hash, meanwhile, raged, baffled. He had extricated himself from Amy and had rushed out into the road, but long ere that his victim had disappeared. He went back to try to find Amy and rebuke her, but Amy had disappeared too. In spite of her general dreaminess, there was sterling common sense in Amy. She knew when and when not to be among those present.

Hash returned to his kitchen and remained there, seething. He had been seething for perhaps a quarter of an hour, when the front doorbell rang. He climbed the stairs gloomily; and such was his disturbed frame of mind that not even the undeniable good looks of the visitor who had rung could soothe him.

"Mr. Shotter in?"

He recognized her now. It was the young party that had called on the previous evening, asking for Sam. And, as on that occasion, he seemed to see through the growing darkness the same sturdy male person hovering about in the shadows.

"No, miss, he ain't."

"Expecting him back soon?"

"No, miss, I ain't. He's gone to the theater, to a mat-i-nay."

"Ah," said the lady, "is that so?" And she made a sudden, curious gesture with her parasol.

"Sorry," said Hash, melting a little, for her eyes were very bright.

"Can't be helped. You all alone here then?"

"Yes."

"Tough luck."

"Oh, I don't mind, miss," said Hash, pleased by her sympathy.

"Well, I won't keep you. 'Devening."

"'Evening, miss."

Hash closed the door. Whistling a little, for his visitor had lightened somehow the depression which was gnawing at him, he descended the stairs and entered the kitchen.

Something which appeared at first acquaintance to be the ceiling, the upper part of the house and a ton of bricks thrown in for good measure hit Hash on the head and he subsided gently on the floor.

XXXI

SOAPY MOLLOY came to the front door and opened it. He was a little pale, and he breathed heavily.

"All right?" said his wife eagerly.

"All right."

"Tied him up?"

"With a clothesline."

"How about if he hollers?"

"I've put a duster in his mouth."

"At-a-boy!" said Mrs. Molloy. "Then let's get action."

They climbed the stairs to where the cistern stood, and Mr. Molloy, removing his coat, rolled up his sleeves.

Some minutes passed, and then Mr. Molloy, red in the face and wet in the arm, made a remark.

"But it must be there!" cried his wife.

"It isn't."

"You haven't looked."

"I've looked everywhere. There couldn't be a toothpick in that thing without I'd have found it." He expelled a long breath, his face bleak. "Know what I think?"

(Continued on Page 157)

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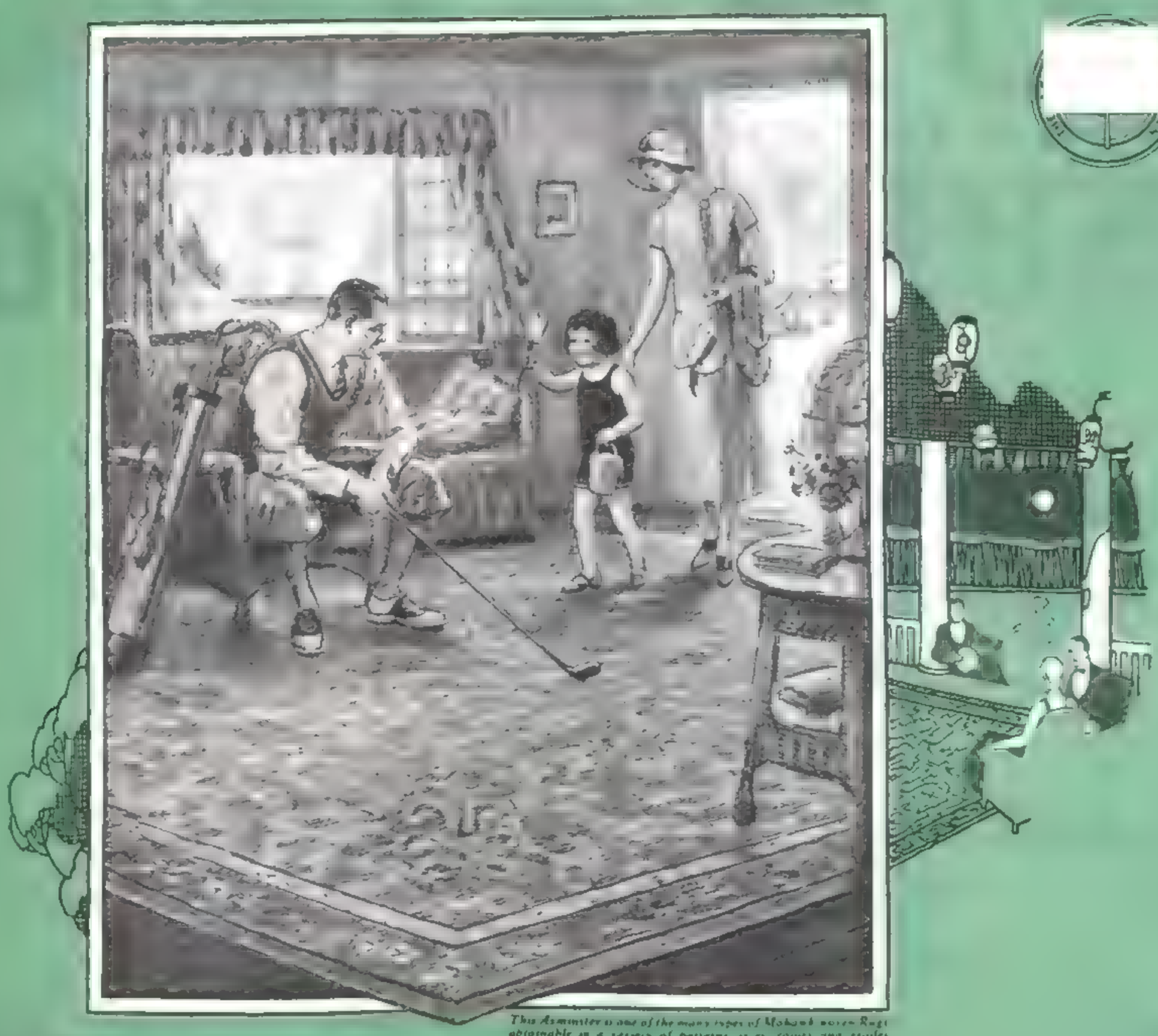

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(Continued from Page 154)

"What?"

"That little oil can, Chimp, has slipped one over on us—told us the wrong place."

The plausibility of this theory was so obvious that Mrs. Molloy made no attempt to refute it. She bit her lip in silence.

"Then let's you and me get busy and find the right place," she said at length, with the splendid fortitude of a great woman. "We know the stuff's in the house somewheres, and we got the place to ourselves."

"It's taking a chance," said Mr. Molloy doubtfully. "Suppose somebody was to come and find us here."

"Well, then, all you would do would be to just simply haul off and bust them one, same as you did the hired man."

"'M, yes," said Mr. Molloy.

XXXII

THE unwelcome discovery of the perfidy of Chimp Twist had been made by Mr. Molloy and his bride at about twenty minutes past four. At 4:30 a natty two-seater car drew up at the gate of San Rafael and Willoughby Braddock alighted. Driving aimlessly about the streets of London some forty minutes earlier, and feeling rather at a loose end, it had occurred to him that a pleasant way of passing the evening would be to go down to Valley Fields and get Kay to give him a cup of tea.

Mr. Braddock was in a mood of the serenest happiness. And if this seems strange, seeing that only recently he had had a proposal of marriage rejected, it should be explained that he had regretted that hasty proposal within two seconds of dropping the letter in the letter box. And he had come to the conclusion that, much as he liked Kay, what had induced him to offer her his hand and heart had been the fact that he had had a good deal of champagne at dinner and that its after effects had consisted of a sort of wistful melancholy which had removed for the time his fundamental distaste for matrimony. He did not want matrimony; he wanted adventure. He had not yet entirely abandoned hope that some miracle might occur to remove Mrs. Lippett from the scheme of things, and when that happened, he wished to be free.

Yes, felt Willoughby Braddock, everything had turned out extremely well. He pushed open the gate of San Rafael with the debonair flourish of a man without entanglements. As he did so, the front door opened and Mr. Wrenn came out.

"Oh, hullo," said Mr. Braddock. "Kay in?"

"I am afraid not," said Mr. Wrenn. "She has gone to the theater." Politeness to a visitor wrestled with the itch to be away. "I fear I have an engagement also, for which I am already a little late. I promised Cornelius ——"

"That's all right. I'll go in next door and have a chat with Sam Shotter."

"He has gone to the theater with Kay."

"A washout, in short," said Mr. Braddock with undiminished cheerfulness. "Right-ho! Then I'll pop."

"But, my dear fellow, you mustn't run away like this," said Mr. Wrenn with remorse. "Why don't you come in and have a cup of tea and wait for Kay? Claire will bring you some if you ring."

"Something in that," agreed Mr. Braddock. "Sound, very sound."

He spoke a few genial words of farewell and proceeded to the drawing-room, where he rang the bell. Nothing ensuing, he went to the top of the kitchen stairs and called down.

"I say!" Silence from below. "I say!" fluted Mr. Braddock once more, and now it seemed to him that the silence had been broken by a sound—a rummy sound—a sound that was like somebody sobbing.

He went down the stairs. It was somebody sobbing.

Bunched up on a chair, with her face buried in her arms, that weird girl Claire was crying like the dickens.

"I say!" said Mr. Braddock.

There is this peculiar quality about tears—that they can wash away in a moment the animosity of a lifetime. For years Willoughby Braddock had been on terms of distant hostility with this girl. Even apart from the fact that that affair of the onion had not ceased to rankle in his bosom, there had been other causes of war between them. Mr. Braddock still suspected that it was Claire who, when on the occasion of his eighteenth birthday he had called at Midways in a top hat, had flung a stone at that treasured object from the recesses of a shrubbery. One of those things impossible of proof, the outrage had been allowed to become a historic mystery; but Willoughby Braddock had always believed the hidden hand to be Claire's, and his attitude toward her from that day had been one of stiff disapproval.

But now, seeing her weeping and broken before him, with all the infernal cheek which he so deprecated swept away on a wave of woe, his heart softened. It has been a matter of much speculation among historians what Wellington would have done if Napoleon had cried at Waterloo.

"I say," said Mr. Braddock, "what's the matter? Anything up?"

The sound of his voice seemed to penetrate Claire's grief. She sat up and looked at him damply.

"Oh, Mr. Braddock," she moaned, "I'm so wretched! I am so miserable, Mr. Braddock!"

"There, there!" said Willoughby Braddock.

"How was I to know?"

"Know what?"

"I couldn't tell."

"Tell which?"

"I never had a notion he would act like that"

"Who would like what?"

"Hash."

"You've spoiled the hash?" said Mr. Braddock, still out of his depth.

"My Hash—Clarence. He took it the wrong way."

At last Mr. Braddock began to see daylight. She had cooked hash for this Clarence, whoever he might be, and he had swallowed it in so erratic a manner that it had choked him.

"Is he dead?" he asked in a hushed voice.

A piercing scream rang through the kitchen.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"My dear old soul!"

"He wouldn't do that, would he?"

"Do what?"

"Oh, Mr. Braddock, do say he wouldn't do that!"

"What do you mean by 'that'?"

"Go and kill himself."

"Who?"

"Hash."

Willoughby Braddock removed the perfectly folded silk handkerchief from his breast pocket and passed it across his forehead.

"Look here," he said limply, "you couldn't tell me the whole thing from the beginning in a few simple words, could you?"

He listened with interest as Claire related the events of the day.

"Then Clarence is Hash?" he said.

"Yes."

"And Hash is Clarence?"

"Yes; everyone calls him Hash."

"That was what was puzzling me," said Mr. Braddock, relieved. "That was the snag that I got up against all the time. Now that that is clear, we can begin to examine this thing in a calm and judicial spirit. Let's see if I've got it straight. You read this stuff in the paper and started testing him—is that right?"

"Yes. And instead of jousting, he just turned all cold-like and broke off the engagement."

"I see. Well, dash it, the thing's simple. All you want is for some polished man of the world to take the blighter aside and appruse him of the facts. Shall I pop round and see him now?"

Claire's tear-stained face lit up as if a light had been switched on behind her eyes. She eyed Mr. Braddock devotedly.

"Oh, if you only would!"

"Of course I will—like a shot."

"Oh, you are good! I'm sorry I threw that onion at you, Mr. Braddock."

"Fault's on both sides," said Mr. Braddock magnanimously. "Now you stop crying, like a good girl, and powder your nose and all that, and I'll have the lad round all pleasant and correct in a couple of minutes."

He patted Claire's head in a brotherly fashion and trotted out through the back door.

A few minutes later, Mr. and Mrs. Molloy, searching feverishly in the drawing-room of Mon Repos, heard a distant tinkle and looked at each other with a wild surmise.

"It's the back doorbell," said Dolly.

"I told you," said Mr. Molloy somberly. "I knew this would happen. What'll we do?"

Mrs. Molloy was not the woman to be shaken for long.

"Why, go downstairs and answer it," she said. "It's prob'ly only a tradesman come with a loaf of bread or something. He'll think you're the help."

"And if he doesn't," replied Mr. Molloy with some bitterness, "I suppose I bust him one with the meat ax. Looks to me as if I shall have to lay out the whole darned population of this blamed place before I'm through."

"Sweetie mustn't be cross."

"Sweetie's about fed up," said Mr. Molloy somberly.

XXXIII

EXPECTING, when he opened the back door, to see a tradesman with a basket on his arm, Soapy Molloy found no balm to his nervous system in the apparition of a young man of the leisured classes in a faultlessly cut gray suit. He gaped at Mr. Braddock.

"Hullo," said Mr. Braddock.

"Hullo," said Soapy.

"Are you Hash?" inquired the ambassador.

"Pardon?"

"Is your name Clarence?"

In happier circumstances Soapy would have denied the charge indignantly; but now he decided that it was politic to be whatever anyone wished him to be.

"That's me, brother," he said.

Mr. Braddock greatly disliked being called brother, but he made no comment.

"Well, I just buzzed round," he said, "to tell you that everything's all right."

Soapy was far from agreeing with him. He was almost equally far from understanding a word that this inexplicable visitor was saying. He coughed loudly, to drown a strangled sound that had proceeded from the gagged and bound Hash, whom he had deposited in a corner by the range.

"That's good," he said.

"About the girl, I mean. Claire, you know. I was in the kitchen next door a moment ago, and she was crying and howling and all that because she thought you didn't love her any more."

"Too bad," said Mr. Molloy.

"It seems," went on Mr. Braddock, "that she read something in a paper, written by some silly ass, which said that she ought to test your affection by pretending to flirt with some other cove. And when she did, you broke off the engagement. And the gist, if you understand me, of what I buzzed round to say is that she loves you still and was only fooling when she sent that other bloke the lock of hair."

"Ah?" said Mr. Molloy.

"So it's all right, isn't it?"

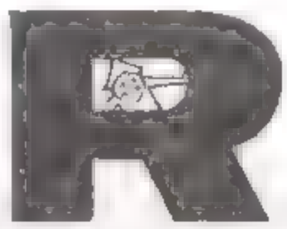
"It's all right by me," said Mr. Molloy, wishing—for it sounded interesting—that he knew what all this was about.

"Then that's that, what?"

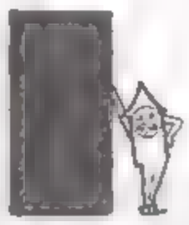
"You said it, brother."

Mr. Braddock paused. He seemed disappointed at a certain lack of emotion on his companion's part.

Wrigley's is as beneficial as it is pleasant and lasting.



Regular use of it will aid the teeth, appetite and digestion.



It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that cause decay.

Good gum is good for you – doctors and dentists affirm this.

Let the children have Wrigley's for lasting pleasure and benefit.

Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's - after every meal.

You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.

Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's. F 33

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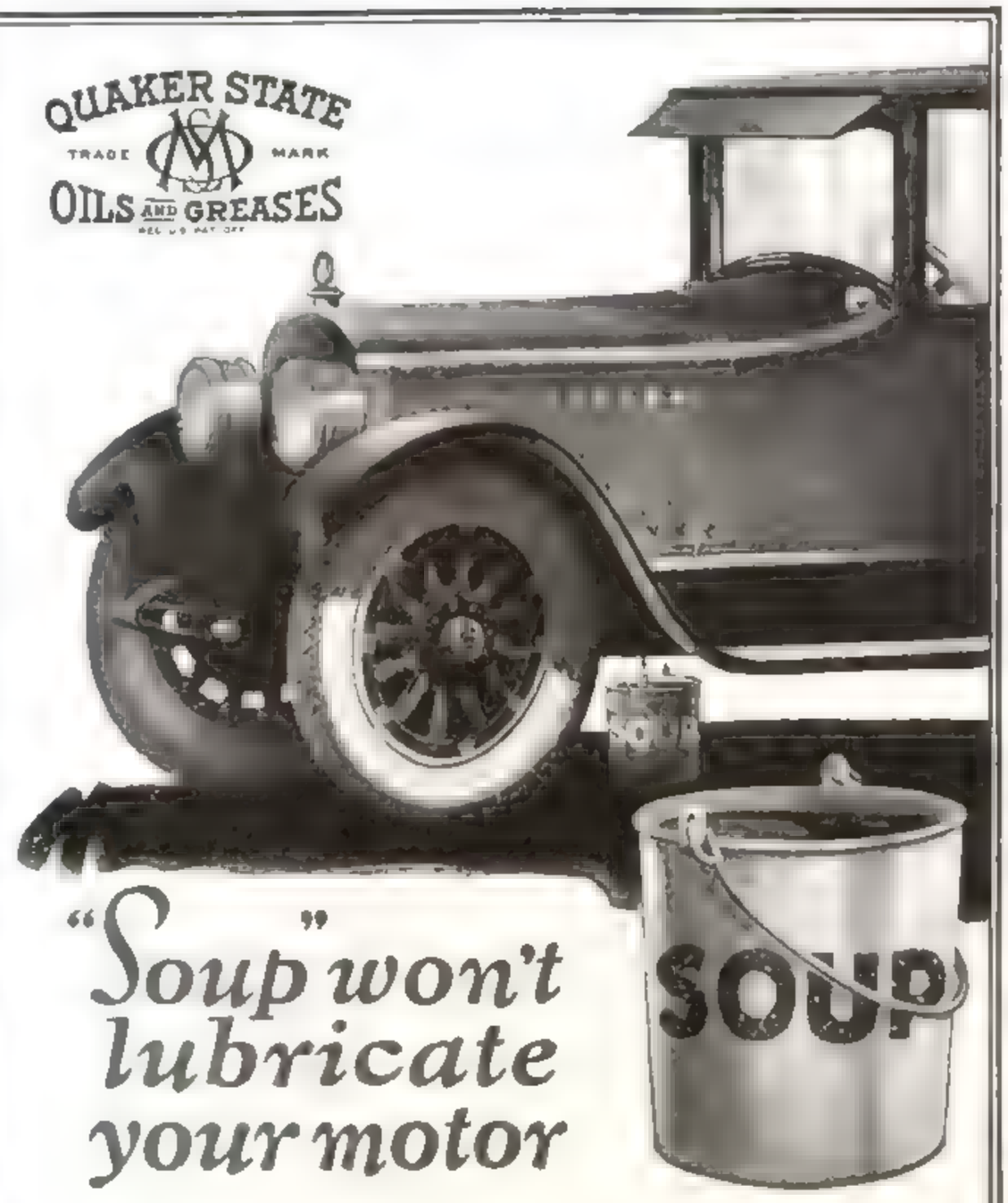

"Soup won't lubricate your motor

LUBRICATING OIL which has been cut by raw gasoline leaking past the rings, or has lost its body under the heat and friction of running, is called "Soup."

Any oil can become "soupy" in time—the real question is, how much "soup" do you start with? Quaker State believes that ordinary oils start with about 28% of "soup"—for that is the percentage that Quaker State discards with its exclusive *super-refining* process that starts in at the point where ordinary refining stops.

Quaker State Motor Oil is *all* lubricant. Its tough, adherent film cushions and protects cylinders and bearings. It keeps the gasoline where it belongs—up in the explosion chamber working for you, instead of seeping down to fill your crankcase with "soup."

Quaker State costs more by the gallon—you can't expect Quaker State *super-refining* and Quaker State quality at the price of cheap oils—but it costs less by the mile. And, as a bonus, you get a better acting car that runs longer, at a lower operating and repair cost. Ask for Quaker State at your garage or filling station.

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"She's rather expecting you to dash round right away, you know—fold her in your arms, and all that."

This was a complication which Soapy had not foreseen.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I've a lot of work to do around this house and I don't quite see how I can get away. Say, listen, brother, you tell her I'll be round later on in the evening."

"All right. I'm glad everything's satisfactory. She's a nice girl really."

"None better," said Mr. Molloy generously.

"I still think she threw a stone at my top hat that day, but dash it," said Mr. Braddock warmly, "let the dead past bury its dead, what?"

"Couldn't do a wiser thing," said Mr. Molloy.

He closed the door; and having breathed a little stertorously, mounted the stairs.

"Who was it?" called Dolly.

"Some nut babbling about a girl."

"Oh? Well, I'm having a hunt round in the best bedroom. You go on looking in the drawing-room."

Soapy turned his steps toward the drawing-room, but he did not reach it. For as he was preparing to cross the threshold, the front doorbell rang.

It seemed to Soapy that he was being called upon to endure more than man was ever intended to bear. That, at least, was his view as he dragged his reluctant feet to the door. It was only when he opened it that he realized that he had underestimated the malevolence of fate. Standing on the top step was a policeman.

"Hell!" cried Soapy. And while we blame him for the intemperate ejaculation, we must in fairness admit that the situation seemed to call for some such remark. He stood goggling, a chill like the stroke of an icy finger running down his spine.

"'Evening, sir," said the policeman. "Mr. Shotter?"

Soapy's breath returned.

"That's me," he said huskily. This thing, coming so soon after his unrehearsed impersonation of Hash Todhunter, made him feel the sort of dizzy feeling which a small-part actor must experience who has to open a play as Jervis, a footman, and then rush up to his dressing room, make a complete change and return five minutes later as Lord George Spelvin, one of Lady Hemmingway's guests at The Towers.

The policeman fumbled in the recesses of his costume.

"Noo resident, sir, I think?"

"Yes."

"Then you will doubtless be glad," said the policeman, shutting his eyes and beginning to speak with great rapidity, as if he were giving evidence in court, "of the opportunity to support a charitibulorganization which is not only most deserving in itself but is connected with a body of men to 'oom you as a nouse'older will be the first to admit that you owe the safety of your person and the tranquillity of your home. The police," explained the officer, opening his eyes.

Mr. Molloy did not look on the force in quite this light, but he could not hurt the man's feelings by saying so.

"This charitibulorganizationtowhichIallude," resumed the constable, shutting his eyes again, "is the Policeman's Orphanage, for which I have been told off—one of several others—to sell tickets for the annual concert of, to be 'eld at the Oddfellows 'All in Ogilvy Street on the coming sixteenth prox. Tickets, which may be purchased in any quantity or number, consist of the five-shilling ticket, the three-shilling ticket, the two-shilling ticket, the one-shilling ticket and the sixpenny ticket." He opened his eyes. "May I have the pleasure of selling you and your good lady a couple of the five-shilling?"

"If I may add such weight as I possess to the request, I should certainly advocate the purchase, Mr. Shotter. It is a most excellent and deserving charity."

The speaker was a gentleman in clerical dress who had appeared from nowhere and was standing at the constable's side. His voice caused Soapy a certain relief; for when, a moment before, a second dark figure had suddenly manifested itself on the top step, he had feared that the strain of the larger life was causing him to see double.

"I take it that I am addressing Mr. Shotter?" continued the newcomer. He was a hatchet-faced man with penetrating eyes and for one awful moment he had looked to Soapy exactly like Sherlock Holmes. "I have just taken up my duties as vicar of this parish, and I am making a little preliminary round of visits so that I may become acquainted with my parishioners. Mr. Cornelius, the house agent, very kindly gave me a list of names. May I introduce myself?—the Rev. Aubrey Jerningham."

It has been well said that the world knows little of its greatest men. This name, which would have thrilled Kay Derrick, made no impression upon Soapy Molloy. He was not a great reader; and when he did read, it was something a little lighter and more on the zippy side than Is There a Hell?

"How do?" he said gruffly.

"And 'ow many of the five-shilling may I sell you and your good lady?" inquired the constable. His respect for the cloth had kept him silent through the recent conversation, but now he seemed to imply that business is business.

"It is a most excellent charity," said the Rev. Aubrey, edging past Soapy in spite of that sufferer's feeble effort to block the way. "And I understand that several highly competent performers will appear on the platform. I am right, am I not, officer?"

"Yes, sir, you are quite right. In the first part of the program Constable Purvis will render the 'Oly City—no, I'm a liar, Asleep on the Deep; Constable Jukes will render imitations of well-known footlight celebrities 'oo are familiartoyouall; Inspector Oakshott will render conjuring tricks; Constable ——"

"An excellent evening's entertainment, in fact," said the Rev. Aubrey. "I am taking the chair, I may mention."

"And the vicar is taking the chair," said the policeman, swift to seize upon this added attraction. "So 'ow many of the five-shilling may I sell you and your good lady, sir?"

Soapy, like Chimp, was a thrifty man; and apart from the expense, his whole soul shrank from doing anything even remotely calculated to encourage the force. Nevertheless, he perceived that there was no escape and decided that it remained only to save as much as possible from the wreck.

"Gimme one," he said, and the words seemed to be torn from him.

"One only?" said the constable disappointedly. "'Ow about your good lady?"

"I'm not married."

"'Ow about your sister?"

"I haven't a sister."

"Then 'ow about if you 'appen to meet one of your gentlemen friends at the club and he expresses a wish to come along?"

"Gimme one!" said Soapy.

The policeman gave him one, received the money, returned a few genial words of thanks and withdrew. Soapy, going back into the house, was acutely disturbed to find that the vicar had come too.

"A most deserving charity," said the vicar.

Soapy eyed him bleakly. How did one get rid of vicars? Short of employing his bride's universal panacea and hauling off and busting him one, Soapy could not imagine.

"Have you been a resident of Valley Fields long, Mr. Shotter?"

"No."

"I hope we shall see much of each other."

"Do you?" said Soapy wanly.

"The first duty of a clergyman, in my opinion ——"

Mr. Molloy had no notion of what constituted the first duty of a clergyman, and he was destined never to find out. For at

(Continued on Page 161)

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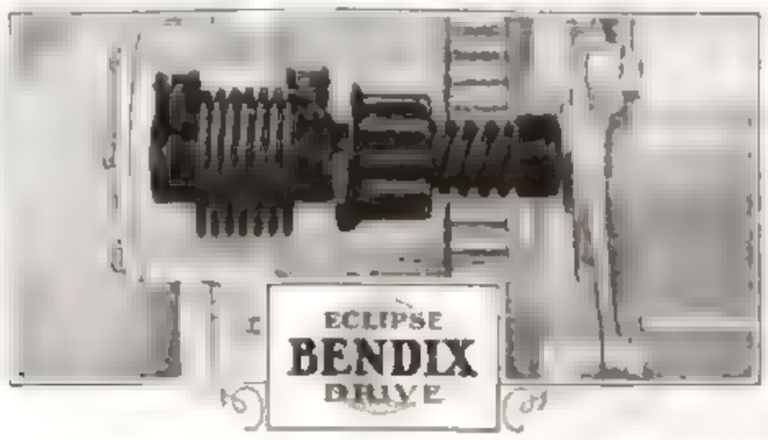

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In the car we do not dare relax. At any moment a hole in the road may cause us to be thrown from the seat. We naturally dread those throws. We unconsciously hold and brace—always tensed—always expectant, always prepared—nerves and muscles always more or less taut. No wonder ordinary motoring fatigues!

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The force of spring rebound is determined by the extent of spring compression. And the size and power of the Stabilator brake is likewise determined by the extent of spring compression. Thus the Stabilator brake is proportionate to, and always in complete control of, any rebound force. That is the simple reason why no force can get by Stabilators to throw you. The construction of Stabilators is patented and exclusive.

Motor Relaxed and Arrive Refreshed

(Continued from Page 158)

this moment there came from the regions above, the clear, musical voice of a woman.

"Sweet-ee!"

Mr. Molloy started violently. So did the Rev. Aubrey Jerningham.

"I'm in the bedroom, honey bunch. Come right on up."

A dull flush reddened the Rev. Aubrey's ascetic face.

"I understood you to say that you were not married, Mr. Shotter," he said in a metallic voice.

"No—er—ah ——"

He caught the Rev. Aubrey's eye. He was looking as Sherlock Holmes might have looked had he discovered Doctor Watson stealing his watch.

"No—I—er—ah ——"

It is not given to every man always to do the right thing in trying circumstances. Mr. Molloy may be said at this point definitely to have committed a social blunder. Winking a hideous, distorted wink, he raised the forefinger of his right hand and with a gruesome archness drove it smartly in between his visitor's third and fourth ribs.

"Oh, well, you know how it is," he said thickly.

The Rev. Aubrey Jerningham quivered from head to heel. He drew himself up and looked at Soapy. The finger had given him considerable physical pain, but it was the spiritual anguish that hurt the more.

"I do, indeed, know how it is," he said.

"Man of the world," said Soapy, relieved.

"I will wish you good evening, Mr. Shotter," said the Rev. Aubrey.

The front door banged. Dolly appeared on the landing.

"Why don't you come up?" she said.

"Because I'm going to lie down," said Soapy, breathing heavily.

"What do you mean?"

"I want a rest. I need a rest and I'm going to have it." Dolly descended to the hall.

"Why, you're looking all in, precious!"

"'All in' is right. If I don't ease off for a coupla minutes, you'll have to send for an ambulance."

"Well, I don't know as I won't take a spell myself. It's kinda dusty work, hunting around. I'll go take a breath of air outside at the back. . . . Was that somebody else calling just now?"

"Yes, it was."

"Gee! These people round these parts don't seem to have any homes of their own, do they? Well, I'll be back in a moment, honey. There's a sort of greenhouse place by the back door. Quite likely old Finglass may have buried the stuff there."

XXXIV

THE REV. AUBREY JERNINGHAM crossed the little strip of gravel that served both Mon Repos and San Rafael as a drive and mounted the steps to Mr. Wrenn's front door. He was still quivering.

"Mr. Wrenn?" he asked of the well-dressed young man who answered the ring.

Mr. Braddock shook his head.

This was the second time in the last five minutes that he had been taken for the owner of San Rafael; for while the vicar had worked down Burberry Road from the top, the policeman had started at the bottom and worked up.

"Sorry," he said. "Mr. Wrenn's out."

"I will come in and wait," said the Rev. Aubrey.

"Absolutely," said Mr. Braddock.

He led the way to the drawing-room, feeling something of the embarrassment, though in a slighter degree, which this holy man had inspired in Soapy Molloy. He did not know much about vicars, and rather wondered how he was to keep the conversation going.

"Offer you a cup of tea?"

"No, thank you."

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Braddock apologetically, "I don't know where they keep the whisky."

"I never touch spirits."

Conversation languished. Willoughby Braddock began to find his companion a little damping. Not maty. Seemed to be brooding on something, or Mr. Braddock was very much mistaken.

"You're a clergyman, aren't you, and all that?" he said, after a pause of some moments.

"I am. My name is the Rev. Aubrey Jerningham. I have just taken up my duties as vicar of this parish."

"Ah? Jolly spot."

"Where every prospect pleases," said the Rev. Aubrey, "and only man is vile."

Silence fell once more. Mr. Braddock searched in his mind for genial chatter, and found that he was rather short on clerical small talk.

He thought for a moment of asking his visitor why it was that bishops wore those rummy bootlace-looking things on their hats—a problem that had always perplexed him; but decided that the other might take offense at being urged to give away professional secrets.

"How's the choir coming along?" he asked.

"The choir is quite satisfactory."

"That's good. Organ all right?"

"Quite, thank you."

"Fine!" said Mr. Braddock, feeling that things were beginning to move. "You know, down where I live, in Wiltshire, the local padres always seem to have the deuce of a lot of trouble with their organs. Their church organs, I mean, of course. I'm always getting touched for contributions to organ funds. Why is that? I've often wondered."

The Rev. Aubrey Jerningham forbore to follow him into this field of speculation.

"Then you do not live here, Mr. ——"

"Braddock's my name—Willoughby Braddock. Oh, no, I don't live here. Just calling. Friend of the family."

"Ah? Then you are not acquainted with the—gentleman who lives next door—Mr. Shotter?"

"Oh, yes, I am! Sam Shotter? He's one of my best pals. Known him for years and years and years."

"Indeed? I cannot compliment you upon your choice of associates."

"Why, what's wrong with Sam?" demanded Mr. Braddock.

"Only this, Mr. Braddock," said the Rev. Aubrey, his suppressed wrath boiling over like a kettle: "He is living a life of open sin."

"Open which?"

"Open sin. In the heart of my parish."

"I don't get this. How do you mean—open sin?"

"I have it from this man Shotter's own lips that he is a bachelor."

"Yes, that's right."

"And yet a few minutes ago I called at his house and found that there was a woman residing there."

"A woman?"

"A woman."

"But there can't be. Sam's not that sort of chap. Did you see her?"

"I did not wait to see her. I heard her voice."

"I've got it," said Mr. Braddock acutely. "She must have been a caller; some casual popper-in, you know."

"In that case, what would she be doing in his bedroom?"

"In his bedroom?"

"In—his—bedroom! I came here to warn Mr. Wrenn, who, I understand from Mr. Cornelius, has a young niece, to be most careful to allow nothing in the shape of neighborly relations between the two houses. Do you think that Mr. Wrenn will be returning shortly?"

"I couldn't say. But look here," said Mr. Braddock, troubled, "there must be some mistake.

"You do not know where he is, by any chance?"

"No—yes, I do, though. He said something about going to see Cornelius. I think they play chess together or something. A game," said Mr. Braddock, "which I have never been able to get the hang of. But

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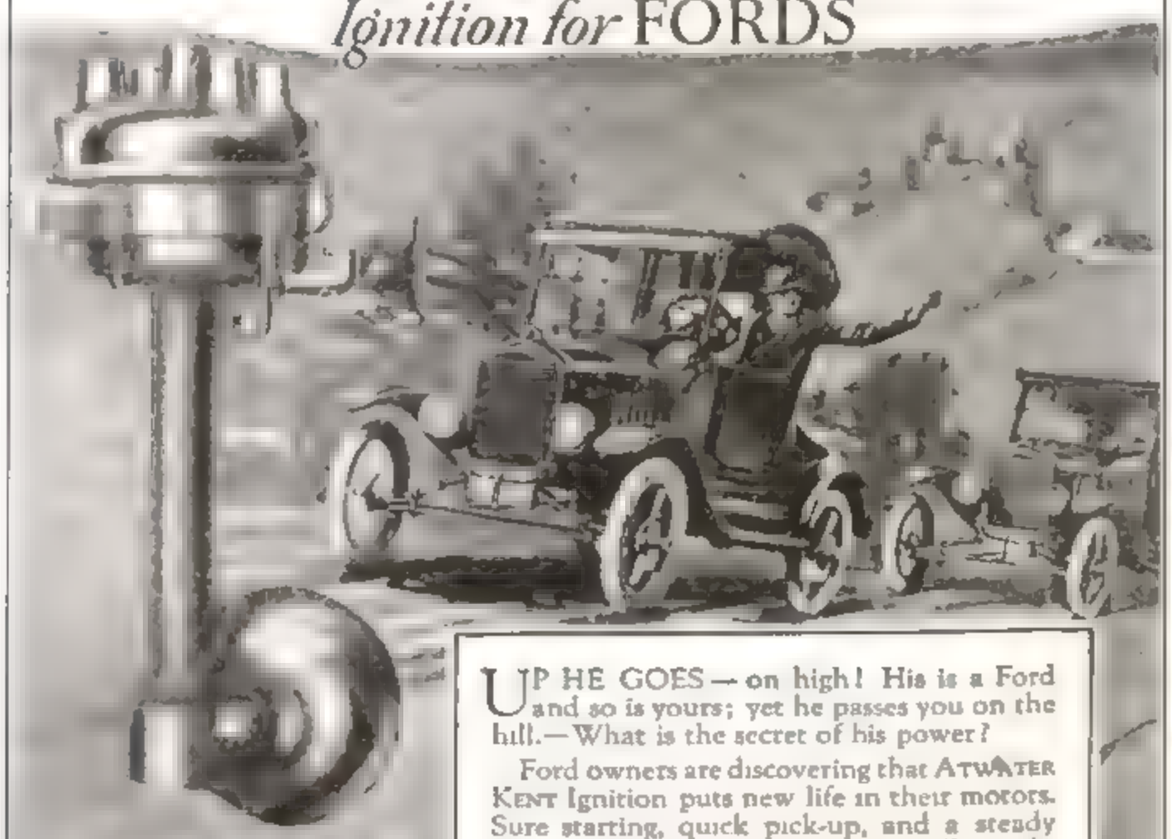

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then I'm not awfully good at those brainy games."

"I will go to Mr. Cornelius' house," said the Rev. Aubrey, rising.

"You don't play mah-jongg, do you?" asked Mr. Braddock. "Now, there's a game that I ——"

"If he is not there, I will return."

Left alone, Willoughby Braddock found that his appetite for tea had deserted him. Claire, grateful for his services, had rather extended herself over the buttered toast, but it had no appeal for him. He lighted a cigarette and went out to fiddle with the machinery of his two-seater, always an assistance to thought.

But even the carburetor, which had one of those fascinating ailments to which carburetors are subject, yielded him no balm. He was thoroughly upset and worried.

He climbed into the car and gave himself up to gloomy meditation, and presently voices down the road announced the return of Kay and Sam.

They were chatting away in the friendliest possible fashion—from where he sat, Willoughby Braddock could hear Kay's clear laugh ringing out happily—and it seemed to Mr. Braddock, though he was no austerer moralist than the rest of his generation, that things were in a position only to be described as a bit thick. He climbed down and waited on the pavement.

"Why, hullo, Willoughby," said Kay. "This is fine. Have you just arrived? Come in and have some tea."

"I've had tea, thanks. That girl Claire gave me some, thanks. . . . I say, Sam, could I have a word with you?"

"Say on," said Sam.

"In private, I mean. You don't mind, Kay?"

"Not a bit. I'll go in and order tea."

Kay disappeared into the house; and Sam, looking at Mr. Braddock, observed with some surprise that his face had turned a vivid red and that his eyes were fastened upon him in a reproachful stare.

"What's up?" he asked, concerned.

Willoughby Braddock cleared his throat.

"You know, Sam ——"

"But I don't," said Sam, as he paused.

"—— you know, Sam, I'm not a—nobody would call me a —— Dash it, now I've forgotten the word!"

"Beauty?" hazarded Sam.

"It's on the tip of my tongue—puritan. That's the word I want. I'm not a puritan. Not strait-laced, you know. But, really, honestly, Sam, old man I mean, dash it all!"

Sam stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"I still don't quite get it, Bradder," he said. "What exactly is the trouble?"

"Well, I mean, on the premises, old boy, absolutely on the premises—is it playing the game? I mean, next door to people who are pals of mine and taking Kay to the theater and generally going on as if nothing was wrong."

"Well, what is wrong?" asked Sam patiently.

"Well, when it comes to the vicar beetling in and complaining about women in your bedroom ——"

"What?"

"He said he heard her ——"

"Heard a woman in my bedroom?"

"Yes."

"He must be crazy. When?"

"Just now."

"This beats me."

"Well, that was what he said, anyway. Dashed unpleasant he was about it too. Oh, and there's another thing, Sam. I wish you'd ask that man of yours not to call me brother. He ——"

"Great Cæsar!" said Sam.

He took Willoughby Braddock by the arm and urged him toward the steps. His face wore a purposeful look.

"You go in, like a good chap, and talk to Kay," he said. "Tell her I'll be in in a minute. There's something I've got to look into."

"Yes, but listen ——"

"Run along!"

"But I don't understand."

"Push off!"

Yielding to superior force, Willoughby Braddock entered San Rafael, walking pensively. And Sam, stepping off the gravel onto the grass, moved with a stealthy tread toward his home. Vague but lively suspicions were filling his mind.

He had reached the foot of the steps and paused to listen, when the evening air was suddenly split by a sharp feminine scream. This was followed by a joyous barking. And this in its turn was followed by the abrupt appearance of a flying figure, racing toward the gate. It was moving swiftly and the light was dim, but Sam had no difficulty in recognizing his old acquaintance Miss Gunn, of Pittsburgh. She fled rapidly through the gate and out into Burberry Road, while Amy, looking in the dusk like a small elephant, gamboled about her, uttering strange canine noises.

Dolly slammed the gate, but gates meant nothing to Amy. She poured herself over it and the two passed into the darkness.

Sam's jaw set grimly. He moved with noiseless steps to the door of Mon Repos and took out his key.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Mount Edith Cavell, Jasper National Park, Alberta

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"Hot enough for you, Charley?"

"Whew! I guess *so!* Don't I look it?"

"I'll say you do."

"That's right, go ahead and laugh. You're one of those human icebergs. Why, you look as cool and dressy as that Styleplus fellow in this week's Saturday Evening Post."

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In the Musicone, Crosley now provides the instrument which reproduces *in full value* the entire tonal range of music and the speaking voice.

These Crosley achievements represent milestones in America's radio progress.

They are guarantees that Crosley Radio will always be in the forefront.

Thousands of reliable dealers sell Crosley Radio. Go to the authorized Crosley sales and service station.

Radio Dealers

The Crosley Sales and Service plan is the most important factor ever introduced into the retail radio business. Write today for full details.

Crosley owns and operates Station WLW, Cincinnati, the first remotely controlled super-power broadcasting station.

Crosley manufactures receiving sets which are licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent No. 1,113,149, and priced from $14.50 to $65, without accessories.

The Crosley Radio Corporation
Powel Crosley, Jr., President
7312 Sassafras Street, Cincinnati

The Crosley Musicone—artistically beautiful and an ornament in any home—is rapidly replacing loudspeakers for those who demand the finest reproduction of music and the voice.

$17.50
Add 10% West of Rocky Mountains.

CROSLEY RADIO

BETTER ~ COSTS LESS

NEW FACTS AND AN ANCIENT TRADITION

(Continued from Page 31)

tradition that persists to the present day. To write in the grand manner one must despise all activities which return cash profits for commodities. The history of an industry may be interesting; but in the judgment of at least one school of critics it cannot be literature of the first rank, because the subject matter automatically fixes a limitation.

In this country, the ancient laurel-wreathed tradition has managed to survive through decades of romantic adventure in the taming of a continent. It came very near to robbing us of contemporary records of the great era of railroad building. It very nearly capped the inkwells of American writers during that interesting period which saw the birth and development of the petroleum industry. Numerous other examples could be cited, but these will serve. In an earlier age it sent even the delightful Washington Irving to London for subject matter worth writing.

Romantic adventure in this country today—in fact ever since the Civil War—has been more closely allied with commerce and industry than any other activities of our people. How could it be otherwise, since this country is neither a theocracy nor a conquering empire, but devoted primarily to the arts of peace? The shot heard round the world was political in its day, but since then its reverberations have related largely to American standards of living which result from economic and scientific achievement. These are the fields in which Americans have sought fame.

To this statement those who uphold the ancient tradition would reply that American life, then, must be almost devoid of color and peculiarly uninteresting, because it would necessarily produce as its great figures mean-spirited petty personalities engaged in tiresome activities. And that is just about what such persons do say. Some go at it roughly, others ironically or with sarcasm. But if they remain loyal to the great tradition, that must be their conclusion: and, indeed, it is. One of these writers has recorded his impression of the effect of the automobile upon American life by setting down a stupid conversation between two men on the subject of automobiles. Beyond question, just such conversations take place and many of them are as pointless as the one he recorded. But the automobile as an American institution has produced something more than stupid talk. There will soon be 20,000,000 of these vehicles distributed among a population of somewhat more than 110,000,000 people. The possession of these machines definitely changes their outlook on life in a great number of ways, just as the possession of a horse made a different man in that period of history when travel meant walking.

The American Phase of Romance

Nearly all our present-day titles of respect come from the word "horse." The English word "esquire," the Spanish "caballero," the French "chevalier," mean simply a man who rides a horse. Does the fact that nearly one-sixth of our population can now travel in private conveyances more than 200 miles a day make American life stupid? Or is there not a little of the romantic in this astounding achievement of one generation? No large population was ever so well supplied with horses as this country now is with automobiles; but wherever a population has been even half as well supplied, it demanded that a gentleman be able to discuss horses. That is true in English society today, though probably less than one-tenth of the men on the British Isles can ride a horse.

Why, then, is it comic for Americans to discuss automobiles? And granting that the conversations are sometimes stupid, must one also concede that all discussions among gentlemen owning pedigreed horses are brilliant? Wouldn't it be just as interesting to observe carefully the effects of this new element or dimension upon the lives of millions of people? It must do something to them if the possession of a quadruped capable of thirty to fifty miles a day wrought wonders. And what of the scores of thousands of men who have learned to produce these implements? There is at least a chapter in this, if not a volume; but one must go into the highways and the workshops to find it. The gentlemen who won their literary laurels 200 or even thirty years ago will not be able to shed much light here. The facts were not before them; they lived in a different world.

The theory upon which this nation was founded has had fully as much effect economically as politically, if not more, and therein lies the typically American phase of romance. Our theory of equality goes further than equality before the law; and has made possible, as an example, the astounding growth of municipal public utilities such as the electrical and gas. The governor of your state and the porter who empties his wastebasket probably tap the same source of power when the electric lights are switched on for their evening meals. And neither thinks that is either revolutionary or remarkable. The porter's wife and the governor's cook probably tap the same gas mains for fuel. They can communicate with each other by telephone. I doubt that a Tudor king would have permitted such situations.

Checking Up on the Clouds

But this country took the lead in these innovations and in consequence billions of dollars have been invested in public utilities within the life span of a single man. In fact, the principal inventors whose names are associated with electric light are still living. This gigantic but—in point of years—infant industry is now absorbing more new capital for new construction than all our railroads. But the story of this achievement, according to the laurel-wreathed tradition, could not possibly be an epic. It remains, judged by that standard, a utilitarian accomplishment, although the element with which the generals worked may properly be likened to the fire snatched from Zeus. Once established, the conduct of this business provides the deadly routine of the machine age, they would say. Let us see if it does.

I recall an afternoon when I stood on a tiny steel platform bolted to a towering brick wall and looked down into the depths of an electric generating plant that supplies part of Manhattan with light. Men were scurrying around in great haste. One didn't have to be told that something had happened. Perhaps an accident, I thought.

"They've just got word," the man at my elbow explained, "that heavy rain clouds are coming. It will be dark pretty soon. They're firing extra boilers for a peak load. They've just barely got time. A few million extra lights will be switched on just as soon as those clouds arrive."

Outside the sun was shining brilliantly.

"Do you get that information from the weather bureau?" I asked.

"Oh, no; they couldn't be bothered with reporting every dark cloud that happened to start toward Broadway. We have to do that ourselves. We get it by telephone from stations spotted in all directions. It's just as important for us to have advance warning of a twenty-minute shower—if it causes darkness—as it is to know the general forecast."

"Have you ever missed one?" I asked.

"No, we never have. What's more, we probably never shall."

It seemed to me there was a slight touch of romance in that. The men down in the

(Continued on Page 168)

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

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THE VISTA - Style S-98

Most Styles $10 Booklet "Styles of the Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers - CHICAGO

She doctored a headache —but a Corn was to blame

A corn isn't just a local pain. The tiny nerves beneath it are on the "main trunk line," linked with all the nerve centers of the system. . . . Doctors know that a tiny lump of callus on the toe—no bigger than a match-head—may make one feel mean all over. Indigestion, a headache, depressed spirits generally, are often corn-reflexes . . . . And Blue-jay makes a corn so needless! A cushiony pad—as cool as velvet—fits over the corn, stopping the pain in five seconds. You wear this two days in blissful comfort. When you take it off, the corn retires too, gently uprooted by the little brown disc of magic medication within the pad . . . . So dainty, so neat, so quick and sure. Only a very stubborn corn needs a second plaster. *For health's sake, end that corn tonight.*

Blue-jay

THE QUICK AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

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Imperial $2195 F.O.B. Detroit, tax extra. Four-wheel Hydraulic Brakes Standard Equipment. Body by Fisher.

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Every Month Sees Demand Growing Greater

There has never been any let-up in the veritable clamor for the Chrysler Six since Walter P. Chrysler's remarkable achievement was first launched.

The public grows more and more enthusiastic over the car's unequaled results, more and more appreciative of quality and performance, riding and driving abilities, roadability and economy that cannot be enjoyed elsewhere at any price.

The Chrysler was inspired by a vision and it was designed and manufactured to meet a demand for a car of medium price with qualities that hitherto belonged exclusively to high-priced, heavy and uneconomical creations.

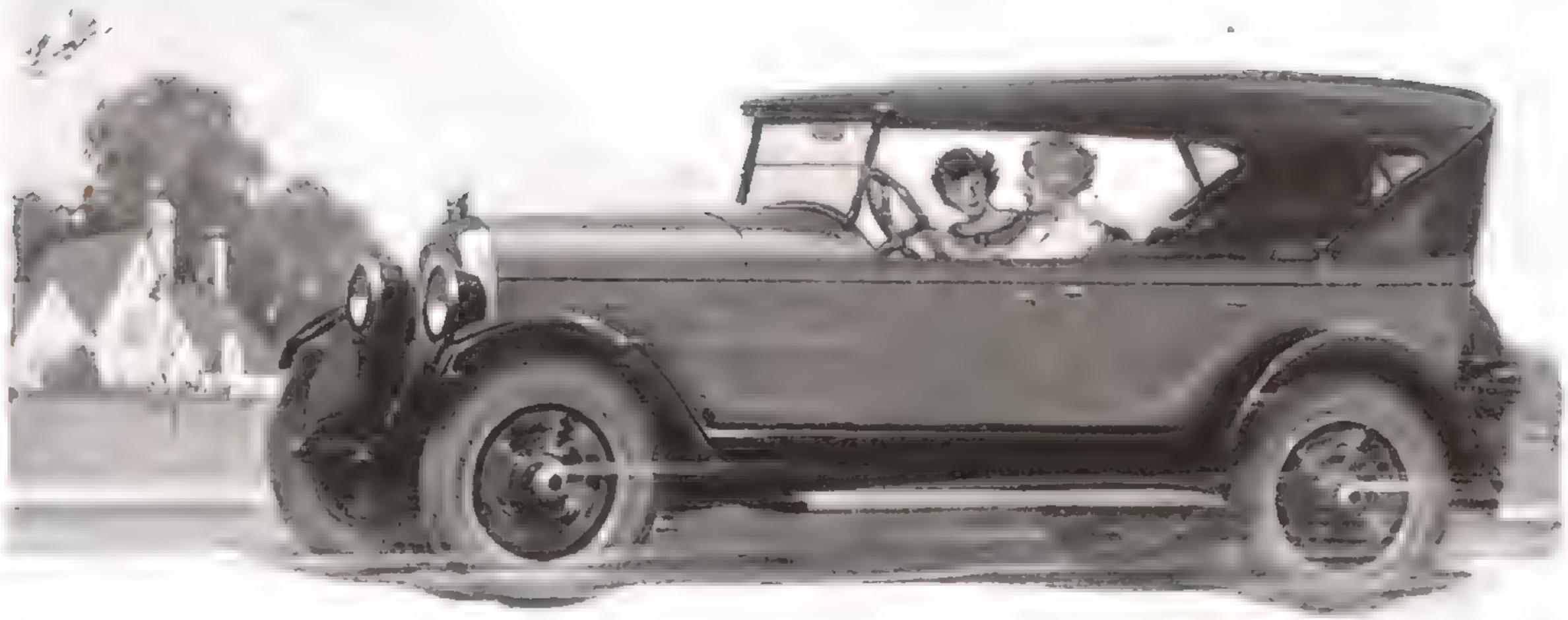
Sales mounting to new high peaks monthly indicate that the Chrysler Six has not only satisfied this demand but has gone far beyond.

The Chrysler Six, of course, includes many proved engineering developments which, since introduced by Chrysler, have changed all standards of motor car quality.

Among these are the Purolator—an oil-filter that automatically and continuously cleanses all the motor oil; an air-cleaner that keeps road dust and grit out of the cylinders; seven-bearing crankshaft and camshaft; thermostatic control of motor heat; a new type of rear spring suspension that eliminates side-sway; Watson stabilators which, by compensating for all road inequalities, positively eliminate rebound shock at any speed, and a score of others.

The best way to understand Chrysler advantages is to let your nearest Chrysler dealer translate them into terms of actual performance. He is eager to have you ride in the car and drive it.

CHRYSLER SIX



Touring Car $895 F. O. B. Detroit, tax extra. Four-wheel hydraulic brakes optional.

Out in Front of The Entire Field of Fours

The new Chrysler Four—produced after four years of planning by Walter P. Chrysler and his organization—unquestionably delivers more of power, speed, fuel mileage and charm of appearance than any four in the world today.

It is worthy companion to the revolutionary Chrysler Six.

It is made of the same high-quality alloy steels.

It is as finely, and as efficiently, engineered.

It is built to the same close manufacturing limits, by the same Chrysler-trained craftsmanship, in the same splendidly equipped factories.

In four-cylinder practice and four-cylinder results, it is as far ahead as the Chrysler Six is in the six-cylinder field.

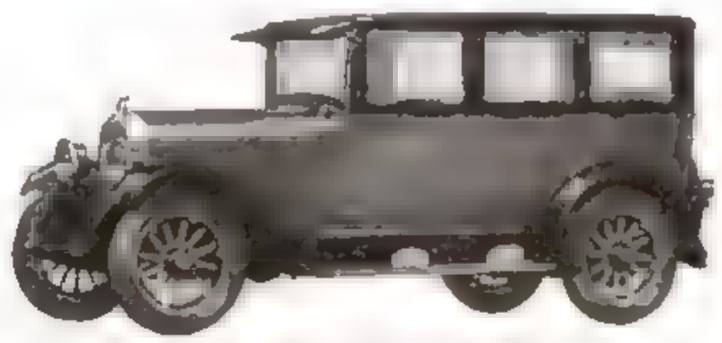
It puts an entirely new interpretation on four-cylinder ability and performance, on riding ease and perfect roadability as it does on quality and value.

It is the first car of its price with the option of hydraulic four-wheel brakes—at small extra cost. The beautiful closed bodies are by Fisher.

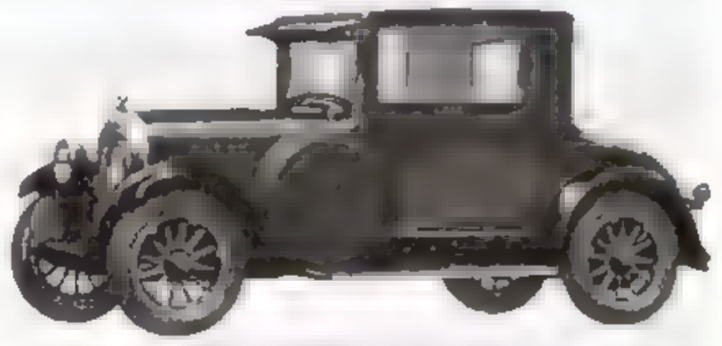
You are urged to go to the Chrysler dealer for a demonstration and the complete story of the new Chrysler Four.

You will learn some amazing facts—the reasons, for instance, why the motor delivers 83 per cent more horse-power than its official rating; why there is practically no sense of vibration; how only Chrysler can produce such unparalleled quality at so low a price. See the Chrysler Four now.

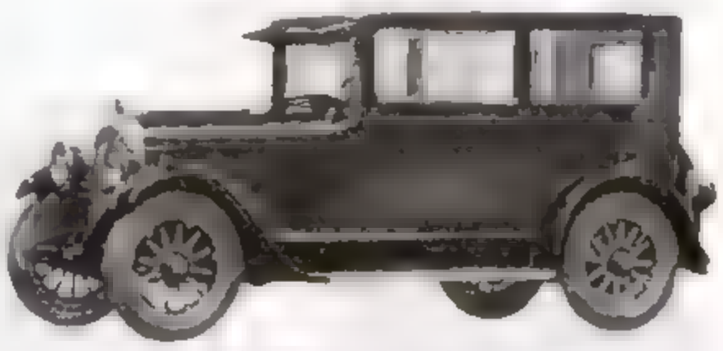
CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO



Sedan $1095 F. O. B. Detroit, tax extra. Four-wheel hydraulic brakes optional. Body by Fisher.



Club Coupe $995 F.O.B. Detroit, tax extra. Four-wheel hydraulic brakes optional. Body by Fisher.



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CHRYSLER FOUR

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FLY SPRAY

Kills MOSQUITOES
FLIES—MOTHS
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FOR a good night's rest use Tanglefoot Fly Spray in your bedroom before retiring. This is a dependable way of preventing the midnight revels of mosquitoes and early morning attacks of hungry flies.

Tanglefoot Spray is equally effective against moths, bedbugs and fleas. It is the most powerful general household insecticide and is fully guaranteed. Quart can $1.25, pint 75c and half-pint 50c. Tanglefoot Super-Sprayer, 35 cents.

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GRAND RAPIDS, MICH

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"Good Eats"—the Best Part of the Trip!

A drive to your favorite camping spot. Appetites sharpened by nature's tonic—fresh air and sunshine. And then "good eats" You'll have them, "right-now", when there's a Coleman Camp Stove along.

A complete little camping gas range that cooks anything, anywhere, anytime. Boils, fries, roasts, bakes, broils, toasts. No wood to rustle, no smoke. Always clean. Easy for anybody to operate.

Fuel is common motor gasoline. Everything built in. Folds up like a suit case. Sturdily built throughout—always ready.

Two feature models—Model No. 2, price only $12.50; Model No. 9, price only $9.00.

See these Coleman Camp Stoves at your dealer's. If he is not yet supplied, write us and we will see that you receive descriptive literature and are taken care of promptly. Address Camping Dept. P25

THE COLEMAN LAMP CO., Factory and General Offices, Wichita, Kansas
Branches: Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles, Toronto, Canada

(Continued from Page 165)

trenches before those boilers; cloud spotters on the lookout with telephones near at hand; several millions of people going about their business or pleasure, confident that the electric lights would function, day or night, regardless. And sure enough, they do, whether you know how it's done or not. But I may be mistaken, after all, because that company's stock is listed on the New York Stock Exchange. The rulers of the enterprise are just business men.

In another metropolitan district I was interviewing the executive head of a local public-utility company. He was telling me that his industry had not yet caught up with the demands upon it, because the normal margin above demand was wiped out during the World War, when they couldn't build.

"The way we met the situation is this," he said, drawing a chart from the top drawer of his desk: "We've worked out each company's peak-load schedule. Fortunately, all the peak loads don't come at the same time. At four o'clock in the afternoon, for instance, we're slipping juice to the Consolidated. Then after eight o'clock they begin returning it. We've worked this out in such detail that in case of emergency we can even reach across several state lines."

I looked at the chart—a maze of figures—whole square yards of them. And it occurred to me, though I may be mistaken, that Napoleon would have admired that man.

On another occasion I was in a laboratory where men work with copper. Incidentally the announcement had just been published that these men had succeeded in making copper wire 13 per cent more effective in the transmission of electric current—that is to say, they had reduced the resistance 13 per cent. A very considerable achievement, but they are now trying to do much better. To that end they had just produced a most remarkable piece of wire. It was five or six inches long and nearly a quarter of an inch in diameter, but it contained only one crystal. Such a wire would conduct electricity with an extreme minimum of resistance, but at present the cost of producing it would be several hundred dollars a foot. However, some day there may be a different story to tell. This wire, when picked up, behaved about like a piece of cooked macaroni; but, having bent down under its own weight, it could not be bent straight again with ordinary strength. That was because it ceased to be one crystal after the first bending. It was then many crystals and quite stiff.

Why a Hydrant Wasn't Used

In another part of the same laboratory I saw a new kind of X-ray machine. It is far more powerful than any of its predecessors. The purpose of this machine is to fight cancer, but it was produced by a company that also makes equipment for street cars. Surgeons and doctors had taken their problem to that laboratory because electrical skill was demanded. The X ray requires heavy voltage centering in a little metal disk that can stand only a certain amount of heat. The problem of how to use vastly more electric current without melting the metal disk was solved by running water through a coil just back of it. This sounds simple enough, but the details are far too intricate for an article of this nature. The man who designed the machine was showing it to me, along with the pump that forces the water through the coil.

"Couldn't you just attach that hose to a hydrant?" I asked. He blinked his amazement and then smiled.

"Well," he finally said, "I thought it was better not to. Electricity behaves in peculiar ways sometimes. It might take a notion to run down a water pipe and go right into the ground, and then again it might not. If it was feeling frolicsome and scampered through several miles of pipes"—he was grinning broadly now—"there's enough of it passing through that instrument to electrocute a small town."

Going through a factory where photographic film is produced on a very large scale, my guide stopped a moment to chat with a man he met in the corridor. Introductions followed.

"We've got all kinds of people here," the guide remarked. "Now that fellow you just met is an astronomer."

"What on earth do you want with an astronomer?" I asked.

The company turns out nationally advertised, trade-marked goods, and I had never noticed any references to astronomy in their advertisements.

"He studies light for us," the guide answered. "Photography is still a young science, or art, or whatever you want to call it. There are a lot of things we don't know yet about light, and it is essential to photography. Astronomers know more about light than any other scientists, so the company hired one. He was working on light anyway."

On another occasion I was sitting in the lounging room of a club maintained principally by the technical men attached to a large manufacturing plant. One of these men was talking.

Science Today, Fiction Tomorrow

"Science and fiction and poetry are not so far apart as you might suppose," he was saying. "Scientific facts go through about the same evolution as the practical appliances that result from them. Few scientific facts nowadays live more than ten to fifteen years, which means, to put it bluntly, that they are practical fiction. They remain absolutely true as long as they work, which is until someone takes the next step forward. Then they aren't true any more. For example, I have no doubt that the conception of a square flat world was of real assistance to the earliest map makers and travelers. They drew their maps—such as they were—on that basis, and one could travel with the aid of those maps. Of course, he couldn't travel very far; there was a definite limitation in any such conception of the earth. But so is there definite limitation in other scientific knowledge—about steam, for instance, and electricity. Later someone comes along with new facts and the limitations retreat.

"That was what happened when the basic fact for map makers and travelers became a round instead of a flat world. Each scientific fact has its day. All are produced by the mind. They are very closely akin to poetry and fiction. The steam locomotive is a materialized dream. In time it will pass and eventually it may be regarded as part of the dark ages of science. Someone will have a better dream—in other words, write a finer poem in steel. Or will it be steel? Nobody knows."

Not bad, I thought, considering that it came from a corporation hireling. I have read after philosophers who did no clearer thinking, though their literary style may have been better.

Speaking of science and philosophers reminds me of an interesting story about Steinmetz, the electrical genius. One of the men who worked with him, and for the same corporation, told the story. Steinmetz was carrying out an experiment in the course of which an electric spark was to leap across an enormous laboratory to a designated point. It had done this many times with no untoward incident, but on the day in question it leaped backward as well as forward and struck the man at the controller.

"Did it kill him?" I exclaimed, for this experiment was made with no small amount of electricity.

"No," was the answer; "it hit him on the foot. It left no mark. But at the moment it must have felt as though eighteen elephants had jumped on his toes. It hurt all right. In fact it knocked him clear out, and, of course, it frightened him. The only person who worried, though, was Steinmetz. He worked over that problem until

he solved it. His assistants never wavered, nor dodged serving at that controller. He was not only very popular but he had that mysterious power of personality that made men face any danger under his direction. They were always willing to take a chance where Steinmetz led. In his field there couldn't have been a greater general. It was odd, too, because he certainly was not an imposing figure physically. Nevertheless I would rather have been on his side than the other if he had ever led a bayonet charge."

Already men are at work on the problem of transmitting heat and power through the air without the aid of wires. Recently in a factory I looked at a coil of wires that somewhat resembled a dish pan with no bottom.

"Put your hand in there," said the man in charge, and I did so. "Feel anything?" he asked. I felt nothing. "Now watch," he said.

Taking an ordinary writing pen with a steel point, he held it where my hand had been.

The steel pen point curled up and the ink on it turned to steam and smoke. Nothing practical has yet come of this; perhaps nothing will ever come of it. One cannot say.

A Question of Dimensions

In another factory I saw three men examining photographs, yards and yards of photographs in an unbroken string. The first twenty or thirty of them were identical, showing an ordinary sort of wheel. Then there were ten or twelve pictures showing a jagged black line across part of this wheel; after that the line became much wider; next the wheel was clearly in three pieces; then about seven pieces; subsequent pictures showed something like dust or smoke rising from the wheel.

"What's the idea?" I asked, and they explained.

They had been operating different parts of a machine under a heavy overload to determine the breaking point of each. They do this to find out what the firm may safely guarantee as the performance of this machine. But in order to learn as much as possible about the details of each break they turn a motion-picture machine of a special type on the experiments and make a record of them. The pictures I had just seen were made while a wheel was in the act of breaking to pieces. The first jagged line was the original crack, then came others. So rapidly are these exposures made that before the dust incident to the crash appears on the film there is a neat, clear and accurate record of just what happened. This intricate and to me fascinating work is done in order that a sales representative may say to a prospective customer, "We guarantee this machine to perform thus and so." While it is important to the sales representative to know just what the breaking point would be, the technical staff want to know precisely what happened when each break occurred, because they may discover how to strengthen a weak spot and thus move back the breaking point very profitably.

To my way of thinking, such things as these are part of the romance of our present-day life. Surely making a living is no less interesting than contemplating the cosmic circus, nor are the two without relation one to the other. We are here and we work that we may live. As we see the world, we choose our work; and later through our work we see the world.

It is not fate alone that dictates that one man shall carry on his back his entire stock in trade while another requires a fleet of ships to deliver his merchandise. Their minds have something to do with this; their ideas on the subject of dimensions probably vary. The men who have come nearest to sensing the potentialities of this continent have been the leaders in American achievement; in other words, they have had to do some original thinking because there are no precedents for what is going on in this country. The economic phase of our national history requires not one but scores of historians. These tales of romantic adventure in the peaceful arts need to be told for the masses in order that our front ranks may not draw too far ahead of the body of the army. Disaster lies that way. For proof of the statement—if anything so obvious needs proof—I offer the testimony of three witnesses. The first was the governor of a great state; he had opposed the selective draft when it was first proposed, and at the time I talked to him political opponents were charging that he was pro-German.

"Governor," I said, "I am sure of your loyalty, but what on earth ever made you oppose the draft?"

"Why, they told me," he said, "that this country couldn't possibly send more than 50,000 men to France, that that was all the boats could carry, and I didn't see any need for a selective draft to get 50,000 soldiers. I can raise that many in ten days in this state alone."

"Who told you such a thing?" I asked; and he named the man in a political office who told him. Later I verified the statement.

Simply a question of dimensions—he and the politician didn't know much about their country

And now for the next witness. He was charged with the responsibility of obtaining certain delicate instruments; there were only a few in existence when this country entered the World War; between 5000 and 10,000 would be needed very soon. This man summoned the chief of the technical staff of a great manufacturing plant and said, "I want all of those you can produce, just as fast as you can produce them."

He offered the model, and while the technical man examined it asked how soon the first deliveries could be made.

"Well," said the technical man, "I think we could give you about ten of these in six weeks; after that we could go up to perhaps 100 a week for a month or so; then we can increase pretty fast. How many do you want?"

"All you can possibly produce," was the grandiose answer.

A Large Order

After making sure that the official meant just what he said, the technical man departed. Four months later he called the official by long-distance telephone and said, "I thought I'd let you know that we are ready for full production now. I'm scheduling 15,000 a week; if that isn't enough I can arrange to run it up to 25,000 pretty soon."

The official nearly collapsed. He already had more of these instruments than he needed; both machine power and man power were being wasted at a time when they were urgently needed for other work. He simply didn't know much about his country; for quantity production is just as truly a part of the United States as is the state of California.

And now for the third witness. I met him as he was coming out of an enormous building comprising the sixty-sixth unit of a large manufacturing plant. That plant, by the way, is really a whole city; he had stopped off there between trains to look at it. He was and is a United States senator from an agricultural and grazing state where there is very little manufacturing. The word "corporation" means to him something dark and sinister; an arrangement for sweating employes and robbing customers. I think his mental picture of a corporation was some sort of conspiracy that enabled a few men to seize the products of many persons who would otherwise have done the work independently and been much better off. I don't think it had occurred to him that the work itself could reach such dimensions that only large corporations could undertake it.

As I saw him that day, however, he was a picture of bewilderment. While we talked several hundred women wage slaves issued from the building across the street, nearly

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Positive Lock

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COLT durability, accuracy and dependability have been common knowledge ever since Samuel Colt whittled out the first Colt Revolver model in 1830. But, few people realize how safe to handle a Colt Revolver really is, because the Colt Positive Lock is *inside* the arm. You can't forget to make a Colt *safe*.

The firing pin cannot possibly reach the cartridge unless the trigger is *intentionally* pulled. Until then, a bar of case-hardened steel intervenes between the solid, one-piece frame and the face of the hammer. A ton blow on the hammer would not fire the cartridge. This Positive Lock Safety is exclusively a Colt feature. It makes Colts the safest as well as the most reliable fire arms in the world. When you seek this combination—as you surely will—you must choose a Colt.

Any Colt dealer (or the new Colt Catalog) will explain the Colt Positive Safety Lock

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

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The RIGHT Building at the RIGHT Time and at the RIGHT Economical Price

For every One and Two story requirement
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Send classified Catalog and information on building to be used for _____

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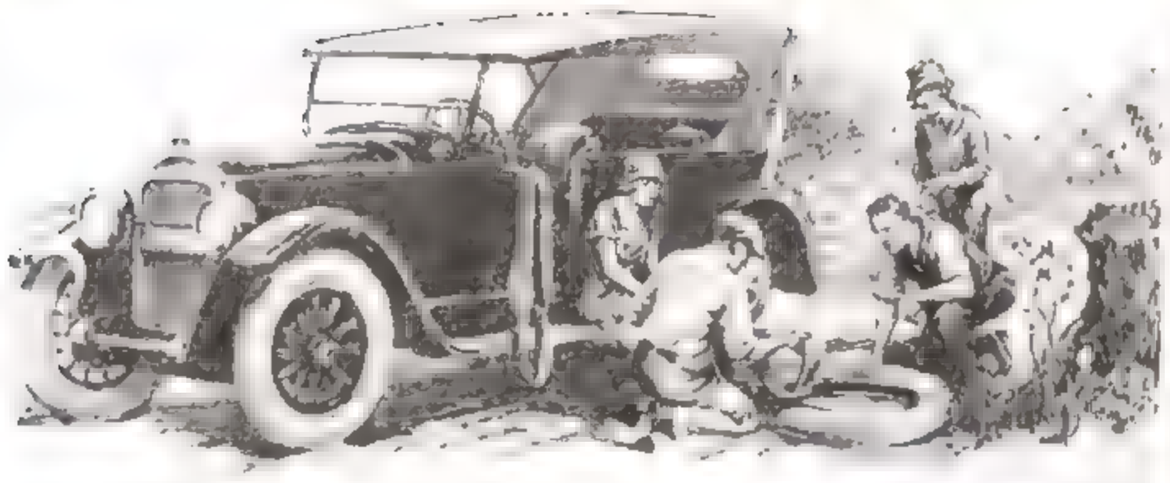

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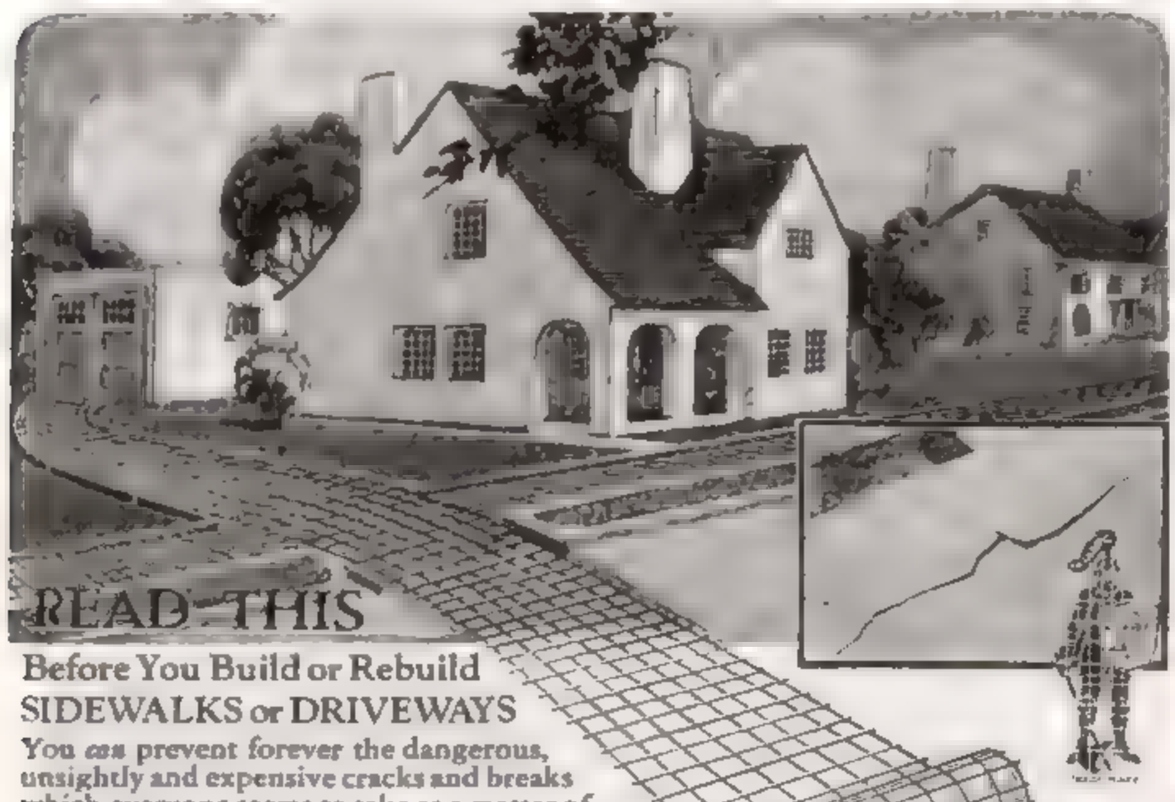

Before You Build or Rebuild
SIDEWALKS or DRIVEWAYS

You *can* prevent forever the dangerous, unsightly and expensive cracks and breaks which everyone seems to take as a matter of course in your sidewalks and driveways—cracks like that shown in the panel at the right.

As little as $5 to $10 worth of National Steel Fabric embedded in the concrete around the average home gives *invisible strength and protection* and assures permanent crack-free construction.

When laying new sidewalks and driveways, or when rebuilding those that have failed, just tell your contractor, architect or engineer to use National Steel Fabric Style CC-1010 for sidewalks and Style CC-66 for driveways—he will do the rest. And you will have a permanent, *reinforced* concrete job that will not crack or break.

Dealers: Write for our dealer proposition, catalog, and samples.

National Steel Fabric is a mesh (or net work) of cold drawn electrically welded steel wires, which develops a tensile strength of 60,000 to 85,000 pounds per square inch of steel There is a Style for every purpose—from the special light paper backed Style P 214 for reinforcing stucco walls and plaster ceilings and walls to the very heavy rod mat fabric for reinforcing concrete roads and streets

National Steel Fabric Company

(SUBSIDIARY OF PITTSBURGH STEEL CO)

725 Union Trust Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Atlanta Boston Chicago Cincinnati Cleveland Dallas Detroit Houston Los Angeles New York City Philadelphia Pittsburgh Rochester St Louis San Antonio San Francisco Seattle

REINFORCE for DURABILITY

WELDED STEEL WIRE NATIONAL STEEL FABRIC

all of them wearing expensive fur coats. They are highly skilled workers. Male wage slaves also passed by; most of them were better dressed than the senator; scarcely any of them earn less than half his salary and none of them incur campaign expenses to hold their jobs. But it was the dimensions of this plant that astounded him.

"I didn't know there was anything on earth like it," he said, pointing to the building from which he had just emerged. "I had no idea ——" And then he repeated: "I had no idea ——"

However, when one pauses to contemplate the matter, he must ask himself how this senator would get the idea of those dimensions except by visiting such a plant. Certainly he wouldn't obtain enlightenment by reading one of the best American novels, for commerce and industry still have few historians. He was from an agricultural and grazing state, yet as a United States senator it becomes essential to the national welfare that he should not be too provincial. He was willing to learn—and that was his first real opportunity. Of literature written in the grand manner he is far from ignorant, as his speeches abundantly prove. From the point of view of a lawyer, he knows the history of this country. Of its achievements in that field where many of its boldest and best-informed soldiers have sought glory, however, he knew almost nothing, and therefore was inclined to suspect the existence of black art. I left him there, still popeyed with astonishment and staring at the structure that had just thrust so many new ideas into his mind.

From the outside the building did not appear very unusual as to size; however, there were no windows in the front wall and that made it difficult to guess dimensions. An enormous metal door rolled back on little wheels; my guide and I stepped in. My first impression was that we confronted miles and miles of roofed space. Sunlight filtering through windows placed fifty or sixty feet above ground showed that far away in the distance there was a rear wall. One saw it through a haze—not of smoke or steam, but just distance. The light was evenly distributed, soft and pleasant. Someone did a masterly job in placing those windows. Near the rear wall stood two little toy imitations of railroad flat cars, apparently about six feet long. I wondered what they were used for. Later I found out. They weren't toys at all. On the side of each was painted, Capacity 40,000 Pounds, and the name of a railroad company.

Somewhere in that vast tabernacle of brick and steel a sledge hammer was pounding metal. The sound was very much like that of a cathedral bell, distinctly musical, and it seemed to come from the roof. I looked up. In spite of its utter plainness the lines of this building unmistakably suggested a large cathedral.

The Black Eagle at Work

Reaching across from one side wall to the other, near the roof, was a curious framework of steel, perhaps some kind of support or brace. However, just below the middle of it there was suspended a queer little thing resembling a bird house. While I looked, this little bird house skidded silently to the left along the steel framework almost to the side wall. Then it slipped back again. Now the curious framework of steel also began to move. It was running backward—that is to say, away from us. Suddenly a man's head and shoulders came into view in that little bird house, and for the first time you realized that a human was operating the thing. As it passed through a shaft of light, I could see a hook, evidently about two feet long, hanging just below the bird house and attached to it by a cord

"Come along," said our guide. "We'll watch the black eagle work."

No explanation was necessary, once you saw that mysterious contrivance move. Even the men who work with it day after day do not miss its strange beauty. When it moves, black eagle is the correct name. And that is the name they gave it. The man leaning out of the little bird house is the eagle's eye; the hook its talons; the steel framework its vast expanse of wing. All the proportions seem correct. No doubt, if one were up there in the bird house he would hear cogwheels grind, and perhaps also there is sound of wheels on steel track—for there must be tracks on top of those high brick walls—but standing on the floor below, you hear no sound. That thing is a bird; it flies; and somehow, beyond all explanation, it is beautiful, not alone to a visitor but to men who spend eight hours with it daily.

We hurried after the guide, who was leading us to a point directly below the poised black eagle. I noticed that the hook was descending from the bird house; also that it appeared to be more than two feet long; in fact nearly four feet long. Now we arrived. Also the hook arrived. I stood beside it. The hook and I were about the same height and it was nearly as thick as a man's body. Workmen were passing many steel cables over this hook, and from time to time someone would signal to the eagle's eye. Silently the hook would respond—six inches to the left, two inches lower; now try it; no, let it down again. I don't know how many tons of steel they were lifting, but after each trial it came down on a steel floor with scarcely a sound. Now they were ready. Up went an enormous machine.

"What are they doing?" I asked.

The Steel Eggshell

And this was the answer: "A great deal of the work in this building is on such big pieces that it is easier to move the machine to the job than the other way round. Notice how the floor is marked off in little squares with grooves? Well, that's so a machine can be clamped down anywhere it's needed."

I looked at the machine they were moving. It appeared to be about fifteen feet tall and eight feet in diameter. Several parts of it were larger than my body.

"I want to see the thing they are taking that to," I said.

The guide nodded and again we followed after the black eagle. Presently we came to a great steel casting. As for its shape and dimensions, I am tempted to say that it lacked both. Imagine half an eggshell, the edge rough and irregular; now pretend that the eggshell has been dented and bulged in a dozen places and also has several ridges; that was about the shape of this casting. Where I stood I was looking into it. There appeared to be about as much space in the interior as one would find in a room fifteen by fifteen feet square. I couldn't determine the thickness of the eggshell because of the rough, uneven edges. It had just come from the foundry, probably riding on those two flat cars that I had mistaken for toys. Presently this casting was sitting on a round steel table that revolved slowly, and certain parts of the casting came into contact with that giant machine at each revolution. It was being trimmed up so that when riveted to another casting not a spoonful of steam could escape. This thing was part of a turbine engine.

The mechanism of a steam turbine is as meticulously accurate as that of a fine watch, but the delicate measurements are applied to pieces of metal so large that a dozen men working on them look like ants. But they don't feel like ants. One knows that without interviewing them. These are proud men artists. Watch their sensitive fingers caress that crazy steel eggshell Watch them measure distances as they signal to the black eagle. What pride shines in those faces as ten tons or more of machinery silently meets the floor, every corner in place. These are not horny-handed laborers. They walk gracefully, their features are keen and sensitive; brawn is not at a premium here. Their very silence and modesty swagger. They are working on what will eventually be one of the world's great power plants and they

(Continued on Page 172)

Noe-Equl

tailored lingerie and fine silk hosiery ...from mill direct to you

SINCE so much of the success of the newest frock depends upon what is worn beneath, lingerie has assumed a doubly important role. Women who wear Noe-Equl lingerie know that it is tailored with expert care to be modishly lithe and smooth; to lie beautifully flat under the fashionable new dress. They know, too, that its quality is superb, and rejoice in its shimmering softness which is yet so enduring and gives such long wear.

Among these women are leading members of every community. They make their selections at leisure in their own homes from samples brought by bonded representatives of the great Noe-Equl Mills . . . which in selling direct to them in this way can *sell at mill prices.* The Noe-Equl representative carries not only a sample line of lingerie (including chemise, step-ins, bloomers, gowns and princess slips), but also genuine full-fashioned pure silk hose for women (and socks for men) . . . and every pair, like the lingerie, guaranteed for satisfaction and wear.

From top to toe in NOE-EQUL

To ambitious men and women . . .

Exceptional opportunity offered

Do you want a permanent and profitable connection, one which places no limitations on your ability? Do you want work that is pleasant and in which you will be trained to earn a comfortable income? Do you want a position attractive to the substantial type of citizen?

If you do, then we are interested in you. The great Noe-Equl Mills (among the foremost in America today) are prepared to give a splendid business opportunity to men and women who can qualify as Noe-Equl representatives.

And to so qualify means not necessarily previous experience in direct selling, but an eagerness to get on in life, an appreciation of success and the desire to win it.

The Noe-Equl Mills represent hundreds of thousands of invested capital. Noe-Equl products are not surpassed in quality. Every article is guaranteed for satisfaction and wear. Noe-Equl sales people are bonded, and the service they give and the merchandise they sell are made known to the public through pages in *The Saturday Evening Post* like this.

Noe-Equl

This is the trade-mark identifying Noe-Equl lingerie and hosiery.

Write for full information to STANLEY H. PURSELL, *Sales Manager*, NOE-EQUL TEXTILE MILLS, Reading, Pennsylvania.

For Good Summer Radio Reception

JEFFERSON
TUBE REJUVENATOR
keeps tubes like NEW!

DON'T blame the weather for all summer radio troubles. . . . How are the tubes? All tubes, remember, grow weak with use—especially in summer when operated at higher voltage. Bring them back to full efficiency—right in your own home—with the Jefferson Tube Rejuvenator! Takes only 10 minutes; attach to a convenient electric light socket. Completely restores paralyzed or exhausted tubes. Used once a month, it DOUBLES and TREBLES the life of tubes! Quickly pays for itself in saving of tubes and batteries. A home rejuvenator for tubes is just as essential to satisfactory radio reception as a charger for storage batteries. Jefferson Rejuvenator takes large or small tubes—201-A, 301-A, UV-199, C-299. *Fully guaranteed.* At leading stores selling radio supplies. If your dealer can't supply you, send $7.50 to

JEFFERSON ELECTRIC MFG. CO.
501 So. Green St., Chicago, Ill.

Makers of Jefferson Radio, Bell Ringing and Toy Transformers; Jefferson Spark Coils for Automobile, Stationary and Marine Engines; Jefferson Oil Burner Ignition Coils and Transformers.

For HOME Use

$7.50
$10 in Canada

COMBINATION

Locktite Luke seys:

Onct upon a time right after the war all the automobile companies hadta slip a free can of LOCKTITE under the seat so as to sell the automobile. Then after LOCKTITE put the automobile biziness back on its feet they quit givin it away so as to help the jobbers and dealers get rich too. Now LOCKTITE is so dogon notorious in its own right the boss is thinkin seriously of giving a automobile free with each can.

Ever since the secret leaked out about LOCKTITE bein the only way to repair casins as well as tubes without vulcanizin I've been the bizziest shippin clerk you ever saw.

Bein lazy by nature I wood almost prey youd lay offa LOCKTITE for a while and try somethin else if it werent that youd be back for LOCKTITE in a hurry with more determinashun in yure eye.

People has got sense tho when it comes to savin money. Most any Scotchman wont stop when he slaps a patch of LOCKTITE on a tube puncture. No, he'll find the spot in the casin where the nail went thru and he'll slap on a bit of LOCKTITE there too. Thatll keep the wet and sand out and save both the casin and tube and thats good sense.

Dealers get this free LOCKTITE Cabinet for their display counters

Bein flexible a LOCKTITE patch is the only way to repair them low pressure balloon casins proper. In any casin use two layers for casin breaks or small holes. And for blow outs in casins no matter how big slap on three layers.

There bein no vulcanizin to LOCKTITE you put it on in no time. Even ladies like to do it and its fun for kids. A can costs only 50 cents or a dollar dependin on size. The fifty cent can sells mostly in Missouri because the dollar can has got about three times as much in it.

Sure I'll send you a whole dollar can if you can send me the name of any regular dealer what aint got LOCKTITE. That is, providing you send me the dollar to pay for it. I dont want any poor guy anywheres sorry because he cant have LOCKTITE whether he's got a automobile yet or not.

Locktite Luke

LOCKTITE PATCH COMPANY
Detroit, Mich. Walkerville, Ont.
Export Dept., 89 Broad St., New York

(Continued from Page 170)

know it. They are working under the direction of engineers and scientists whose acquaintance is an honor. They are working with one of the greatest power producers on earth today—the steam turbine. It is no product of Nature, but a victory of brains, a milestone planted by pioneers on our permanent frontier—the frontier of achievement. Finally we walked away.

"That," said the guide, pointing in the direction I was looking, "is for Muscle Shoals, I think." It was a solid piece of steel thirty feet long and varying in diameter from about two and a half to four feet.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It's a shaft—the central shaft, you know; the power is transmitted through the shaft."

I watched it turning slowly round and round, while a man wearing glasses appeared to be polishing it. I judged that he must be nearly through, because already it glistened brilliantly. Coming nearer, I observed that this man was working with several queer implements in addition to what I had mistaken for a polishing cloth.

"I'm trimming this to measurement," he explained. A ribbon of steel thinner than paper was curling up from one of his implements and squirming across the back of his hand.

"What do they allow you on this?" the guide asked.

"One-thousandth under; nothing over," was the prompt reply. Then he grinned.

Romance Aplenty

At the point where he was working, the shaft was about three feet in diameter. I was told it weighed fifty-five tons. He was trimming it to the precise measurement named in the specification—and the margin allowed him for human error was one-thousandth of an inch! And that margin ran in only one direction; if he cut off one-thousandth of an inch too much, it would still be all right; but if he left an excess of any part of an inch, that would be all wrong.

That man remains indelibly in my memory as a figure of romance. He and his sharp eyes and his steady nerves calmly facing that margin of one-thousandth of an inch! Think what would happen if he made an undiscovered error! Friction, then heat, then the inevitable crash, and after that, disaster and death. No helmsman steers through a more perilous sea than that man. I looked at the cap he wore; it was tipped to one side; just a tiny little touch of swagger there. And by all the Michelangelos and Shaksperes, he's entitled to it! That man is an artist. Of the men I saw working in that cathedral of manufacture, none impressed me as a shy, modest creature. Make no mistake, they have a keen sense of the romance and adventure of work.

By the time I arrived at that part of the building where a steam turbine engine of gigantic size was being tested, I felt that I had seen more on my travels than Ulysses, Marco Polo and John Smith. There were steel wheels six feet in diameter, built up of hundreds of small parts fitted together so neatly that they would serve for mirrors. These wheels will eventually make so many revolutions a second that I decline to remember the figures; and they must go on doing that for years and years without ever coming to pieces or even vibrating. I saw a machine nip out pieces of solid steel in just about the same manner as mother used to work on dough with a biscuit cutter—except that this work was being measured to the hundredth of an inch. A label on the casting read Brooklyn Navy Yard. We didn't stop to find out exactly what it was—some part of a battleship's power plant. As we proceeded through the building I began to discern a certain order; material came in at one end and power plants emerged from the other.

We had now arrived at that part where completed plants were tested. A turbine engine was in operation, an enormous thing, but I hadn't even noticed it five minutes previously. There was a platform of rough boards built up around it and men walked along this, carrying steel rods about three feet long and a quarter of an inch in diameter. From time to time one of the men would stop and perform a meaningless rite that aroused my curiosity. He would carefully select a spot on the turbine for one end of his steel rod, then lean forward and place the other end of the rod on his forehead. I wondered if these scientific, serious-looking gentlemen also practiced occult arts.

"They are test engineers," the guide explained. "They put those steel rods on the shell of the engine so they can hear what is going on inside. The sound carries just as well through the forehead as any other way. They listen for anything wrong."

Standing close to that engine, the very air about us vibrated. I wondered why we hadn't heard that engine long ago; but in a building of such vast size, with a roof probably 100 feet above the ground, noise does not carry far.

"In all that roar," I asked the guide, "can they pick out a discordant note?"

"You bet your life they can! In fact they are betting their lives right now that they can. If they couldn't, and anything was wrong—blooey!"

The Frontier Eternal

I tipped my hat very respectfully and said, "Let's go." The guide smiled, thinking I was alarmed. As a matter of fact, I was meditating upon the absurdity of grieving because this country no longer has a frontier. Persons who can think of nothing better to grieve over often bemoan the passing of our romantic, adventurous frontiersmen. Well, I was reared on what they would call our last frontier. The men who peopled it were eager for its going. They wanted to replace it with the very kind of frontier exhibited under this expansive roof, for this is the frontier eternal. Here the ceaseless struggle with grudging Nature is still waged. Here also men dally with death, but the rewards are so much greater. Every natural frontier has sharp and often dismal limitations; science knows none. Here men are mining a bottomless bonanza.

Everything made in that enormous plant is, like the steam turbine, an invention, and most of the products are comparatively new under the sun. A few tons of iron and steel and copper; those seem to be the principal raw materials; the rest is fabricated from brains and skill working in cooperation with capital. The market is every continent and every sea.

After one has come in close contact with hundreds of men carrying on such enterprises, he may pause to meditate upon their motives. Like everyone else, they must make a living; but one can do that with a pushcart load of more or less fresh vegetables on Eighth Avenue. Just what is it that turns the imaginations of these men in new directions? Unless I am very much mistaken, it is the love of adventure. Our country fights no wars of conquest; we have no implacable foe. What is there to do, in the grand manner, except to carry on this highly interesting warfare against the secrecy of Nature, learning how to harness the elements and then selling the harness to one's neighbors?

The love of money or even power cannot be the principal motive here, for most of these men seem to care very little for display and even less for money. They ignore the one and often give the other away, although they are not altruists, except incidentally. May it not be that their activities are the inevitable expression of love for romance and adventure in a nation devoted to peace? If so they are the national heroes and these works would be the natural subjects for our epics. But no such literature can win the laurel while the most ancient and honored of all the literary traditions prevails. The stage is set upon a new world, but the standard of criticism was old when Washington crossed the Delaware. One may write informatively of commerce and industry, but not in the grand manner.

LEAP AND LIVE TO LEAP AGAIN

(Continued from Page 11)

years for the diplomatic correspondence to make the required rounds and get to the proper people who could order parachutes. And now orders are pouring into the United States. All the big countries are asking for the successful man-tested parachutes, "made in America." At the present time the United States has a corner on this market.

But strange as it may seem, all the silk used in making parachutes is imported from Japan—all of it. And, besides, it comes from one particular spot in that country. As parachutes are made almost entirely of silk, the question naturally arises as to what we would do for them if this supply should ever be cut off by some hook or crook. The question was put to a manufacturer not long ago, and he explained that quite a reserve of raw silk is kept on hand; also that in an emergency nearly any kind of cloth could be used. Cotton, light woolens, and the like, would make heavier and more bulky packs, but they would be better than nothing. The manufacturer further stated that these inferior goods should open about as well as the real stuff. Aviators hope his surmise is correct.

The hand of American genius reached clear to Japan in the development of a special kind of silk best suited for parachutes. An American went to Japan and made arrangements with a particular mill to turn out the silk in a special way.. This parachute silk is raw and will not take a crease like the commercial products, and as the 'chutes are folded up and used as a seat by aviators, this noncreasing feature is essential, for otherwise proper opening in the wind might not occur. Commercial silks are often tinned. This tinning produces a shiny surface and elegant appearance, especially when draped lightly over the female figure; but for jumping out of airplanes and trusting its strength to float a medium-size man down from the clouds it is not so good.

And another important element enters into the silk business. This is the matter of cost. The Japanese product is turned out with labor costing only a few cents a day—approximately six cents; but if the same thing were grown and milled in this country the labor would cost at least six dollars a day. It therefore behooves the manufacturer to buy his silk abroad. This also lowers the cost of the article to the purchaser.

Standard Equipment

The parachute manufacturers claim they sell at only one price. The home Government and foreign governments get parachutes at the same price. Very few individuals are buying them. But any man who feels the need of a good guaranteed all-silk parachute for business or pleasure can walk up to the counter and buy one for $350 all down. They can be carried away in the hand, for they weigh only seventeen pounds. And, too, each one is tested with a weight of 200 pounds passing through the air at 400 miles an hour, which is much more of a strain than is calculated necessary for ordinary usage. At least it is more of a strain than an ordinary person would subject it to.

Nearly all the regular military flyers in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps wear parachutes on every flight. The United States Air Mail and some of the commercial companies are equipping their pilots with them. The veteran flyers at first shied at parachutes; there seemed to be a feeling that a fellow who wore one was not quite so brave as the one who went up "naked"; but by observation the brave hearts saw that the 'chute wearers lived through such impossible things as crashes in mid-air. They saw that by leaping out at a critical moment a man could at least live to leap again, and gradually the habit of wearing them grew. At the present time, a veteran flyer would no more think of setting out on a long cross-country flight without his parachute than a new congressman would start for Washington without a silk hat.

The cadets and instructors at the Army primary flying school do not wear parachutes. These are an exception and several reasons exist for it. The chief reason is that training planes of the present type were not built to hold a parachute. The cockpits will hold either a parachute or a flying cadet singly, but the twain cannot fly together. The new type planes will be built large enough to hold both. Many of the flying instructors think parachutes will have a bad psychological effect upon the students. It is believed that the cadets might not be so careful to save the plane or try to right it under all circumstances, if they thought they could merely hop out and let her go.

One instructor said, "If we put 'chutes on cadets, there'll be too many planes flying around in the air without pilots."

The Essential Self-Confidence

A good aviator must feel that he is lord, master and creator of his craft. This means that he must build up a lot of self-confidence. The only time this peculiar cock-of-the-walk feeling can be formed is during training days, for if a man ever gets bluffed by an airplane while learning to fly, the fat is in the fire so far as his becoming a polished military aviator is concerned. The training planes are practically fool-proof and structural failures are almost unknown, so if a student smashes one of them up it is his own fault. The many emergency landing fields around the flying schools give still greater safety. The student must realize that he holds his fate in his own hands and forget parachutes and Lady Luck. Also in primary instruction the planes are seldom flown more than a few hundred feet, except on the acrobatic stage, and this height is too low for safe jumping.

Though the army air service started the parachute business, it does not have enough 'chutes for its uses. At least 2000 parachutes are needed, and at this writing only 1391 serviceable ones are available; but 175 new ones have been ordered. It is not only necessary for each of the flying officers to have a parachute but their one to three passengers should also have them.

In time the parachutes wear out or otherwise become unserviceable. This is not from too much jumping, but from constant use as a seat and natural deterioration through handling. This requires periodic inspections, and whenever a 'chute is found defective and absolutely useless, it is refolded in the pack so as to take up less room and marked with the word "condemned." They are later destroyed or sent back to the factory for repair. The condemned equipment is supposed to be segregated from the good, but as the work is performed by human beings, an element of error can always enter.

An incident amusing but bordering on tragedy occurred over one of these useless parachutes not long ago at a flying field. At this particular field an important air mission was to be carried out by the army air service in coöperation with the infantry, cavalry and artillery. A very difficult formation was to be flown on a certain day; the sky was filled with heavy cumulus clouds, the air was rough, visibility poor, and if parachutes were ever to be worn, this was the time. The pilots who had been assigned to this job of showing the other branches what the air service can do were lounging around the operations office, awaiting the command to take the air. When the command to go was flashed over the radio a little sooner than expected, there was a scramble for flying clothes and parachutes. The leader of the flight grabbed the first parachute and leather coat he came across and rushed out to his airplane, donning these articles as he went.

Insist on Bostons and get the

Pad without a Pucker

No metal on face of pad, lies flat on the leg

The Oblong All-Rubber Button

An Exclusive Feature of all Velvet Grip Garters

Buy the Knicker Bostons for Sports Wear

George Frost Company, Makers, Boston

Manufactured in Canada by Glasford Bros., Limited, Montreal

Winners of the Save the Surface Prize Contest on the use and value of paint and varnish for Interior Decoration. 98 prizes were offered, in two equal groups—for stories with pictures and without pictures.

GROUP 1
with pictures

1st Prize—$100
MRS. W. M. SYLVESTER, Hood River, Ore.

2nd Prize—$50
RACHEL LOUISE TRAVOUS, Edwardsville, Ill.

3rd Prizes—$25 (2)
MRS. JOHN VAN DUREN, Grand Rapids, Mich.
MRS. BLANCHE L. BERNARD, Lewiston, Idaho

4th Prizes—$10 (15)

V Janet Hickman, Ithaca, N Y
Meta C Reynolds, Billings, Mont.
L F Coons, Ellenville, N. Y.
Mrs. Charles Vogl, Jr., Aniwa, Wisc
Mrs. R T Dorflinger, New Britain, Conn.
[illegible], St Walburg, Sask., Can
Alexander R Hodges, Pasay, Rizal, P I
Mrs. Willardie Ketchum, Anchorage, Alaska
Mrs. V W Glandon, Hood River, Ore.
Ada H Kirvit, Clifton, N J.
Bessie Bourjeu, Toulon, Ill
Helen [illegible], Bowman, N D
Amando V Martinez, Atimonan, Tayabas, P I.
Adolphus Patsky, Ozone Park, N Y
Mrs. Jessie M Hamer, Hooversville, Pa

5th Prizes—$5 (30)

Louis Vogle, Baltimore, Md; Mrs. Anna M Burger, [illegible]; Mrs. Ora Claytor Moore, Corning, Ia.; P. B Dunbar, Chevy Chase, Md.; Lester R. Haik, Westmont, N. J.; J. S. Hickson, Nathalie, Va.; Jean Blair, Springfield, Ill.; Mrs. Jacob Lotz, Plainville, Conn.; Irene Hall, [illegible]; Mrs. C. J. Swatts, Cottonwood, Ida.; Mrs. H. L. Sanford, Laramie, Wyo.; Mrs. John Maetzke, Watertown, Wis.; Mrs. L. E. Osborne, Fort Ann, N. Y.; Mrs. Thos. Judge, Watts, N. Y.; Mrs. Wm. L. Hunt, Vernon, N. Y.; Mrs. J. W. Westcott, Summerville, S. C.

GROUP 2
without pictures

1st Prize—$100
HAZEL RAE LANGE, Yakima, Wash.

2nd Prize—$50
MRS. HARVEY BURDICK, Clinton, N. Y.

3rd Prizes—$25 (2)
ALBERT ELLERT, New Britain, Conn.
MRS. WALTER MOORE, Sabinal, Texas

4th Prizes—$10 (15)

Mrs. C. A Belz, Hood River, Ore.
Mrs. W. [illegible], Logan, Ky.
Walter Christman, Delanson, N. Y.
Edward Altherr, Providence, R. I.
Clara Harrington, Sioux Falls, S. D.
Hugo R. Steffgen, Shrewsbury, Mo.
W R Angus, Winnipeg, Man., Can.
Mrs. John Stewart, Forwarton, Man., Can
Mrs. Douglas McKenzie, Toulon, Ill
Mrs. Flora E. Lombard, Buffalo, N. Y.
George A. Mueller, Spokane, Wash
Dorothy F Lowe, Box Elder, Mont.
Minnie A. Geller, Brighton, Ill
Swan M. [illegible], Allegan, Mich.
Francis A. McLaughlin, Allston, Mass.

5th Prizes—$5 (30)

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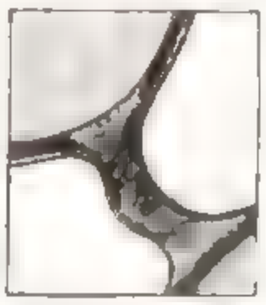

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When all the planes got into the air the maneuvers began. The formation tightened up until wings almost touched. In and out of the clouds swooped the machines at 100 miles an hour, and during the seconds when lost in the mountains of fog the pilots flew by instinct and hoped no wings would interlock. As the planes darted for a moment through the little open spaces between the clouds, each flyer quickly noted his position and that of the others, and every time somebody had to bank his machine steeply and quickly to avoid a collision. The leader realized the danger, but he remembered the gibes from the other branches of the service that the air service could operate only in perfect weather, and he was going to stick. Besides, he knew everybody had a parachute. He smiled to himself as he felt his own pack securely beneath in the seat, and he even fancied just how he would step out if necessary. He would plant one foot in the seat and leap clear of the wings. Pulling the rip cord would be easy, and the 'chute would open, for they always did.

Nowhere to Fall

In order to add to his already 100 per cent confidence, the leader reached up and felt of the spring clasp on the left side of his parachute harness; it was O. K. Then he ran his hand down to the clasps at the thighs; they too were perfect. Next he began to feel for the iron ring of the rip cord; but just at that instant his plane was swallowed up in a heavy cloud and a bump of air threw him sideways, so his hand naturally went instantly to the throttle for emergency. But as soon as his plane again shot into an open place, he let his hand wander down the left side of the parachute harness where the ring was supposed to be kept in a little canvas pocket. It did not seem to be where it should be. But this was nothing; harness often slipped back, and the air was so rough that the ring had no doubt worked around farther to the side.

But before he had time actually to locate the ring the plane again darted into a cloud bank and both his hands were required on the controls. When he emerged from this cloud, another plane was right on top of him and he dived into safety, barely avoiding a collision. As soon as the formation got straightened out this time, he began looking for the parachute ring in dead earnest. Nowhere could he locate it. A most uncomfortable feeling swept over him, for if he could not find the ring while sitting in the machine, how would he find it while turning a somersault in mid-air? At the first opportune moment he glanced quickly down toward the little brown pocket where the ring should be, but before his eyes got that far down he saw something else that chilled him as if he had been suddenly lifted into the thin frigid air of immense altitude. Across the left strap of the parachute harness that extended from the shoulder to the waist, spelled out in uneven capitals, with little streaks of purple from a wet indelible pencil running out from each letter, was the word "Condemned."

Military flying is undoubtedly the most dangerous kind of air work and it will always be so. The maneuvering necessary to bring down an opponent is not entirely unlike a big boxing match, and everybody knows that prize fighting is not a willow-rocker affair. The aerial fighters must fly close formations, for, as the Kentucky coat-of-arms motto says, "United we stand, divided we fall." A lone airplane is pounced upon in warfare like a stray dog in the wrong alley.

When a formation is broken up, the machines begin what is called "dog fighting." They dive, spin, loop, feint, do the falling leaf and, in short, anything to get the other fellow in direct line with the machine guns that spit through the propeller blades with synchronized gears. And in order to be in the pink of condition for this kind of business, military aviators during peacetime must, to use the street phrase, strut their stuff. No real feathered bird has ever mustered up enough courage to go through the aerial stunts of a military aviator. A few birds have been known to loop, but none do a barrel roll or falling leaf of their own free will and accord.

A Bluff Called

During the war a short-lived habit of bluffing sprang up among aviators on both sides. The airmen would fly straight head-on toward one another, and at the last minute one or the other would pull up and avoid collision. One famous German aviator had this trick down to a fine point. He was sweeping all before him, but his reputation soon proved his undoing. A certain Allied aviator one day tightened his safety belt, told his comrades good-by and went up in search of the enemy ace. They met. The German started his drive head-on with his machine gun blazing away. The Allied flyer returned the fire and likewise held a straight course. Just at the fraction of a second when the other pilots had swerved aside from the German, this one opened his throttle wide and the two planes suddenly became one tangled mass of blazing struts and wings. Neither aviator had a parachute.

(Continued on Page 176)

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U. S. ARMY AIR SERVICE

A Formation on a Scout Mission Cruising Among the Clouds, One of the Most Dangerous Parts of Military Flying. If the Wings Touch While in the Clouds the Planes Interlock and the Pilots Must Jump With the Parachutes

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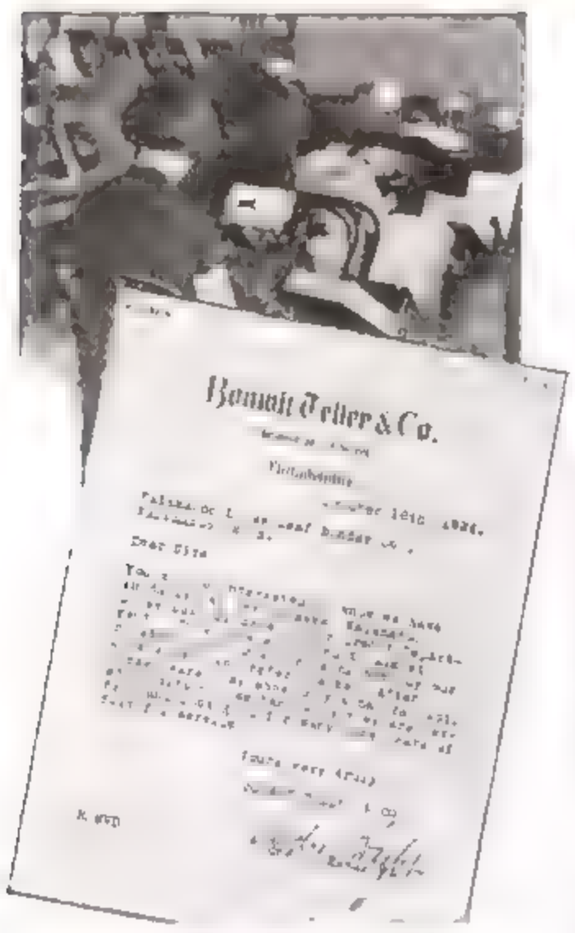

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(Continued from Page 174)

Where parachutes shine the most today is in collisions. Here the hearts of veteran flyers sink. In a head-on wreck, with machines going 100 miles an hour, aviators would not have a chance to use them; but in ordinary formation flying, or maneuvers where wings can lock, good chances of escape are afforded. In these cases, there is usually a slight jar, the dark-gray fabric on the wing tips turns up light yellow as the wind catches the ripped folds and blows the cloth inside out; pieces of spruce with jagged ends dangle limply from the spars like the ripped sleeve of an old coat on the side of a ragpicker's cart; the control wires sag and slacken; and when the aviator pulls desperately back on the control stick to hold the airplane out of a nose dive, there is no response. The fate of that airplane has forever passed from human hands. Then comes the parachute into its own.

A man is always supposed to jump in a case like the above; but in an ordinary motor failure a military flyer will seldom leave his plane. An aviator always likes to save his machine if possible, and he will usually stay with it as long as a ghost of a chance exists of saving his life. An aviator will never quit his plane over a city, for the streets, narrow as they are, afford a possible place where two wheels and tail skid can be set down on three points. Also, a flyer does not consider it ethical to leave a loose airplane hanging over a defenseless town to fall where it pleases—unless, of course, it is completely out of control. The flying services forbid their aviators to fly over towns under safe gliding altitudes, and very little danger exists from this menace.

An Aerial Dog Fight

Because of the general hazards of military flying, the student aviators are given a thorough course in parachutes as soon as they finish the primary flying schools, and they are carefully instructed in all the regulations on flying over cities or other restricted areas. During the last ten days of primary instruction the parachute subject is brought before the students. They are taught when, why and how to leap from a disabled airplane and they learn to fold and pack their own 'chutes. Just how well the new flyers learn this new wrinkle in aeronautics, before taking up the advanced military flying course, is vividly illustrated in an incident that took place recently at a Texas flying field.

Two student flyers, a cadet and a lieutenant, enacted a thrilling drama above the clouds within sight of half a dozen other aviators. Nine scout planes had taken the air in three different formations. The training problem for the students was to locate a De Haviland airplane flown by Lieut. Russell Maughan—of transcontinental dawn-to-dusk fame—who was cruising somewhere above the clouds at 5000 feet in the general vicinity of San Antonio, Texas. This plane was a theoretical enemy; it was to be attacked with all possible skill under the rules and regulations for aerial combat as laid down in the books, and theoretically this enemy was to be brought down.

The scouts soon located their prey. At a signal from the leader, the first V-shaped formation dived upon the target. The cadet who was acting as leader went straight down and emptied a theoretical drum of machine-gun bullets, then zoomed upward. The flyer in Position Number Two attacked from the right side, while Number Three went into the fray on the left side. The pilot of the "enemy" De Haviland, being somewhat of a flyer himself, did not choose to stick in a straight course and take punishment, even if his speed was 110 miles an hour by the clock. Therefore he took a dive and made a side slip or two to show the new flyers how a real enemy would behave. An aerial dog fight at once ensued.

Then literally out of the clear sky came an incident that was not on the program, nor even hinted at in the flying orders of the day. Airplanes Numbers Two and Three touched wings, ever so lightly at first, but immediately they swung together, interlocked and the propellers began chewing up wood and fabric. Two or three years ago this chance meeting above the clouds would have been listed as a regrettable accident and there would have been a string of sorrowing relatives for both flyers. But today, as the following statement from the aviators shows, it was an incident in the day's business:

"When we nosed down on the De Haviland, I attacked from the left. I continued the dive for a short time before pulling up. I passed above the DH and a moment later felt a slight jolt followed by a crash. My head was thrown forward against the cowling and my plane seemed to turn around and hang nearly motionless for a moment. I closed the throttle and saw an S.E. 5 Scout plane, with the pilot in the cockpit, a few feet away. He was apparently unhurt and getting ready to jump.

"Our planes were locked together with the fuselages nearly parallel. My right wing was damaged and had folded back slightly, covering the right-hand corner of my cockpit. Then the planes started milling around and the wires began whistling. The right wing began vibrating and striking my head at the bottom of each oscillation.

"I removed the rubber band on my safety belt, unbuckled it, climbed out past the trailing edge of the damaged wing, and with my feet on the right side of the cockpit, which was then in a nearly horizontal position, I jumped backward as far from the machine as possible.

"I had no difficulty in locating the release ring and experienced no sensation of falling. The wreckage was falling nearly straight down and for some time I fell in line with its path. Fearing the wreckage might fall upon me, I did not pull the rip cord until I had dropped several hundred feet and into the clouds. During this time I had made a turn and a half and was falling flat, face downward."

No Casualties

"The parachute worked perfectly, and almost as soon as I pulled the rip cord the risers jerked on my shoulders, the leg straps tightened and the 'chute fully opened. I saw the other pilot above me, for I was now below the clouds, and the wrecked planes passed me about 100 yards to one side. They were spinning to the right and leaving a trail of fragments along the path. I watched them, still locked, until they crashed in the mesquite woods about 2000 feet below and burst into flames a few seconds later. During the descent I lost my goggles, vest-pocket camera, which was in my hip pocket, and the rip cord and ring of the parachute."

The other pilot in this "incident of the day" had an experience just as thrilling. This was the first time in history that airplanes had crashed in mid-air and the pilots lived to tell about it. The other aviator described his part in the accident as follows:

"I was somewhat prepared mentally for the collision, because I had seen the other plane start across my path. As soon as I saw this I did my best to avoid it by pulling up to the right. However, my plane settled and squashed into the other; but since our relative flying speed was quite slow, the jar of the collision did not amount to much. The feel of the plane falling out of control was the most noticeable thing to me, and instinctively I left it as soon as possible. I noticed the other pilot doing the same thing. I simply dived over the right side and in the direction of the tail. Then I pulled the rip cord of the parachute as soon as I could reach it. The parachute worked perfectly—a bit too much so perhaps, for the shock momentarily dazed me and one of the risers nicked some skin off my nose. This was probably due to some peculiar position I was in at the time of opening—that is, head down, sideways or some other way.

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Here's a can full of scrub brushes in powdered form that will scour and clean where an ordinary scrub brush won't reach. Just pour Drāno in that sluggish drain and use according to directions on the can. It boils, scrubs, purifies and sterilizes—dissolves grease, hair, lint, and soapy refuse. Flush out with water and—swoosh—the drain is free-flowing—sanitary.

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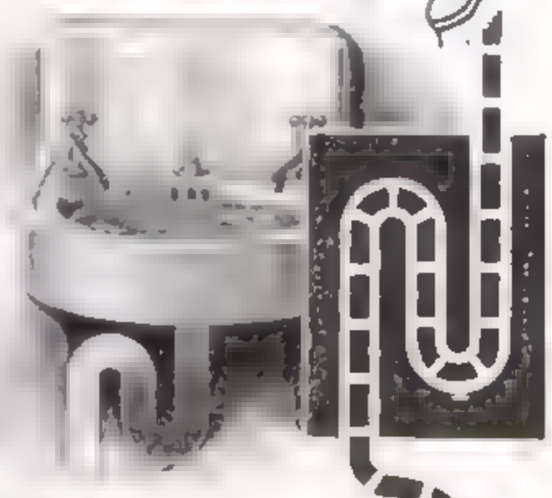

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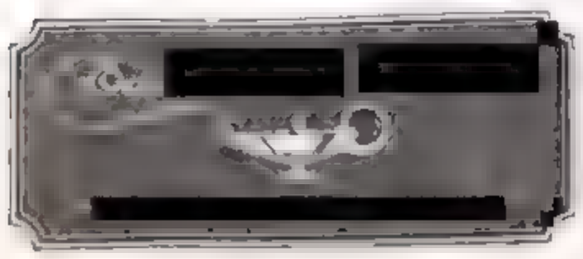

"Both of us pilots landed in the same plowed field. We then went back to the airdrome and *flew some more.*" [The italics are mine.]

The little matter of going back to the airdrome and flying some more is one of the secrets in aviation training that make for wonderful pilots. This is an American practice and is one of the reasons for the unparalleled feats performed by American aviators. Had the two student flyers been allowed to go to their quarters and mull over the accident, they could have pictured the consequences had the parachutes failed; and they could easily have reached a conclusion that they had flown enough for one lifetime and stopped the course then and there. But by jumping in another plane, going up and coming down in the normal manner after accidents in which the principals are uninjured, it is believed that everlasting confidence and courage is implanted in the mind of the student.

The first of the two aviators of the above accident told of losing his goggles, camera and rip-cord ring. In these forced jumps and on a man's first jump with a parachute, he usually loses something; in nearly every case the rip-cord ring is lost. The queer part about losing the ring is that the jumper never knows when he loses it. This ring is of iron; it is about five inches in diameter; it is the very first thing that a jumper grasps when he leaps into the air, and naturally a man would be expected to hold on to it with a deathlike grip until he reached the ground.

The Elusive Rip-Cord Ring

Considerable joking goes among aviators over the ring-losing phenomenon. When a new man goes to make his first jump, the "veterans," who have jumped at least once, always impress upon the novice the importance of bringing the rip-cord ring back. They explain that this particular piece of Government property cannot be surveyed as lost or "worn out through fair wear and tear in the Government service," and unless it is returned, the jumper must pay for a new one out of his own pocket; and besides this, he runs a chance of reprimand and perhaps court-martial for deliberately losing property of the United States.

Frequently a little bet of some kind is made with a new man against his bringing back the ring. He is told that he will be so scared he will forget about it. It sounds like easy winnings and the new men nearly always accept.

The psychology of the ring losing, and an insight as to why a man forgets to hang on to the really inexpensive and insignificant iron ring after pulling it, is illustrated by an incident at one of the flying fields. In this case a tall lanky aviator from away down South decided to make a parachute jump so the sensation would not be unique if he was ever forced to do it. The old-timers bet him a dollar he would lose the ring. He covered.

He was taken up about a mile high in an airplane. After considerable hesitation and swallowing, he dropped off the wing like a dead fly from a winter's ceiling. The parachute opened and he floated to the ground, where the ever-present army ambulance picked him up uninjured, but pale and shaky, and hauled him to the flying office, where the other aviators were waiting. The old-timers immediately opened up: "Where's that rip cord you were going to bring back?" The new man's eyes widened and his jaw dropped while the gang continued: "Well, seeing as how you did not bring the ring back, guess we collect."

The Scot Wins a Bet

The jumper found his voice, and unrolling himself to his lankiest height, blurted:

"Now look here, you birds that have jumped think you're mighty smart. I ain't got the rip cord, ain't seen it since I left the plane up there. And what's mo', if you think that all I had to do was remember a lousy eight-bit bet when I stepped out of that airplane and began sinkin' like a marble slab in the middle of the Mississippi, you've got another think comin'. Here's a bat skin to cover the bet and I don't want to hear no mo' about it!"

On a few occasions, however, a new jumper has been known to retain the rip-cord ring.

The story is told in the air service of a British flying officer of strong Scotch descent who came to this country a short time ago to study parachutes, and on his first jump saved his ring in an unusual manner. A real money bet had been made by the Scotchman on the ring-holding business. He asked all the particulars, and when it was explained that all he had to do was wrestle with the little iron from the time he left the plane until he reached the ground, whereupon the money would be his, he accepted the bet.

He was taken aloft; he leaped out, and with that tenacity which has made his race famous, clung to the ring after releasing the parachute. As he floated nearer the ground, swinging in the wind like a pendulum, the idea occurred to him that his hands would be needed for bracing against the sprawl landing, so he put the iron ring in his mouth and clamped down upon it. In the excitement of landing he forgot to hold his legs limber and he landed in such a way that he turned a complete somersault and did a few bounces. The ambulance arrived and

Colonel William Mitchell in an Experimental Scout Airplane

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caught him on the second bounce. The doctor examined him. No bones were broken; he was not hurt internally; he was fully conscious and had no scratches; but the iron ring in his mouth had taken toll of one eyetooth.

When assured that he was safely on the ground and the jump was over, he allowed his mouth to be pried open and the ring removed. He won the bet.

The refinement of workmanship that makes the latest type parachutes open quickly has added tremendously to the confidence of aviators. This means that a parachute will ordinarily open within a few hundred feet; some experts claim 150 feet, but practice jumps are seldom made under 1500 feet, 3500 feet being the usual height. An aviator was recently killed near Philadelphia when he leaped from his plane too close to the ground for the parachute to open.

Ample altitude on a parachute jump recently saved one perfectly good aviator. This flyer had been making many jumps. In fact he had made so many that he no more minded stepping out of an airplane 5000 feet in the sky than stepping out of a parked automobile. He felt quite comfortable in jumping, because the 'chute always opened so quickly he never had time to doubt its safety. On this occasion, however, the rip cord had been packed in too tightly, and when he stepped gayly out into the air and tried to pull the ring, nothing happened. He fell several hundred feet, all the while struggling desperately to get the ring released. Finally, after using his last ounce of strength, and just as he felt the rush of air nearly drowning him, he managed to jerk the rip cord out and free the parachute. The 'chute opened a few seconds before he reached the ground and he was saved by a slight margin. This cured that particular gentleman from jumping for the fun of it. Friends of the man declare he has suffered from ill health since that scare and his stature has diminished at least two inches.

A Problem for the Ologists

There have been instances in which parachute jumpers have deliberately withheld the release of the parachute. The account of one of the aviators in the collision in Texas which has been quoted shows a case where the flyer was afraid the wreckage of the plane would fall upon him and he waited until he fell out of alignment before releasing the parachute. But the most noteworthy example of such action was the case wherein an army sergeant at a Long Island flying field held off from pulling the rip cord until he had fallen about 1500 feet—the longest fall ever made by man under such circumstances. Aviators have fallen from 15,000 feet in airplanes through temporary loss of control and lived to tell about it, but never before had a man fallen freely out where the rush of air could get to his nostrils.

It was generally thought that the jump over Long Island was made for the purpose of determining the exact point in a long fall where human consciousness would pass out. The newspapers over the country played up this phase. But in reality this was only incidental. Congress did not appropriate the pay of the army for the air service to experiment on the passing-out point of human consciousness. That is a matter for biologists and psychologists. But what the air service did want to know was whether a man could fall with a parachute for several seconds without suffering too much from the rush of air.

There was a good military reason for this. If men can leap from disabled planes in time of war and wait until near the ground before opening their parachutes, an important thing is learned.

For example, if an observation airplane over a very critical area in a war operation should be attacked, driven back over its own troops and disabled, the pilot and observer, if alive, could jump out and float down with valuable information. Should the pilot and observer, however, be required to pull their parachute releases at once, the enemy airman, being nearly on the same level, could seal their lips forever if he thought they had seen too much. But by dropping like a hod of bricks for several seconds, the parachute jumpers could easily outdistance the airplane in a race for the ground; and when within range of friendly rifle fire, could open their 'chutes and float safely down the rest of the way.

The Army experiment shows that men can fall 1500 feet without losing consciousness, but this may not be the limit. Psychologists and biologists can take up the trail here and see how far it leads. But when the ologists begin jumping out of airplanes, aviators advise them to pull the parachute release just a little before losing consciousness.

Riding a Rambunctious Plane

Another very useful part is played with parachutes in trying out new types of airplanes. A few years ago when a newfangled airplane was taken up and it went to pieces, the aviator was simply out of luck. That was all that could be said, and a good test pilot went into the land of was. But today a pilot can pat a strange-looking air steed on its vibrating fuselage and say:

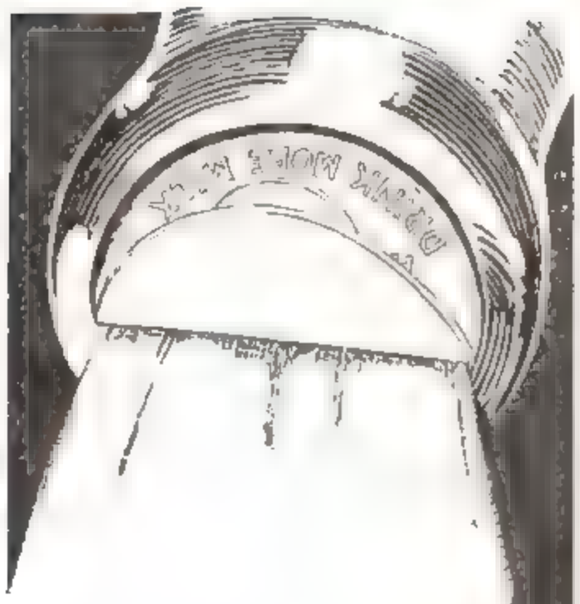
"Now, my high-strung beauty, I'm going to take you up, but if you get rambunctious, you will go to hell in a hand basket."

This very thing happened at the Army Engineering School at Dayton, Ohio, early this year. A famous flyer, one whose efficiency card is marked "superior pilot," took up a new type airplane to test certain equipment that had been added since acceptance. This was a pursuit machine and was manufactured to perform all sorts of maneuvers. After getting plenty of altitude, the pilot pulled the machine straight up, then kicked it over for a barrel roll to the right. The plane responded to the controls for the maneuver; but instead of stopping when the pilot threw everything in neutral, it whirled over on its back. Here it paused for a moment, then began spinning, slowly at first, but gaining speed rapidly, in an outside spin. Every aviator knows that nothing creates such an uneasy feeling as an outside spin. All the forces of the rotating plane tend to throw the pilot from his seat and into the air. He is to the gyrating airplane what a drop of water is to a rapidly turning grindstone; and before parachutes came along, an aviator, if thrown from a plane in this way, was worth about as much as a drop of water on a rusty lopsided grindstone.

But the pilot in this case was not alarmed. He had often put airplanes in these outside spins and pulled them out for practice. He knew exactly what to do. He brought the control stick from neutral hard back against his stomach and slightly to the left, and at the same time he kicked on the left rudder. Then he waited to catch the nose of the plane as it came up to the horizon, for no aviator can fly an airplane out of a spin; all he can do is set everything right and wait until the spinning stops. This pilot kept waiting, but the spin did not stop.

He then began giving full aileron, full rudder and all that the elevators would take; but it was in vain. After fighting the controls for more than 2000 feet, the new aviators' motto came into his mind: Leap and Live to Leap Again.

He had scarcely half-opened the big nickel-plated clasp on his safety belt when the centrifugal force from the spinning plane flung him headlong out into the air. He was thrown just outside the circle of the fanning wings. With his head still awhirl, he jerked the parachute release ring. Thus another American ace was saved—perchance to leap again. The wildly spinning airplane continued its mad course toward the ground; it chose a little bare space between some piled-up drums of gasoline and oil to strike—and the pieces were picked up in a hand basket.



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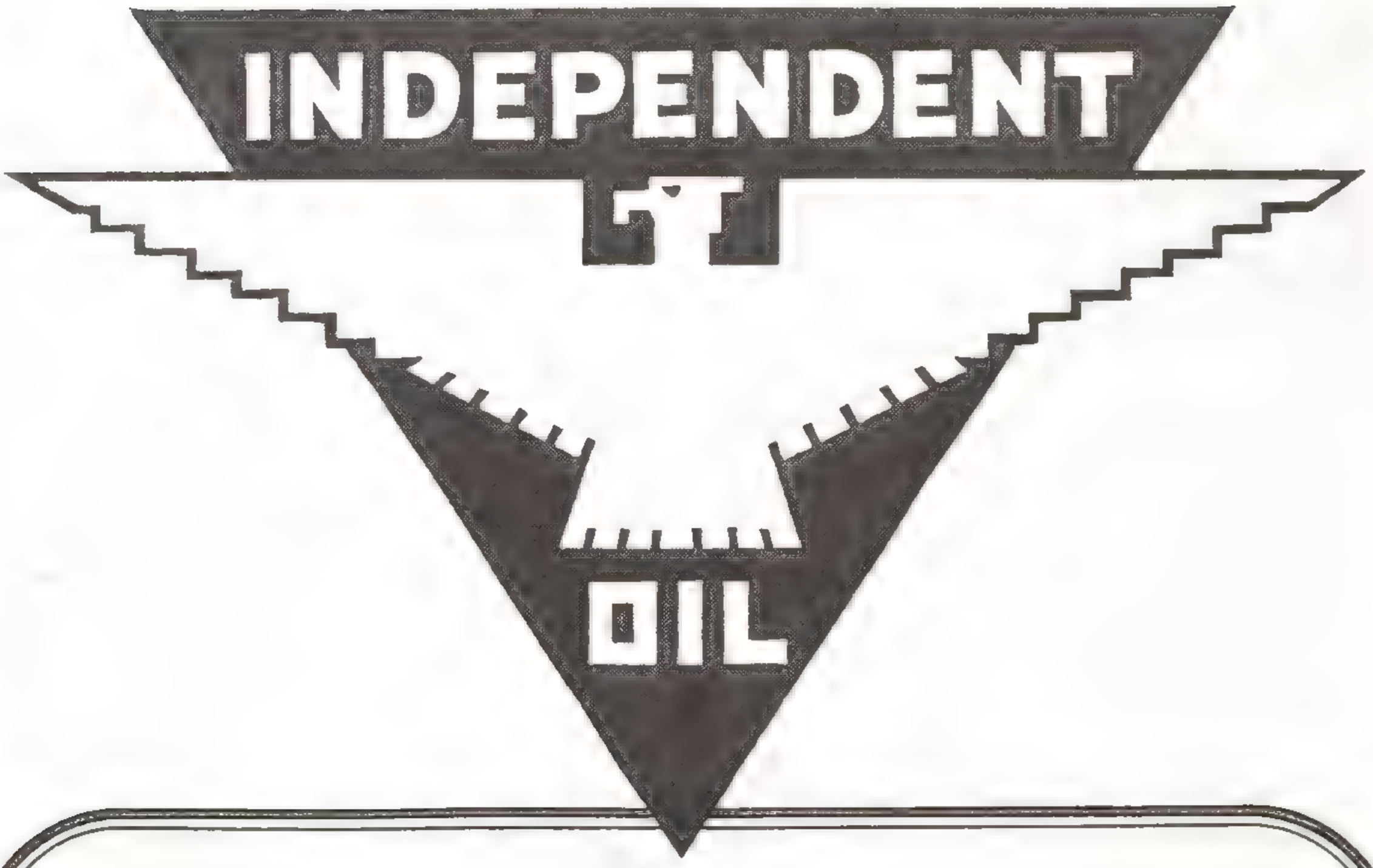

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ONE MAN'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 25)

more hope. And after we began to depart from wheat growing and depend more on livestock, we lived lives of rather restricted plenty. We had fruits, milk, eggs, and tables spread with everything that the appetite required. Our poverty was of a different sort from that of the present-day tenant who drives to town in his flivver to the movies and listens to the radio at night, and seems at first glance to have so many things which were beyond the reach of even the well-to-do in my boyhood days.

The decline in rural population is concealed from us in the reports of the census. First, the number of actual farmers in such a state as Wisconsin, for instance, is kept up by the opening of the small farms in the cut-over regions, where pioneer conditions still persist. Second, the population of the small towns is not separated from that of the farms. And the small towns are largely made up of retired farmers, who constitute one side of the equation of the rural problem. If we had the actual working farmers in a list by themselves we could see the tendency more clearly. The Census Bureau should be required to give us this information.

The Landless

I speak of a rural problem. It is only a part of a problem covering our whole society, but it has its distinctive rural phases. What, I should like to ask, may we expect if this division of our farm population goes on, with the landless gaining on the land-owning classes? The coming problem in all countries which are civilized is the growth of the belief that the government can save the people by controlling their work and their living. To my mind this is the greatest error into which men ever fell. Governments must always be inefficient in directing the labor of individuals. Successful living and working are too intricate things for a government to manage. The making of a living, the selling and buying of commodities, the manufacturing of them, are not so much matters of general theory and intellectual organization as of instinct and the reaction of the individual mind to matters of hourly, daily and yearly contact. We do many things wisely for no reason to which we can give expression. Government cannot control these things without disaster. All it should do is to find out the extent to which our laws give certain ones of us the power to take unjustly from others, to remove these injustices, and then leave us free to work out our own salvation, with such education as it can give us.

When government tries to do more than this it puts one disastrous control over us, and may not remove the other. When it tries even with the best intentions to put itself in the place of the deep-seated instincts which govern our lives, it acts as absurdly as would a person who, if given the choice of living with all his vital processes under control of his brain or of his involuntary vital organs, should say, "I will put the beating of my heart, the digestion of my food, the action of my muscles, all my body's functions under the control of my brain." His brain would make such a mess of it that he would die in half an hour—probably in half a minute. The task set would be too complicated for it. There was a man once who could by his will control the beating of his heart. He controlled it once too often, and died. So society would die if it succeeded in putting the functions of production and distribution under the social brain, the government. This is the fundamental error of Marx, Lenine, and the socialists generally.

Society's Sheet Anchor

But this error is one which is natural to some minds. There is the organically socialistic mind which believes in the control of the involuntary processes of society by the brain. They are very intelligent minds, many of them. But the danger of Bolshevism or some modification of it does not lie for us in such minds, except as the danger of bubonic plague lies in rats. The danger lies in the existence of a large class of people who feel that they have nothing to lose by the destruction rather than by the benign modification of the present order. Hitherto the farmers have been the sheet anchor of our society against revolution. They have been immune not only to the infection of the rats of the intellect but often also to the beneficent yeast plant of progressive ideas.

And Then and There Began My Long Career as a Teacher

This status of the farmers is changing with the growth of farm tenantry. Wherever it has grown so as to include a majority of them, we see among them symptoms of a tendency to follow after any strange god that promises them relief. Why not? What, they feel, have they to lose? And so much is promised! Is it not well within the possible for a time to come in the not very distant future when the proletariat of the farms will join with the proletariat of the cities to control the country in the belief that the governmental brain will have the power and the will to take over everything and successfully run it? If this happens we shall lose all we have gained in our struggle out of barbarism, or we shall be in great danger of losing it. I have seen this tendency go a great way in Iowa and the Midwest and the South. I have not seen the end of it. I should like to direct the minds of intelligent readers to a problem in the solution of which they and their children have a vital interest.

The very schoolhouse in which our family lived while awaiting the vacating of our new residence was to be our educational home thenceforward. The agony of hermit children at a new birth into a new society was not to be repeated. My old companion in punishment at the hands of that excellent if strict schoolmistress, Maggie Livingstone, came there to pay me a visit.

"You ought to keep this," said he, picking up a bit of smoky glass in the schoolhouse yard. "There's goin' to be a toad eclipse next week, and you'll need a smoked glass to look at it through."

It was a total eclipse of the sun to which Charley referred, my mother said. "Total," "toad," and "eclipse" were terms then equally obscure to me; but I remember the eclipse very well. As I write this the scientific world is hoping for clear weather for the 1925 eclipse next Saturday. The one in Iowa in 1869 would have been a fine one for observations of the corona, the prominences, and for the verification of the Einstein hypothesis if they had been under study then—as some of them may have been, for all I know. It came about

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the middle of the afternoon. I remember how the darkness came on like a wall, how the birds and beasts hastily did their evening chores and retired, how the stars came out; and then dawned a supernumerary morning. It was a wonder that I shall never forget.

In this humble building I had much more in the way of high adventure. While still an outsider attending school there on sufferance, I had won fame when I was six going on seven. I had had my first serious love affair, which remains until now quite unknown to fame, immediately after we had palely wept ourselves into membership in that school. The fame I won through my prodigious accomplishments. Do not smile. What fame can exceed that which extends to everyone? Mine did this—to everyone I cared about. My Fifth Reader and huge Monteith's and McNally's Geography gave me a sort of patent of nobility at once. Then I could spell anything. I could pronounce the long words in spelling book, reader or geography convincingly if not correctly. I was, up to a certain point, an animated dictionary, and was passed around, opened, and used as such.

I was seated on the teacher's left away down in front, where my small feet might reach the floor. The girls sat on her right. As I look back at this arrangement I am reminded of a visit I once paid to the legislature of the Far Eastern Republic in Siberia at Vladivostok, in which the conservative bourgeoisie sat on the extreme right—as did the girls in District Number 9—while the members of the anarchist group, still more extreme than the Bolshevists, were on the left, where we Iowa boys were placed. Charley Robinson and I were in the place of the black flag, while Allen Boone and Melville Gleason had the territory of the Reds. This seems appropriate if, as I think, the female of the species is really the conservative force in society. Many people think that the mature Me belongs rather far over to the left—but I deny this.

My First Pupil

In the positions taken in the Place schoolhouse by the liberals in Siberia—and of course over on the right—sat a wonderful creature named Martha Crippen—a big, dashing lass of twice my age, who was always in difficulty with tasks which were easy for me. I was almost stricken numb one day when the teacher said to me that I might go over on the girls' side and help Martha get her lesson—geography or history. I have sometimes since gone over to the right for similar purposes. Now the girls' side was an alien, a remote and a forbidden world to us boys; and as for me, I was always ill at ease when required even to stand next a girl in class, with my bare toes at the crack in the floor which fixed our alignment. The fact that all the girls in my classes—and they were very few—were big girls was somehow comforting to me. There was less danger of being plagued about them.

So, blushingly, with bowed face, I partly edged and was partly pushed over to Martha's seat; and then and there began my long career as a teacher of one sort or another. Before the school day ended, my scandalous breach of the proprieties had ceased to receive its just condemnation from the "scholars"—so insidious is the creeping in of abuses. As I bounded Louisiana, told the capitals and metropolises of New England, and helped memorize the respective numbers of Lee's and Meade's armies at Gettysburg, my pride rose in the exercise of my proficiency. Such words as Winnepesaukee and Memphremagog held no terrors for me. Under the inspiration of Martha's propinquity I should have tackled boldly Lake Chaubunagungamaug—which is, I believe, a small lake in Massachusetts. I was another Memorus Wordwell, Martha needed me, and she won my young heart. She not only did this but she gave me my first sensation of superiority. I could not outrun or throw down the other boys, or even the girls—but I could spell them down. This gave me, in a double sense, standing in the school; and though it soon became something taken for granted—for genius is never long a matter of local remark—this triumph, this winning of popular applause, this conquest of fame was, I feel sure, one of the most formative events in my life. It bent the twig. The tree still feels the resultant inclination. It was, seriously, no small thing.

Love's Young Dream

Martha was doubtless guiltless of any flirtatious intentions, but she did for me completely. I never told my love, and nothing like a worm i' the bud fed on my chapped and peeling cheek; for one can scarcely expect a six-year-old lover to lose his appetite; but I felt the divine passion as distinctly as I have ever done. I meant to marry Martha Crippen. I had roseate visions of life with her. Time passed. Martha grew up to the age of beaus and soft dalliance, while I was still no higher than the plow handles—a white-headed little nobody.

How I hated those lovers of hers! The worst blow was the dangling about her for a short time of an elder brother of mine. He would have been astonished at the bitterness of my feeling toward him. If Martha is still living and reads this, she may add to her string the little fellow who helped her with her lessons so very long ago.

I can see her as she looked then. I can remember the very pages of the books we studied—especially that spelling lesson beginning with the word "evident" and the other in which "hallelujah" was spelled in three ways. Her eyes sparkled with fun or darkled with anger as she slapped the chaps of any boy up to her age who angered her; for while Martha was a congenital flirt she was not always gentle. Her hair was dark, and hung down in a braid which sometimes, carrying a bit of soiled red ribbon with it, dragged bewitchingly across the page as we traced the Amazon to its source. Her cheeks were rosy under their nut-brown tan; and the calico dress which concealed her budding charms was a robe as mystic and wonderful as the white samite of the Lady of the Lake. She was a difficult little minx, and one altogether bewildering; but I was for a while her true knight, devoted because she accepted my servitude. Gradually I came to see that she was not for me, the iron entered into my soul and came out again—as such irons will; and after she was married to some villain whose name I forget, and came to the house calling one day, I sighfully admitted to myself that perhaps it was just as well. Such love affairs of infant life constitute a rich but perhaps unworkable field for the psychoanalyst; but, good heavens! They have too many fields already!

The manners in our school and on our playground were rude and uncultivated—almost as bad as I now see on the Boul' Mich', as B. L. T. dubbed it, or on Fifth Avenue. It used to be the fashion to magnify the dangers encountered by the girls and boys of the cities in growing up—the manifold temptations, the evil companionships into which it was so easy to slip. It was thought quite different in the country. Rural simplicity was supposed to make for a virtuous life. We had this delusion in our family. I have often wondered what city boy ever had more evil associates than did I out there on the prairie. There were good boys in our vicinity, but it so happened that, save for the sons of the German immigrants, I was not often thrown into intimate association with them.

The frontier drew all sorts of people and had its own temptations. Boys of excellent parentage sometimes went wrong through the successive breaking up of ties which went with our frequent migrations as the frontier moved from region to region. Whole communities went wrong sometimes. I call to mind one little town which was settled by the usual mixture of good and bad.

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SANFORD'S PASTE

It had active churches and its full quota, apparently, of people of honor and probity. No one could have said in 1867 that it was not so good a community as any other of the new towns scattered about the country. Yet this community literally went to hell. It became a sort of back-country slum. In a peculiar way, the first generation of the life of a frontier community lives in a time which tries the souls, not only of men and women but of communities and of boys. Such things occur in older societies, but in this matter, as in many other respects, events in a new country follow each other more quickly. This community went to hell; and was finally redeemed by the fact that it was eventually repeopled by the German immigrants, who brought their own higher morality with them and were very largely immune to the moral contagion of the place.

The boy with whom I played most, and whom I liked for his sense of humor, developed into a village drunkard and, after a dreadful debauch, committed suicide in a town far from the old home. He had already started down the great slide at the age of ten. How a boy of that age could have had more vices I cannot imagine.

At the age of eighteen or so another of my associates wandered away in the pioneer fashion, and the word came back to us that he had met death in a mob scene in the Indian Territory; and there were two stories as to the end of the rope at which he died. Another boy with whom I played a good deal stole a watch and, escaping from the sheriff, vanished and was never heard of more. I remember the deftness with which he used to steal prunes and raisins and cookies from his mother's pantry while talking with her through the doorway. I had a sort of admiration for his felonious coolness, as I shared the loot with him out on the prairie or in the barn. It was in a way an exhibition of true artistry.

The Village Toughs

For a season a boy who was taken by a near neighbor from an orphans' home was my playmate. From him I learned of that hypocrisy which goes with institutional life; or which at least seems the usual fruit of subjection. Among his elders this boy pretended to be very pious and extremely innocent. With an expression of saintly innocence he asked questions on very risqué topics, while the grown-ups in the family evaded the reply. He fervently sang hymns. His work in the family was that of herd boy. A smaller boy from the village was hired to assist him. The big fellow tortured the small boy fiendishly, beating him, forcing him to eat filth, frightening him against making any complaint; and lavishing loving attentions upon him in the presence of witnesses. The smaller boy succeeded in getting away at last, and exposed the bully, who as a consequence changed homes and employment. Fully a year afterward the latter went with his new employer to Steamboat Rock, where the smaller boy lived. He saw his former tormentor, sent out to his boy friends the call for help, and as the older boy passed along a rather lonely way the Steamboat Rock boys surrounded him and delivered him over to his young friend for punishment. The big boy went home a beaten, mauled and bloody wreck. I learned about evil from 'im.

An older boy moved into our neighborhood when I was about fourteen and became my companion in shooting and fishing. He would come to our farm and work like a beaver, helping me with my stint so that we might take our fishing tackle or guns and wander off, seeking what we might find. There was much in his personality that was agreeable; but I knew all the time that he was fundamentally worthless—or worse. After I had become a lawyer he came with another man's wife to my town, committed a theft or two and vanished. So much for him as a simple rural influence.

A fifth among my small circle of friends ran away, as we called his disappearance; and his respectable parents never heard from him again. I was getting well on toward middle age when I happened to be the guest of this family. There was a place laid at table for one more than the company; but nothing was said of this. I found out afterward that his mother had always kept sacred a place at table for the boy who had run away; so that if he should return he would find that he was expected and provided for. The mother's love could not tolerate the abandonment of this hope.

Family Environment

Now if I had lived in the worst slum in any city I could not have had associates more evil than were these boys. Their language was unspeakably profane. Blasphemy was used, not for the expression of passion but as a part of the vocabulary of ordinary conversation. Yet, in spite of that very early excursion of mine into swearing, I did not as I grew older adopt their style of speech. I went with these boys, played with them, and knew them for what they were; but so far as I can see I took little harm from them. They seemed to be mere phenomena, like the weather, interesting but nothing to imitate.

This ability to walk in a sort of fiery furnace without much scorching of the garments—I won't say with none—was possible for me because of the inflexible moral rectitude of my parents, and the atmosphere of fundamental righteousness in which we were bathed at home. On the surface, at least, it was not a religious atmosphere, though we all felt a basis of religion in the characters of our parents. We never had any religious family services, never had the blessing asked at the table, and none of us were ever baptized until such as chose to do so became church communicants in later life—which never took place with me. It was rather an indwelling spirit of integrity in the family, a conclusive presumption that the way marked out for us to follow was not the way for any reasons of mere conformity to the rest of the world.

My course as to these by and forbidden paths of my playmates involved no resistance to temptation of which I was or am conscious. There was no temptation in them. A virtuous father and mother had made for us a tacit declaration of principles of which this text from Joshua is the best verbal expression that I know: "And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

This may sound sanctimonious; but there was no sanctimony in it, no preaching or pleading—just living. Was it heredity or environment? Certainly my boy playmates were environment. The family was partly the one and partly the other. And it is in the influence of the family that neither glance of eye, thought of man nor wing of angel can divide the influence of heredity from that of environment. Personally I believe that if any average child had been brought up in our family in ignorance on his part and on the part of parents, brothers and sisters, that he was an adopted child, he would have behaved as did we. In other words, that most powerful of all influences in perpetuating character through the family is, I believe, more a result of family environment than of true heredity.

As for the boys of evil lives, they and their families are no longer in that community. Most, if not all of them, were absorbed into the cities and towns as they grew up. They were not of the sort of people who take root in country life. They came like water, and like wind they went. I may assure that community that these boys, it so happens, each and every one of them moved away from the neighborhood and disappeared many years ago. As the community developed they found themselves

(Continued on Page 184)

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(Continued from Page 182)

ill at ease and went to towns or sought a new frontier. Their farms went to other people, and the drifters floated away in the mysterious eddies of American life. The washings of a flowing society, they passed out of the community with the current as they washed in. No dweller in that old community should think I am here disparaging its origins. I am simply stating the facts.

One of the characters of a present-day humorist is a pet frog in the Arizona desert, seven years old and with never a glimpse of water. If I chose to exaggerate only a little, I might compare the child with whom we are dealing, with this frog. I had a burning thirst for books and art, and those spiritual things which we used to be taught are most easily approached through books and education; and the rather primitive life which I have described was in these things a desert—with few oases. We had very little stark illiteracy; but that coldness toward books, that absence of love for them which is worse, was almost universal. My father never read anything. My mother was passionately fond of reading; but we had no books; she had no skill in them and no time for anything save the drudgery of the farm and the care of the children.

A Bookish Boy Without Books

And most of the people about were even more remote from the world of letters than we—for in few families was there even one person who cared much for the printed page. On those farms a boy or girl born with my appetite for literature was a pet frog in a desert. The pet frogs went about, parched with the prairie air, their spiritual skins unmoistened by any plunge into their proper element, their yearnings for lily pads and algæ impelling them to all sorts of strange and undesertlike behavior, until in most cases they were molded by their environment into mere dry-land toads. Some of them, I suspect, became horrible horned toads.

Yet I must not exaggerate. It was not quite so bad as that in my case; I am always assuming that my case is so far typical that it is worth describing as part of a once important phase of our national life. So I shall tell of a bookish boy in a bookless home in a bookless society; a life which without any schooling save that of his uncommonly common school has led to a career devoted in a large part to literary creation.

None of my teachers, with one exception, had any literary attainments. Of course they could read, write, cipher, and tell whether or not we had memorized the simple texts of our schoolbooks. Our schools were created by the society they served. Our teachers were our own boys and girls. Teachers we must have, and as the supply of educated ones was not sufficient for even the villages and towns, we taught ourselves through the use of such members of society as were thought competent. I have in years not long past had letters from elderly men and women who held certificates as teachers in the schools when I was young. They were the letters of persons just above the plane of illiteracy. Yet they did a most important work in education.

Self-educated persons are not seldom met; but who has sung the praises of a self-educated society? What a marvelous thing it was for a great, primitive, newly gathered, democratic, independent, self-reliant, uncultured people like that of the Middle West in America to grapple with the task of educating itself; and, sublimely ignorant of its incapacity, go blunderingly on to such success as it has achieved. We had no Plato to bestow on us a philosophy of education for a ruling class in a state based on the enslavement of a mass of helots; no Lycurgus to put us in a strait-jacket of training in which the state was all and the individual nothing; no Frederick William to decree a Prussian plan of universal education; and if any such had appeared among us we should have instantly rebelled against him.

A hundred years ago both this country and Great Britain were aroused to a deep interest in the Lancastrian system of education, in which most of the teaching was done by monitors, or pupil teachers. The children taught one another. Well, though we were quite unaware of it, our whole system in Iowa was a sort of Lancastrian system. We instructed one another. A whole society was taught by those who, figuratively and often literally, studied at night the lessons they taught next day, and did their whole duty by keeping one lesson ahead of their pupils. There has never been anything like it in the history of any country but this. The weaknesses of the system are obvious. Its merits in uplifting the whole community by making education a thing to be mastered, to be paid for by self-levied taxes, in making the welfare of the schools an obligation of every citizen instead of a ruling class or person, have not often been recognized. Those illiterate teachers were the rudimentary organs, formed by the society out of its own flesh and blood, which have developed into colleges and universities with troops of professors and doctors. Poor and inefficient as they were, I speak of them with reverence.

To two farmer boys born, one in Washington County, Pennsylvania, and the other in Ohio, I owe my first taste of good literature. They were William and Alexander McGuffey, the authors respectively of the First and Fifth Eclectic Readers, and the Fifth Reader of the edition of 1844. These were the standard school readers of my day; except that the 1844 Fifth Reader, or McGuffey's Rhetorician's Guide, had been found too difficult, not only for the pupils but for the teachers of the community. My copy of it was an old dog's-eared volume left by my brother Orison when he left for Pike's Peak. These textbooks constitute the most influential volumes ever published in America. They were our most popular reading books for generations—and for anything I know, in their present form they may still be. They had a spirit of their own, compilations as they were. And it was, in spite of much that was British in selections and illustrations, the spirit of America at its best.

At the Old Stone Academy

And no wonder. The father of the McGuffey brothers was a pioneer in Western Pennsylvania. He was a scout in the Indian wars during and succeeding the Revolution, and was selected for scouting service because he was the fastest runner, the best rifleman and the wisest warrior in the forces. William McGuffey's mother was praying aloud in her garden one day, when a man passed who was connected with an academy. Prayer was heard in that case, by the passer-by anyhow. He heard this pioneer mother praying for an education for her son. He saw to it that William had his chance to attend an academy where his tuition cost the sum of three dollars a year, and his board seventy-five cents a week. This was in the Old Stone Academy at Darlington, Pennsylvania, and the man who heard Mrs. McGuffey's prayer was the head and the owner of it, the Rev. Thomas Hughes. William McGuffey and his brother Alexander were the authors of the school readers I studied in school and read at home. Sons of such a mother, of such a father, and of the log cabin, filled with their sublime faith—sublime even if a little naïve and mistaken—in education as a redemptive force, not only for the individual but for society, with family traditions steeped in the sufferings, the pleasures and the conflicts of the old frontier, they could not fail, after they had become possessed of a rather comprehensive and liberal scholarship, to instill into their textbooks a soul very much *en rapport* with the aspirations of a boy like myself.

I have just looked at a copy of a twenty-year-old edition of the McGuffey's First Reader. It has not a single lesson which

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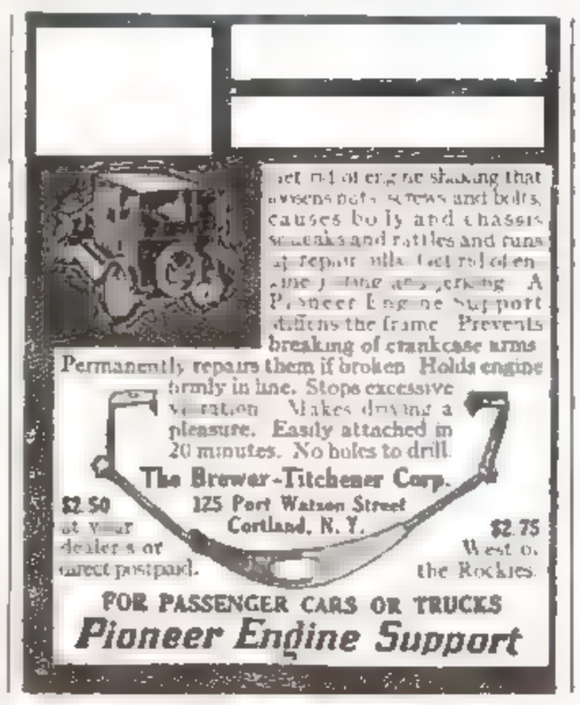

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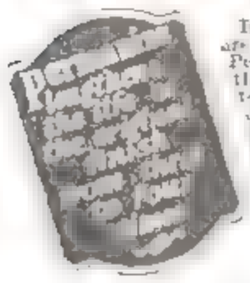

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was in the one I took in my trembling hand when Maggie Livingstone called me to her to begin learning my letters. Mine had a green cover; but it was hidden by the muslin which my mother had stitched over it to save the wear on a book which cost thirty cents. It was filled with illustrations which I now know were of British origin; for all the men wore knee breeches, the girls had on fluffy pantalets and sugar-scoop bonnets, and the ladies huge many-flounced skirts. One boy had a cricket bat in his hand; and the ruling passions of the youngsters seemed to be to shoot with the bow and to roll the hoop. "Can you hop, Tom? See, I can hop! Tom, hop to me." How easily does the English language lend itself to early lessons of such simplicity!

These books were intensely moral, soundly religious, and devoted to the inculcation of habits of industry, mercy and most of the virtues. Lucy was exhorted to rise because the sun was up. "Mary was up at six," she was assured; and then was added the immortal line, "Up, up, Lucy, and go out to Mary"; which scoffers perverted to "Double-up, Lucy." Most of the words were of one syllable; but "How doth the little busy bee" was in it, I am certain; and "I like to see a little dog and pat him on the head." It was an easy book, and if it fell short of the power in the moral and religious fields of the more advanced volumes—why, so did its students in the practice of the vices and the need for reproof or warning.

Literary Treasure-Hunting

My mastery of the first and second readers—just the opening of the marvels of the printed page—was a poignant delight. The reading of anything gave me a sort of ecstasy. These books did not, however, set in operation the germinant powers of actual literary treasure-hunting. They did give to the mind of the writer and to the world some things of universal knowledge. We learned that George Washington could not tell a lie about the cherry tree; and that his father proved to him the existence of God by the device of sowing lettuce in a trench which spelled George's name. "It might have grown so by chance," said the elder Washington in this Second Reader lesson; but George saw clearly that it could not have come by chance. Someone sowed those seeds in that way. And his father assured him that this world of wonderful adaptations could not have come as it has by chance. There were many fables, and lessons about insects, birds and beasts. Most of the scenes were British. Our habits, our morals and our faith were carefully kept in mind; and we grew to know Mary's Lamb by heart.

In the Third Reader, Mr. McGuffey began to give to my young mind some tastes of real literature. It had several beautiful selections from the Bible. Croly's description of the burning of the amphitheater at Rome, which I have never run across anywhere since, was one of the lessons. There was an analysis of How a Fly Walks on the Ceiling, which gave me as much of an urge toward natural philosophy as if it had been a correct one—which it was not. One gets a glimpse into the McGuffey character from the treatment which the Indian received in these books. The author, whose father was an Indian fighter of renown, and who must have sat entranced at fireside stories of Indian wars, in several lessons in these readers treated the Indian with great respect. There was Logan's great speech in the Fifth, for instance. I can see it before my eyes still: "I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat, if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not." And then: "I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children."

By this time I was strongly pro-Indian, and Logan's boast that he had sought vengeance and glutted it was justified to me by the sentence, "There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature." I was exalted by his assertion that he was now for peace, but not through fear. "Logan never felt fear," he insists. "He would not turn upon his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one!" I wonder how much of the persistent sentiment among Americans favoring justice to the Indians comes from these old readers. It has not saved the race from exploitation and oppression; but it has always persisted, and has done much good.

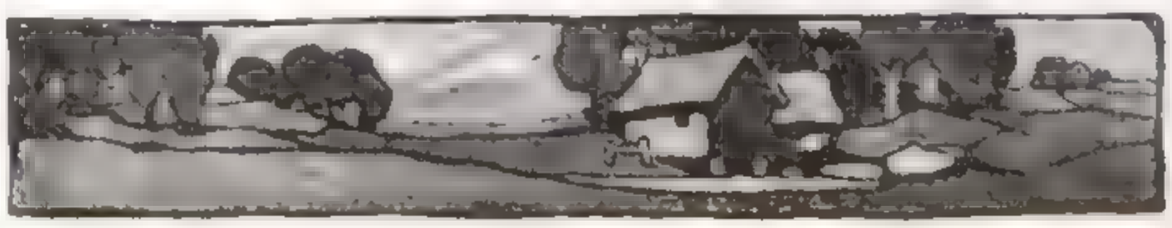
Under McGuffey's Guidance

There were at least two lessons in the Third Reader which could never, never be admitted into any school reader now. One was the poem which began with "How big was Alexander, pa, that people call him great?" It had in it the lines, "If killing people made him great, then why was Abdel Young who killed his neighbor training day, put into jail, and hung?" And farther on the boy told pa that if he ever killed a man, he'd kill a hundred more; "I should be great, and not get hung like Abdel Young before." Whereupon he was assured that killing men in war was somehow different—but was not satisfied with the explanation. This poem would now be cast into outer darkness as a pacifist utterance. Then there was the universally familiar poem of Meddlesome Mattie, who tugged open her grandmamma's snuffbox, and "the snuff came puffing in her face!" How we giggled at the picture—"In vain she ran about for ease; she could do nothing else but sneeze." We should be horrified now at the very idea of grandmamma's taking snuff.

The Third Reader introduced me to such writers as Croly; Irving; Woodworth, through The Old Oaken Bucket; Scott, and others, but not by their names. In the Fourth we had William Wirt, Wendell Phillips, Lord Bacon, Eliphalet Nott, Addison, Samuel Rogers in his Ginevra, Willis, Montgomery, Milton and Shakspere, Campbell, and a variety of lesser and anonymous authors. The Fifth Reader carried me on to longer and more mature selections, all chosen by the same rules—the rules of gradually introducing the child to the best of English literature with no letting down of the requirements as to morality and religious sentiment. There was more of Shakspere, some of Byron, Milton, Johnson, Bryant, more of the Bible and much British matter now lost—to me at least. Every selection was classic English.

These volumes were, however, tarnished by daily use in the schoolroom. "We must educate, we must educate," ran a sentence in the Fifth, "or we perish in our own prosperity!" This was a terrifying and portentous outburst when I first heard or read it, but when I heard it droned from the class, term after term: "'We—must ——.' I can't pernounce that, teacher." "Well, spell it, Johnny." "E-d-u-c-a-t-e." "Educate." "'Or we purrish—in our own—our own—our own ——.'" Well, after a term or so of that, the little chap listening drifted into the mood of being willing to take chances on perishing, especially through prosperity. The first fine careless rapture was droned off.

But the old Fifth Reader of 1844 we never used in our school. My brother's



SMITH is a typical American—busy, successful, alert. In most things he is wide awake for improvements which save time or improve quality. When the safety razor was invented he jumped at the idea for it saved his valuable time. Blades were so cheap he could use a new one every day.

Now here's the funny thing—he is so satisfied over saving his precious time that his mind has ceased to function on the question of shaving. In Smith's case ignorance is not bliss, for his thinking an occasional new blade is the answer to the shaving problem is causing him to miss the joy of a really fine shave. If he only knew how much finer shave he could get if he would strop his new blade on Twinplex before using it his smug satisfaction would turn into regret that he didn't wake up earlier.

Smith doesn't care about economy, but it wouldn't hurt his pocket nerve to find out that one new blade if stropped regularly on Twinplex will deliver wonderful shaves for weeks at a time. And if Smith is as busy as he thinks he will be pleased to learn that Twinplex saves him much time formerly spent buying blades and changing them.

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Twinplex Stropper

copy was a wonderful mine for me. The front cover was gone, and a part of the Rhetorician's Guide, which told us when to let our voices fall, when they should rise, and when the circumflex was required. I never regretted the loss. But the text consisted of some hundreds of pages of closely printed selections made by Alexander McGuffey with all the family judgment and taste.

There was Pope with Hector's Attack on the Grecian Walls, from that version of the Iliad of which a critic said, "A pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but don't call it Homer!" There was How the Water Comes Down at Lodore. There was oratory—Pitt, Burke, Fox, Barré, Otis, Adams, Webster, Hayne. I had the volume all to myself. There were months when it was my only resource in my favorite dissipation of reading.

Two questions which it put in my mind have never been answered: Who was the writer along in the forties who wrote under the pseudonym of Gold Pen? Some of his—or her—verses were in this old Fifth Reader. Was it some genius who afterward blazed forth under his own name, or was aborted back into obscurity? Or was it McGuffey's wife, whose stuff he just had to put in? And the other puzzle is the fact that in the McGuffey selection from All's Well That Ends Well the delightful braggart Parolles has his name changed to Delgrado. "Rust, sword! Cool, blushes! and Delgrado, live!" is the version which always occurs to my mind. Why did the McGuffey Reader call this character by a name different from that given him by the Bard of the Old Globe Theatre who created him? Was it from some stage version which I have never seen? A fool question like this, not in itself of the slightest importance, always gives me a sense of uneasiness—and I have had these two with me for at least fifty-three years.

A small ration, these McGuffey Readers, for an omnivorous mind; but a by no means negligible one. I did not use them with any intelligence. I simply enjoyed them. I found a tune to which I could sing Browning's How We Took the Good News From Ghent to Aix, and sang it at the top of my voice as I followed my cows or the plow or harrow. I shouted Ivry to the vastnesses of the prairie. I deepened my boyish voice to orotund on "Now godlike Hector and his troops descend," and "They tug, they sweat, but neither gain nor yield one foot, one inch of the contested field!"

And somehow I was inoculated with a little of the virus of good literature. I gained no knowledge that it was anything of the sort. I got not the slightest glimpse into the world of letters as a world. Nobody ever said a word to me about that. I read nothing about it for years and years afterward. But when I did come to read the English classics I felt as one who meets in after years a charming person with whom he has had a chance encounter on the train. I had already met the gentleman. I could say as I opened my Shakspere, my Milton or my Byron, "Why, don't you remember our meeting away back on the farm in that old book with the front cover torn off? Here's this passage in which the little prince appeals to Hubert de Burgh not to burn out his eyes with those hot irons! I haven't read it yet, but I'll just repeat it from memory. You're no stranger to me. I don't know much of you, but what I do know I know well!"

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Quick. The next will appear in an early issue.

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(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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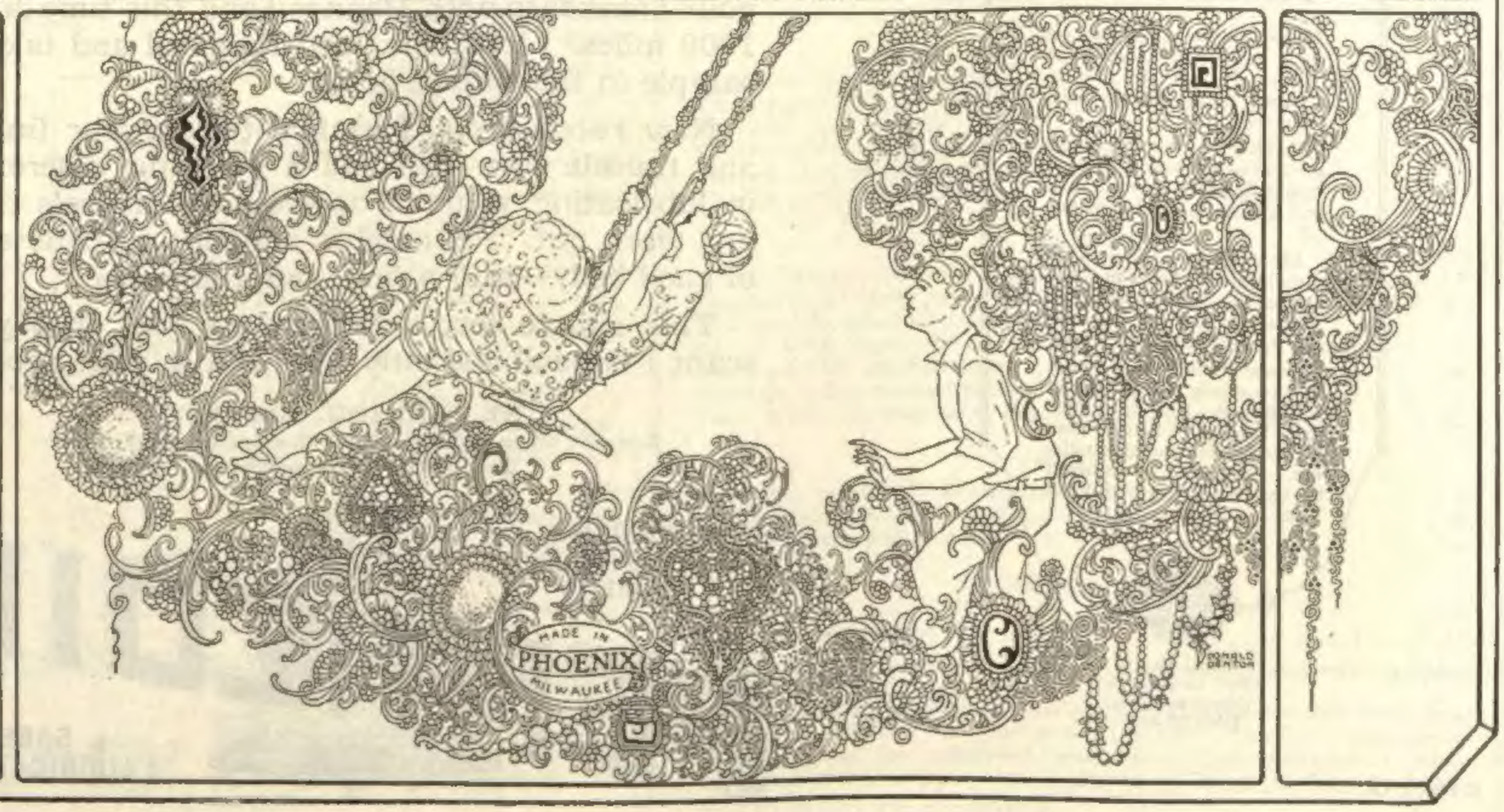

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